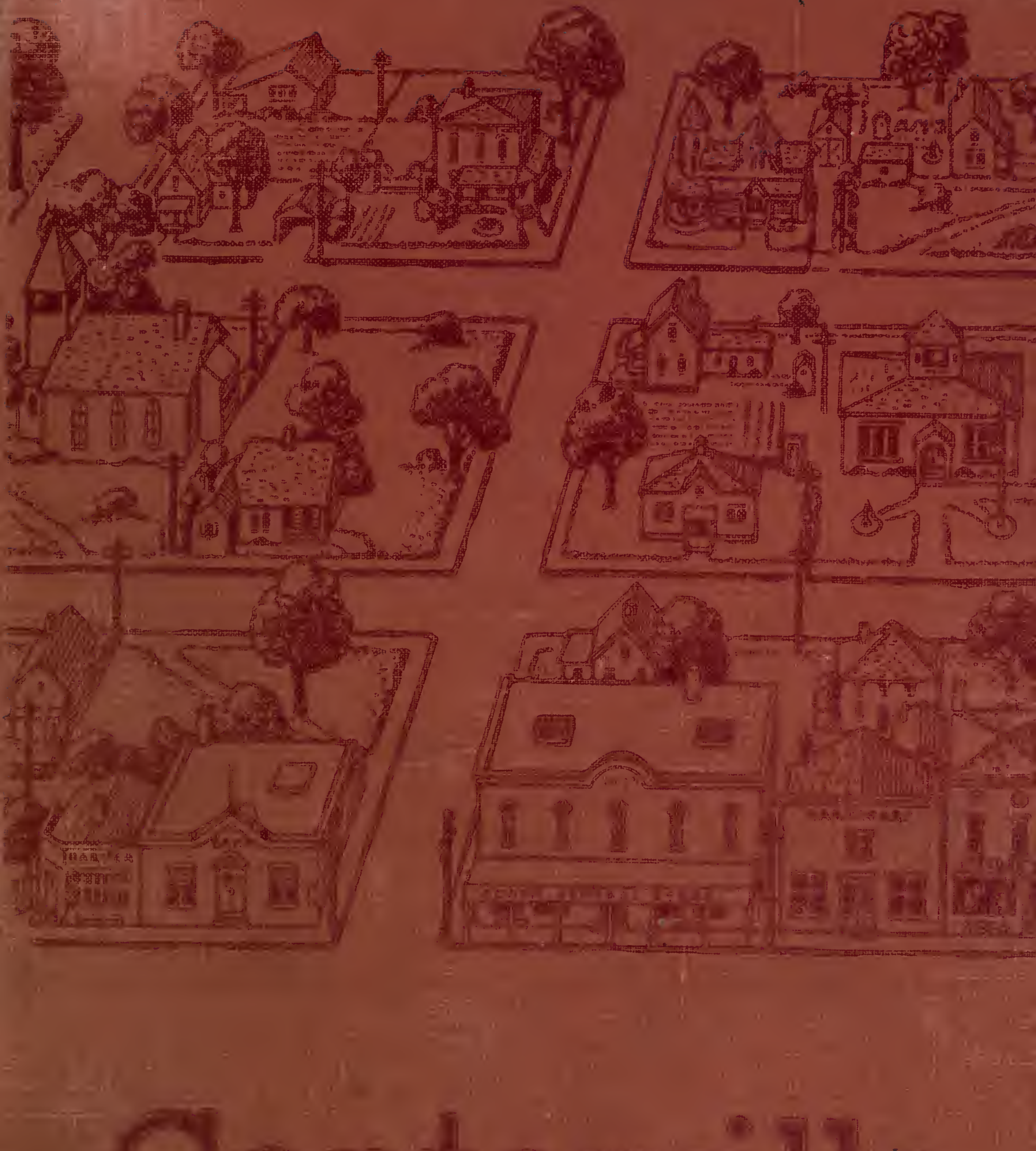

Centerville

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Centerville

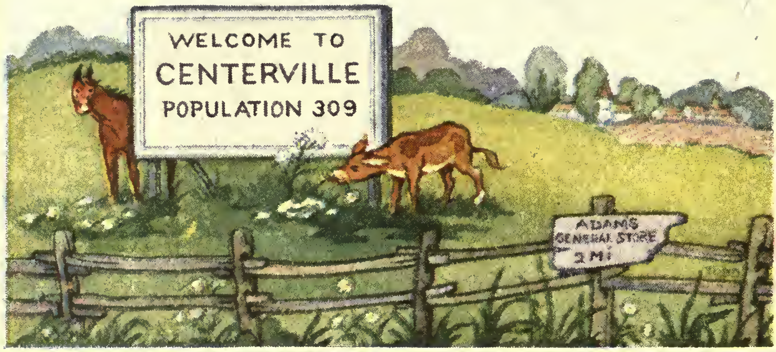
is the title of this book. The stories in
it are about a town called Centerville.

Paul R. Hanna
Genevieve Anderson
and William S. Gray

are the authors of the book.

This book is published by
Scott, Foresman and Company
Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, New York

It is part of the Everyday Life Stories
in the Curriculum Foundation Series.


WELCOME TO
CENTERVILLE
POPULATION 309
ADAMS
GENERAL STORE
2 MI

STORIES IN CENTERVILLE

Business in Centerville

Saturday Morning in a Country Store . . 6
A Picture Map 12
The Centerville Mail 14
Other Business in Centerville 20
Bob Makes a Delivery 22
A Busy Afternoon 26
Eggs for the City 29
Saturday Night 32

Centerville's Highway

Traveling on a Dirt Road 44
A Letter about a New Road 50
Plans for the New Highway 56
Getting Ready to Build the Road 61

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Roadmakers Come to Centerville 64
Building the Highway 68
Signs on the Highway 73
A Traffic Policeman 76
More Business in Centerville 80

Food and Clothes for Centerville

Invitations to the City 86
Traveling over the New Highway 90
A Visit to a Wholesale House 98
The Order for the Adams Store 103
Clothes for Centerville Children 115
How Overalls Are Made 122

Centerville Farming

Farm Crops 130
Corn Picking 136
The Cattle Shed 140
Driving the Cattle to the Farm 143
The Boys' Farm Work 147
Picking Out the Calves 151
Helping Mr. Hand Feed His Cattle 155
Taking Care of Tim and Tom 158
The Cattle Buyer 162
A Ride on a Cattle Train 166
At the Packing House 170
How the Money Was Spent 177

The Community School

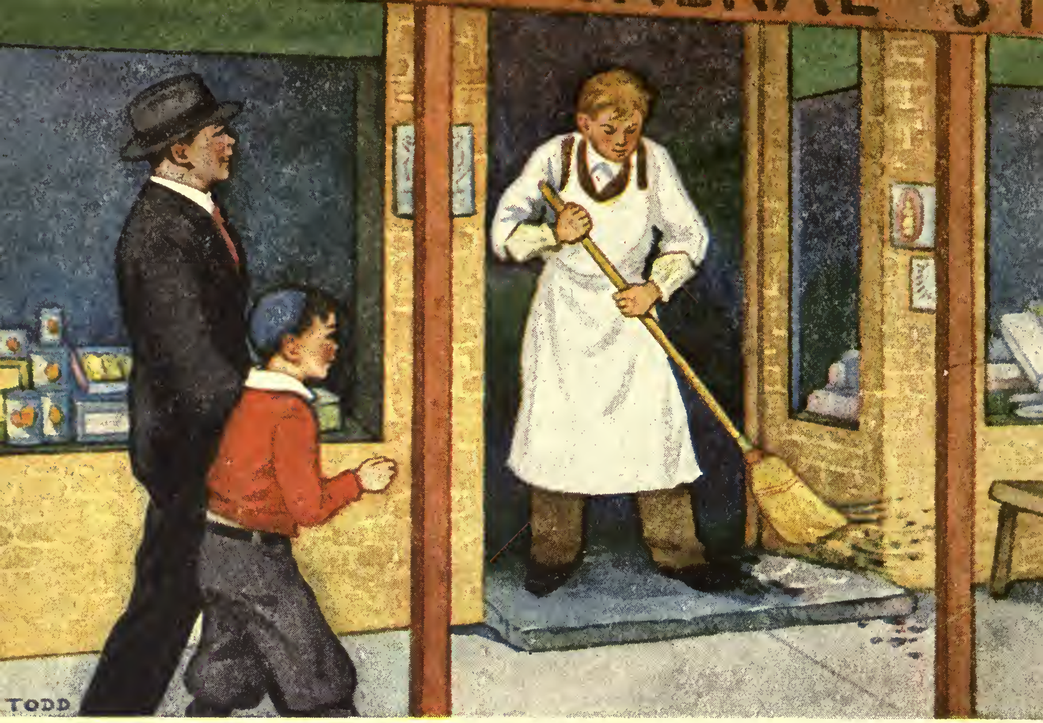
A Fire in Centerville 182
Plans for a New School 190
The New School on Paper 193
Work on the New School Begins 198
The Cornerstone 204
The School Gets a Name 208
More Work on the School 211
Heating the School 216
Moving Day 223

Community Day

Visiting the Farmers 228
The Biggest Building in Centerville 236
Making Pictures 241
Tools for Centerville Workmen 245
How Workmen Earn a Living 249
A Busy Day 253
The Community Day Supper 259
The School Program 262
The Surprise 268

New Words in Centerville 273
Acknowledgments 276
A Chapter for Teachers 277

Business in Centerville



Saturday Morning in a Country Store

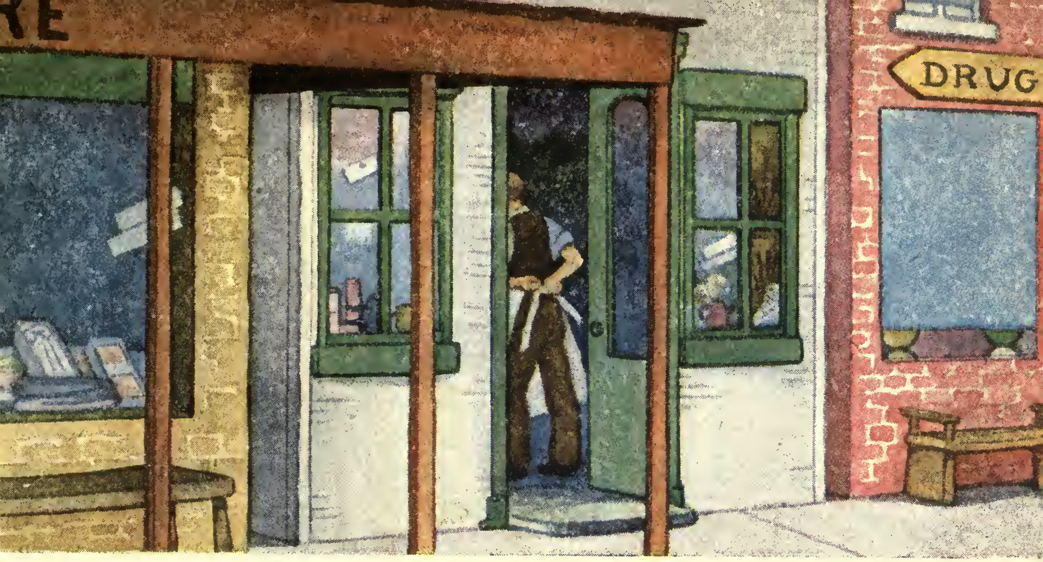
"Look, Dad," said Bob. "The store is open. Joe is here.

"We were up early this morning. I thought we would get here first."

His father laughed. "We would have to get up very early to be at the store first on Saturday morning.

"Joe knows how busy we are on Saturdays. So he opens the store very early.

"I am glad there is no school on Saturday, Bob, so that you can help."



"The hardware store is open, too," said Bob. "But the drug store isn't open."

"All of the stores will be open soon," Mr. Adams said. "Saturday is a busy day for all storekeepers."

Bob stopped to look at the sign on his father's store. He liked that sign.

Bob felt big when his father let him work in the store.

"Good morning, Joe," said Mr. Adams. "Bob thought that he would be the first one at work this morning."

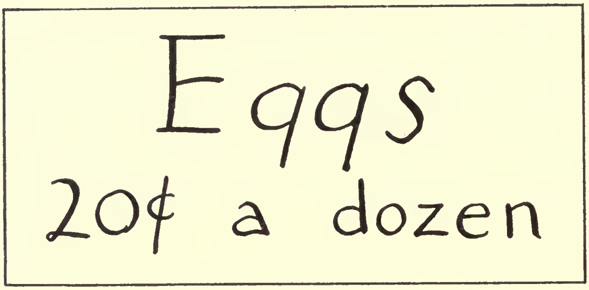
"We got up at six o'clock," Bob said.

"Well, I was here at six o'clock," said Joe. "I wanted to clean the back room this morning. Now we can put eggs there. The farmers will come in with many eggs today."

"How much will we pay farmers for eggs today?" asked Bob.

Mr. Adams said, "It will soon be time to turn on the radio and find out what the price of eggs is today."

Then he turned on the radio and got Station WDGZ. He listened, and a man told the price of eggs. Then Mr. Adams made this sign.



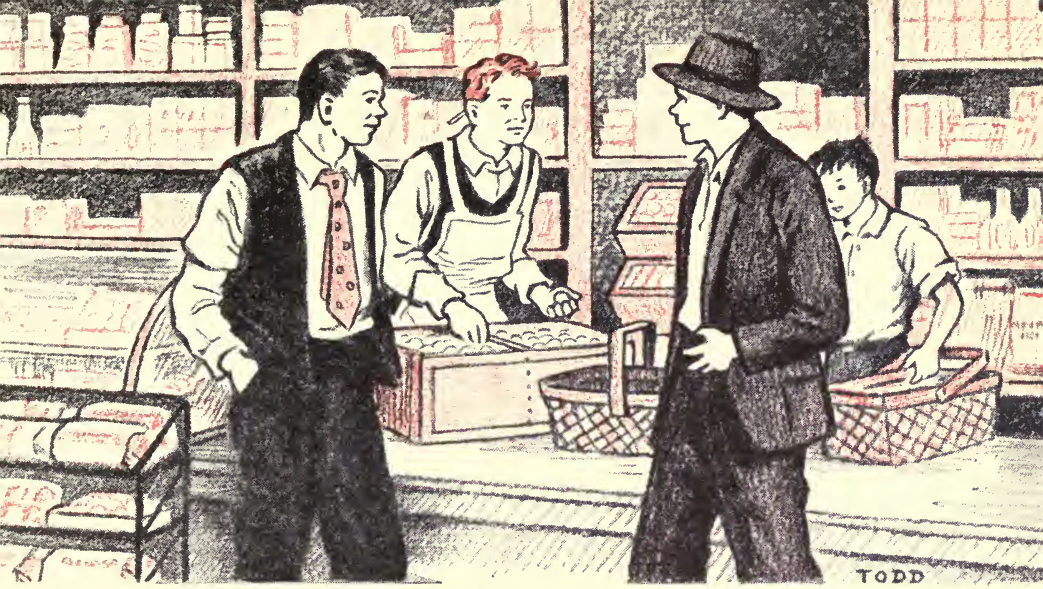
Mr. Adams put the sign in the window so that farmers would see it when they came to the store.

Soon a farmer came into the store. He had two baskets of eggs with him.

"Hello, Dick Bell," said Mr. Adams. "You are our first customer. I thought you would be planting corn today."

"I should be," said Mr. Bell. "But I came in to get something at the hardware store.

"What a time I had getting to town! The roads are very bad."



Bob and Joe counted the eggs in Mr. Bell's baskets.

"There are ten dozen," Joe said to the farmer.

"Do you want money for your eggs, or do you want to take groceries for them?"

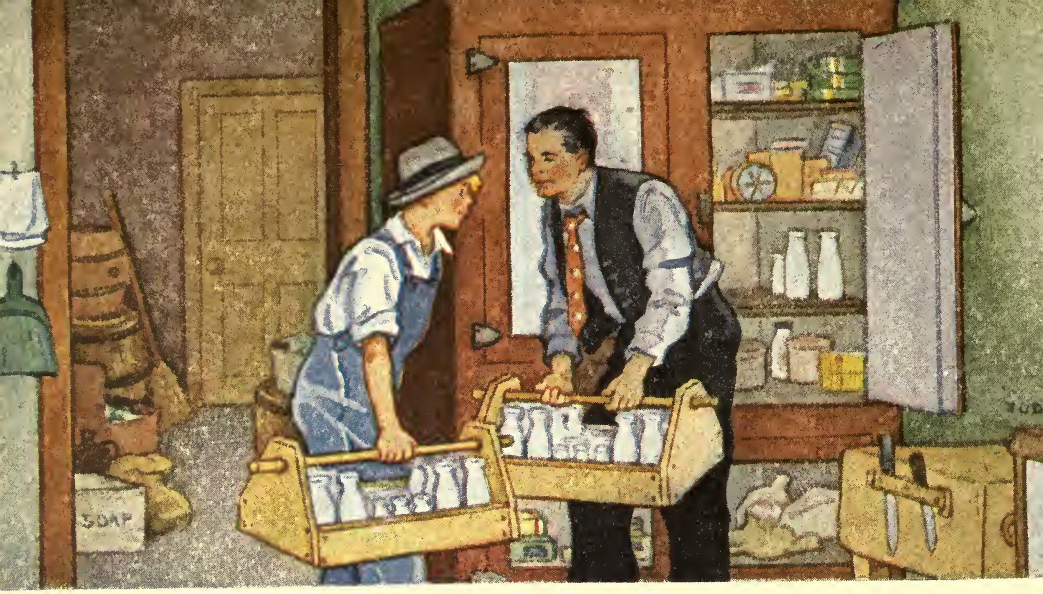
"Groceries, please," Mr. Bell said. "I'll take three loaves of bread now. And I'll come for more groceries tonight."

When Joe got the bread, he said, "This bread is old. It came on the train yesterday.

"If you will wait for the morning train, you can have fresh bread."

"I should like fresh bread," said Mr. Bell. "But I'll have to take the bread you have. I can't wait for the train."

Mr. Bell took the bread and went out.



Soon John Hand came in with bottles of milk and cream from his father's farm.

Mr. Adams took the milk and cream.

"Are there two dozen bottles of milk and one dozen bottles of cream?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Adams," said John. "Is that what you wanted today?"

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Adams. "I didn't have enough milk and cream last Saturday. So I wanted more bottles today.

"What is your father doing, John?"

"Planting corn," John answered. "The ground is just right for planting. We have had good rains."

"How is the road?" Mr. Adams asked.

"It's bad," John said. "The rain is good for the ground, but it isn't good for the roads."

Mr. Adams gave John some money and said, "I'll pay you now for all the milk you have brought this week."

John counted the money and said, "Thank you. Now I must go home to help plant the corn. Good-by."

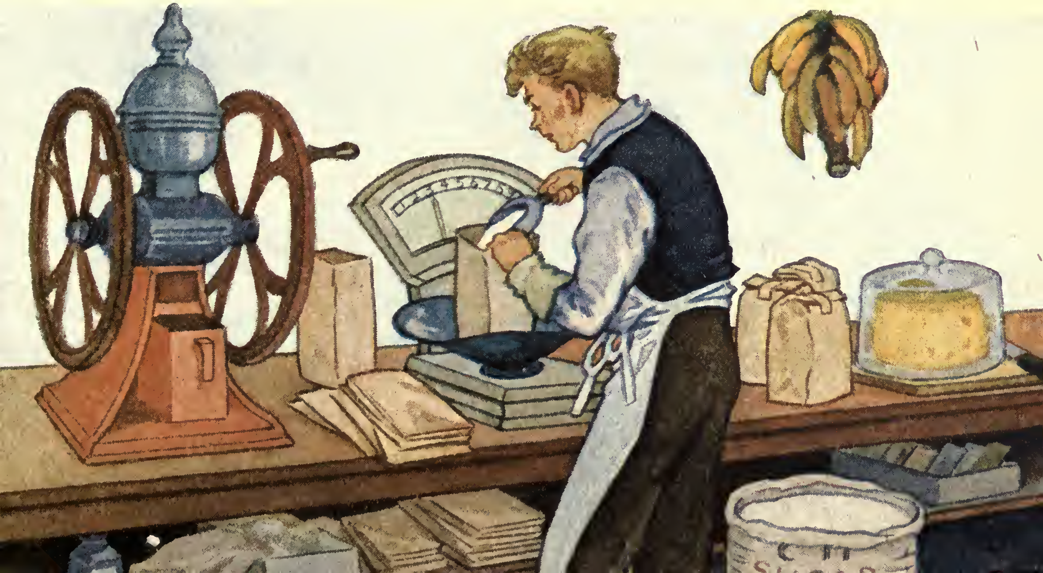
"And we must get ready for our Saturday customers," said Mr. Adams.

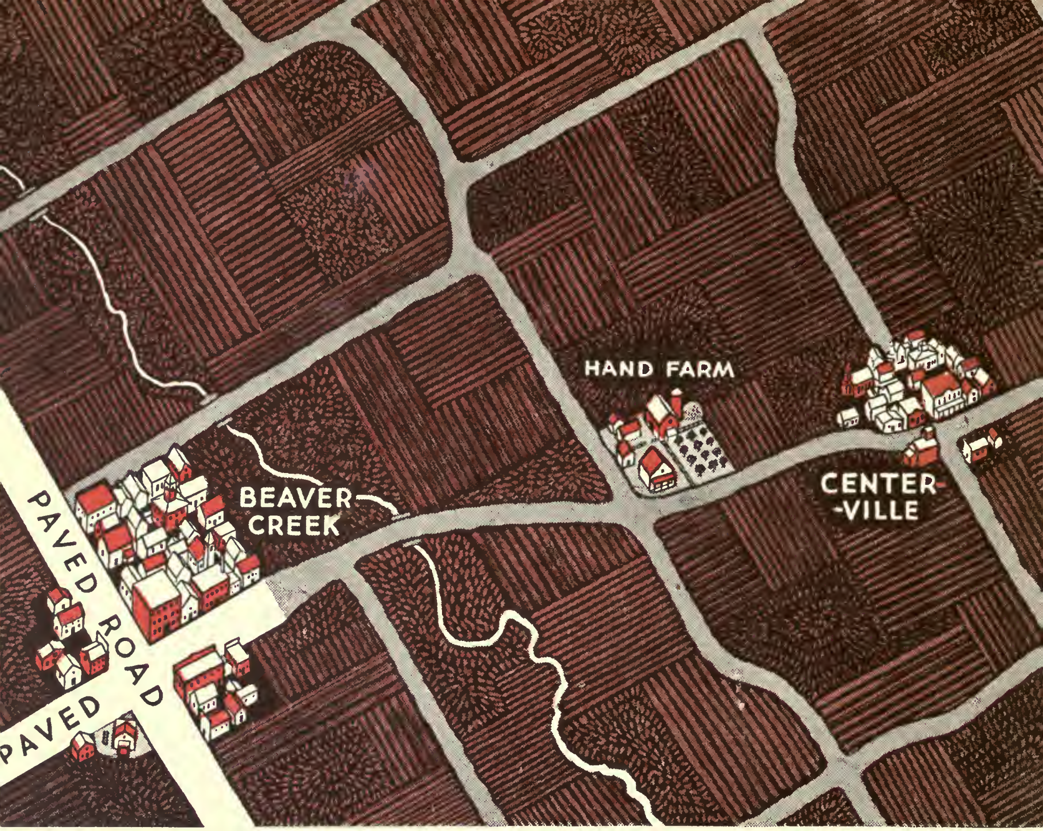
Bob got eggs ready to sell. Joe gave him some boxes for eggs, and Bob put a dozen eggs into each box.

Then the eggs were ready for customers who did not have hens at home.

"We may need many small bags of sugar today," said Joe. He opened a big bag of sugar and filled many paper bags.

Mr. Adams was busy, too. He was marking prices on boxes and on signs.



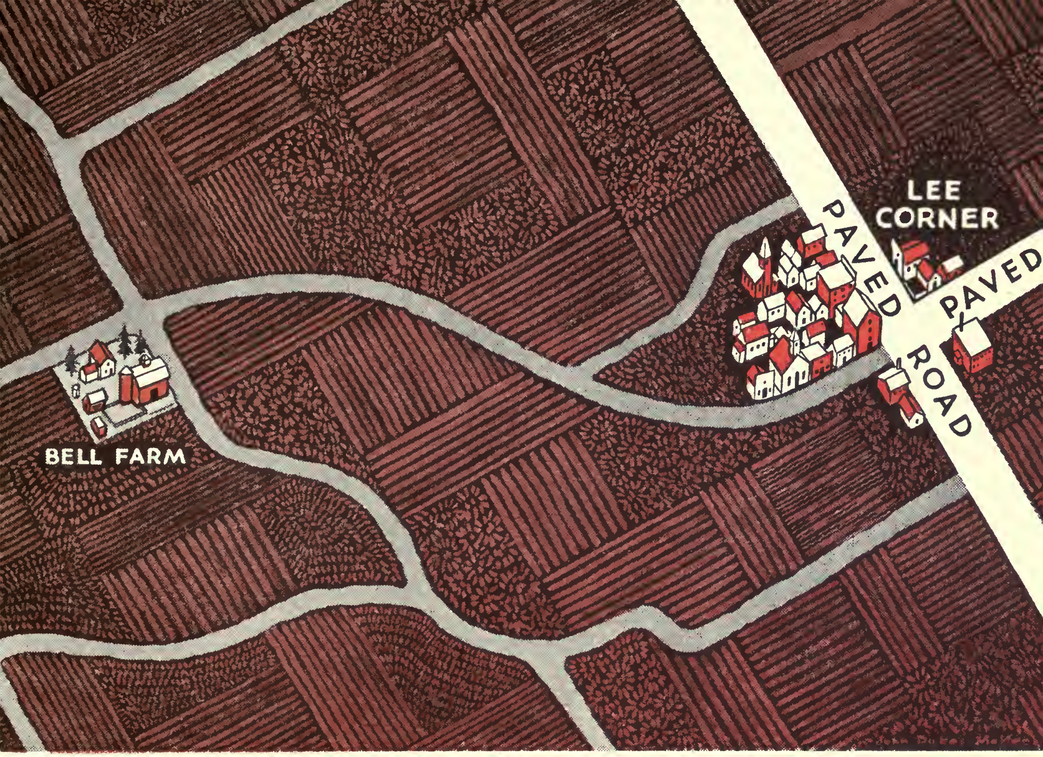

HAND FARM
BEAVER CREEK
CENTER-VILLE
PAVED ROAD
PAVED

A Picture Map

The Adams store was in Centerville. Here is a picture map of Centerville and the towns near Centerville.

Beaver Creek was a town near Centerville. There were paved highways at Beaver Creek. But the road to Centerville was not paved.

The Hand farm was near Centerville. It was on the road from Beaver Creek to Centerville.

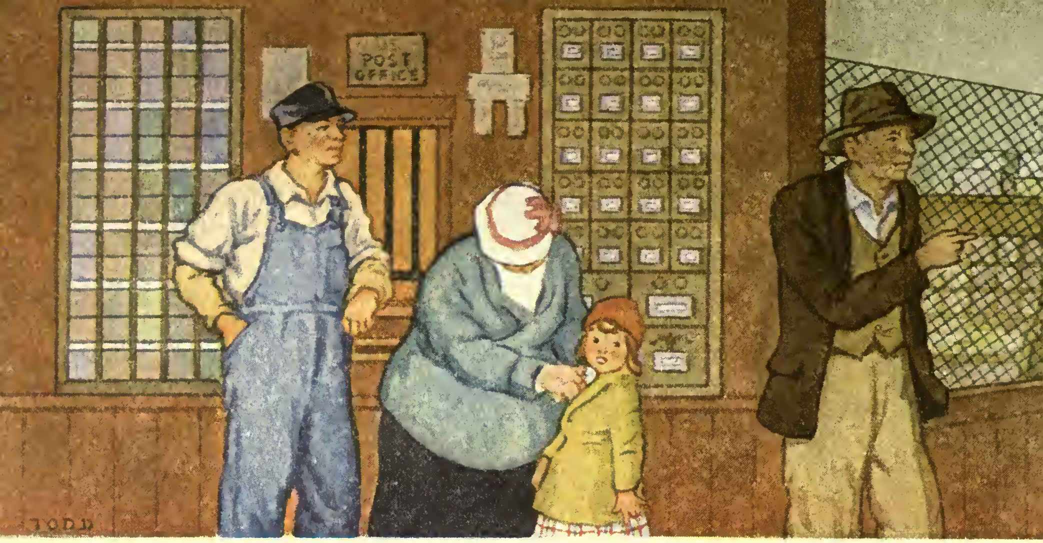


John Hand took that road when he went to Centerville. It was not paved.

Mr. Bell came to Centerville from another direction. The road that he took to get to Centerville was not paved.

Lee Corner is on this picture map. There were paved highways at Lee Corner, but the road to Centerville was not paved. The paving stopped at Lee Corner.

The road from Beaver Creek to Lee Corner was not paved. After it rained, Mr. Bell and John Hand had a hard time driving to Centerville.



The Centerville Mail

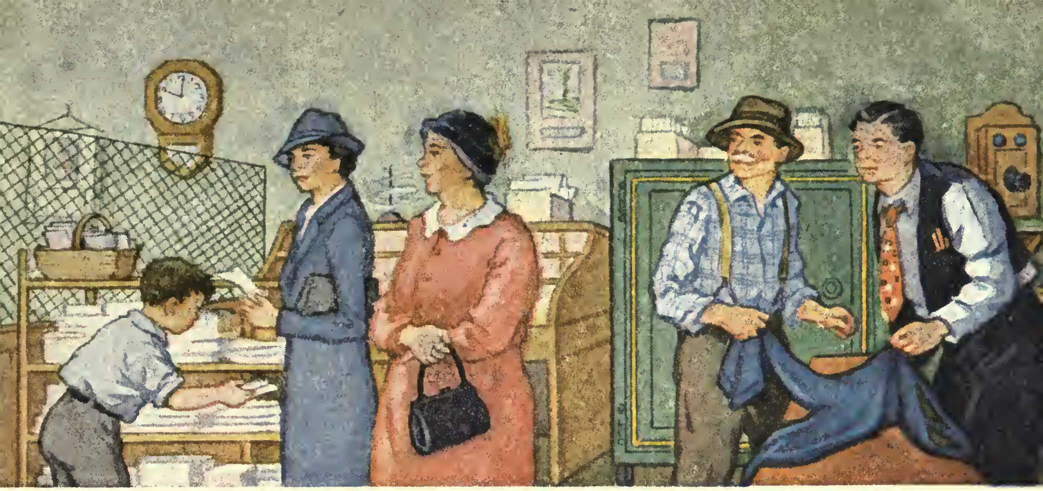
Mail came to Centerville on the train. A train came from Grand City at ten o'clock in the morning. Another train came from the opposite direction at five o'clock in the afternoon.

The post office was in the Adams store.

Joe was the post-office clerk. He took mail to the station in time for each train. When he came back to the store, he brought the mail that had come on the train.

There were no letter carriers in Centerville to deliver mail to people's houses. The town was too small.

The people in Centerville came to the post office for their mail. Many of them came every day at train time.



The people were waiting for Joe to come from the station with the mail.

Mrs. Jones came into the store.

"Good morning," she said to all the people in the store.

"Is it time for the mail?" she asked Mr. Adams.

"Yes," said Mr. Adams. "It is after ten o'clock.

"Joe went to the station to get the mail. He should be back soon."

"I can go to the drug store while I am waiting for the mail," said Mrs. Jones.

Soon a man opened the door and came in. "Is the mail late again?" he asked.

"It should be here soon," Mr. Adams said. "Have you come for your newspaper, Mr. Banks?"

"Yes," Mr. Banks answered. "I am going to stop taking that newspaper. It comes very late."

Mr. Adams said, "If we had a paved highway, we would get our newspapers early by truck."

By this time more customers had come into the store. Miss Black, who worked in the bank, came in. A farmer stopped on his way to the flour and feed store.

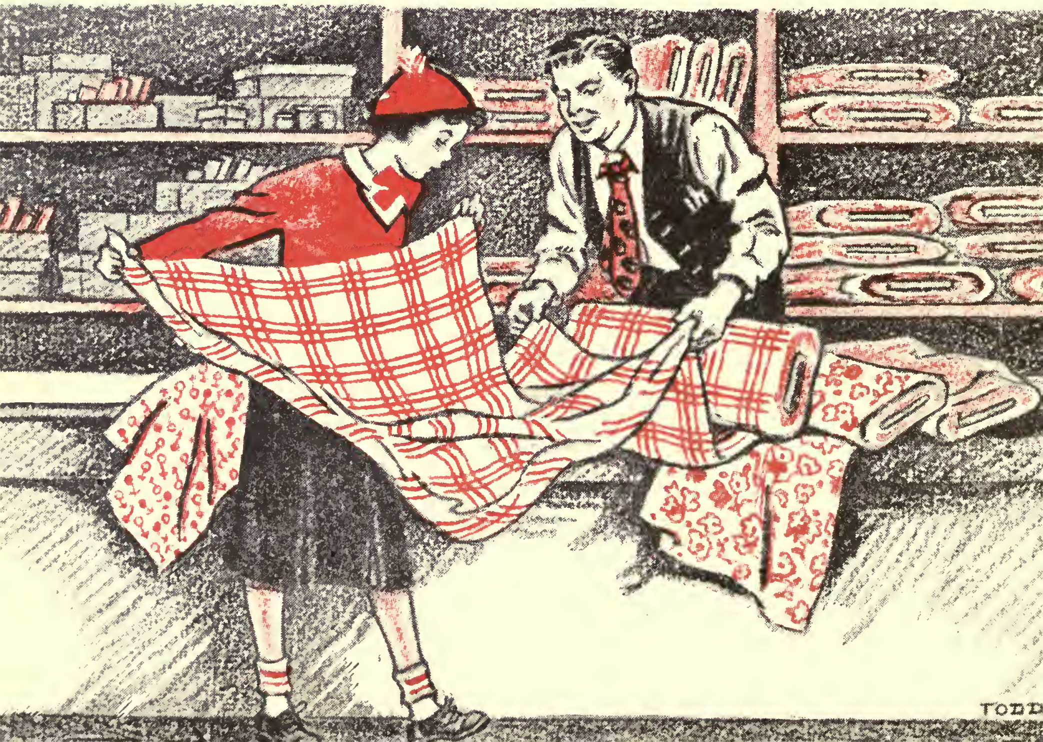
Mr. Adams and Bob were busy. They sold overalls to the farmer and stamps to Miss Black.

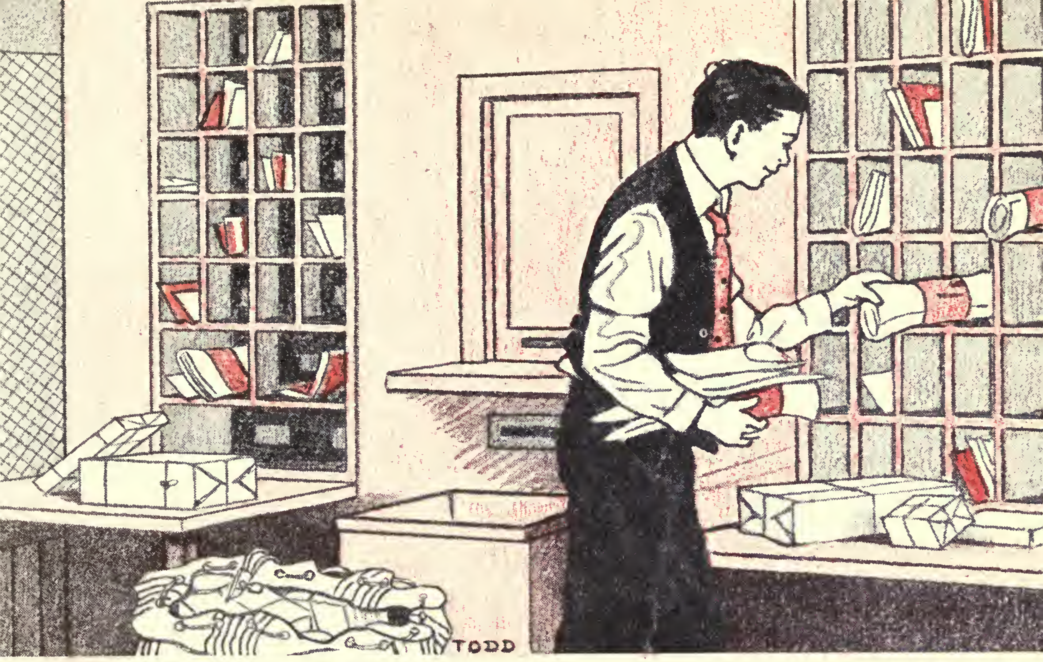
Sally Goodman came in. "Mother told me to buy goods for a dress," she said.

Mr. Adams showed Sally the dress goods, and she picked out the kind she liked.

Just then Mrs. Jones came back.

"Here comes Joe with the mail," she said.





Joe came in and gave a bag of mail to Mr. Adams. Then he brought in the bread that had come from Grand City on the train.

Mr. Adams took the mail into the post office, which was in a corner of the general store. The people waited for him to sort the mail.

There were many boxes for mail in the post office. Any family could rent one of these boxes.

The Goodman family rented box number 6. Mr. Adams put two letters into it.

He put a magazine for Mrs. Jones into box number 23.

Box number 19 was for Mr. Banks. Mr. Adams put his mail into it.

He put mail into other boxes. Some people did not get any mail that day.

"My magazine should come today," Sally Goodman said.

"How often do you get your magazine, Sally?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"Every week," Sally answered. "A man came to our house to see if I would take it for a year. He said that I would get it on Saturdays. But it comes on Mondays."

"The magazine does not get to Grand City in time for the morning train," Mrs. Jones said.

"If we had a paved highway, mail could be brought here by truck. Mail trucks stop three times a day in Beaver Creek."

"A truck with library books stops in Beaver Creek every week," said Sally. "If a paved highway went through Centerville, we could have a traveling library, too. I could have a new book to read every week."

"We should have a new highway," said one man. "It would help everyone around here."

"It would cost money," Mr. Banks said. "And we would have to pay more taxes."

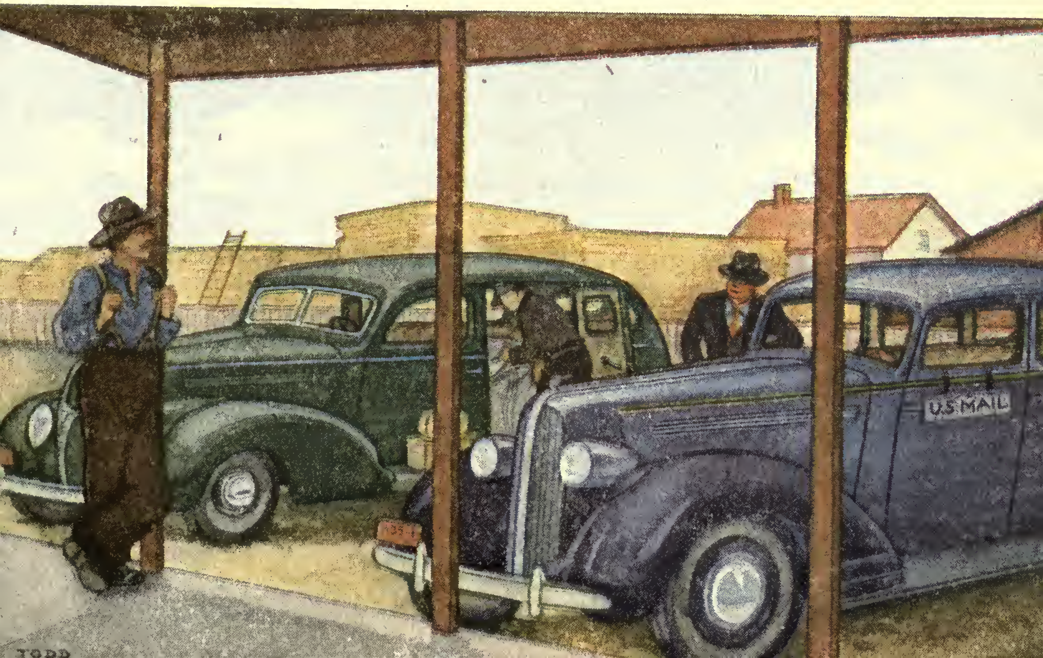
At last the mail was sorted. The people opened their boxes and took out their letters and other mail.

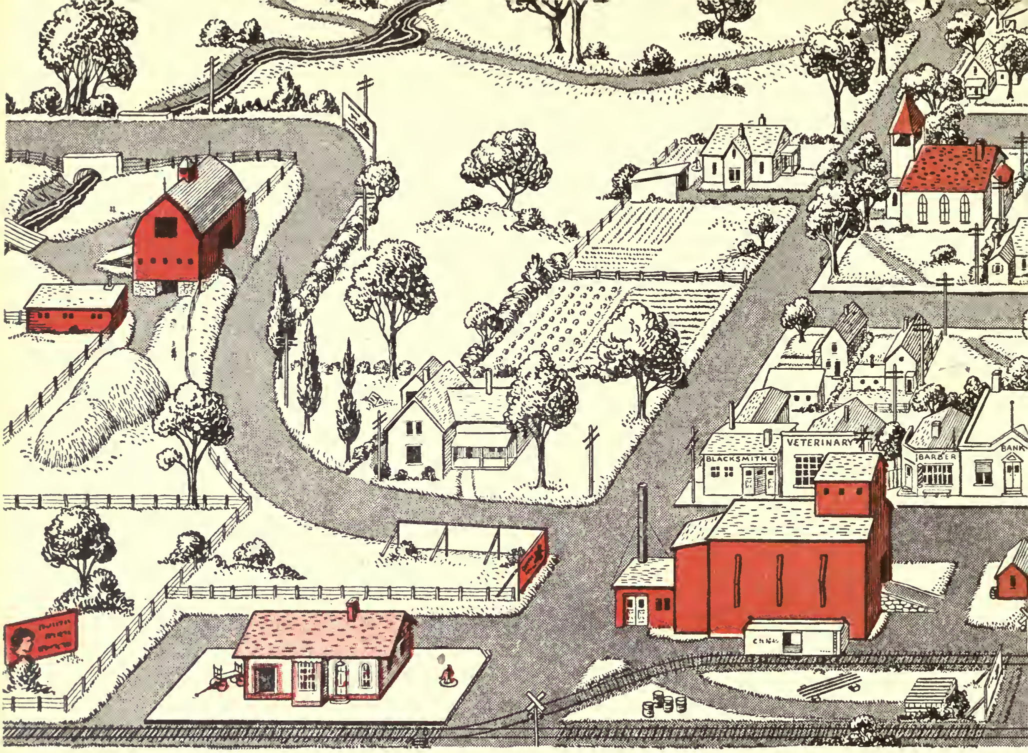
Mr. Banks showed his newspaper to Mr. Adams. He said, "Yesterday I heard on the radio everything that is in this newspaper."

"Your paper is printed in the afternoon," Mr. Adams said. "But it isn't put on the Centerville train until the next morning."

Mail for families on farms came to the post office with the mail for Centerville people. But the rural people did not have to call at the post office for their mail. Two rural mail carriers delivered it to them.

Mr. Lee and Mr. Hill were the rural mail carriers. They came to the post office and sorted the mail for the people who lived in the country. They placed it in their bags and carried it to their cars. Then they went to deliver the mail.



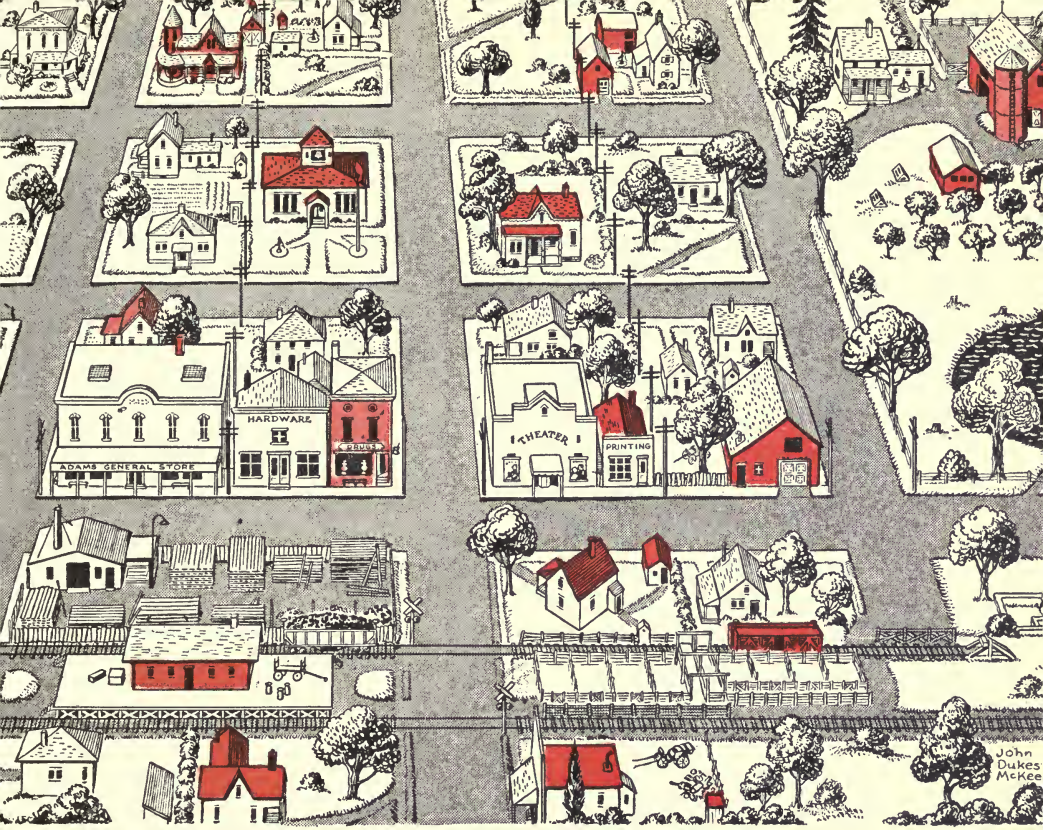


Other Business in Centerville

Many Centerville people went to the Adams store every day. They went to other places of business, too.

There was a grain elevator in Centerville. It was a big building near the railroad station. The farmers sold grain at the elevator.

A veterinary had an office in Centerville. A veterinary is a doctor who takes care of animals. Centerville was a good place for a veterinary to have his office.

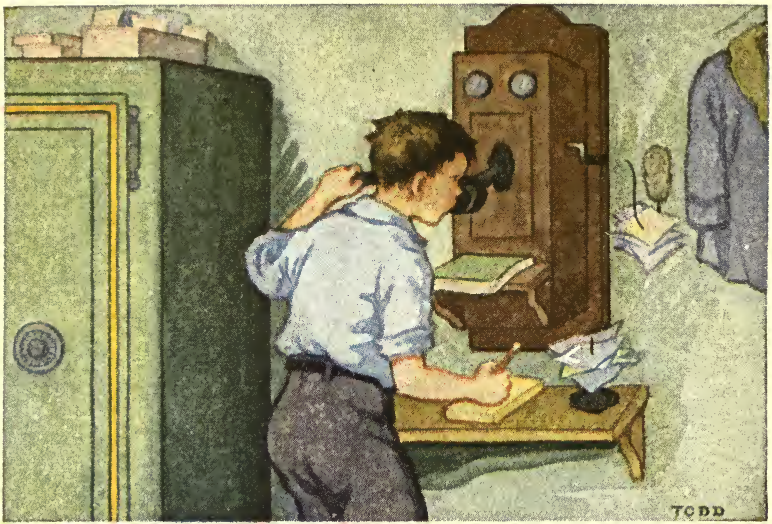

HARDWARE
DRUGS
ADAMS GENERAL STORE
THEATER
PRINTING
John Dukes McKee

On Saturday afternoon John Hand had his hair cut. The place where he went is on the picture map.

Farmers took their horses to the blacksmith shop. The picture map shows where the blacksmith had his shop.

Sometimes Centerville people wanted to have tickets or advertisements printed. There was a print shop.

There were other kinds of business in Centerville. The picture map shows where they were.



Bob Makes a Delivery

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

Joe had gone home to eat, and Mr. Adams was in the back room. So Bob answered the telephone.

"The Adams store," he said.

"Is that you, Bob?" a woman asked.

"Yes, it is," Bob answered.

Mrs. Owen was calling.

"Can you deliver some groceries?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Owen," said Bob. "I can deliver them on the way home."

Mrs. Owen told Bob what she wanted, and he wrote it in an order book.

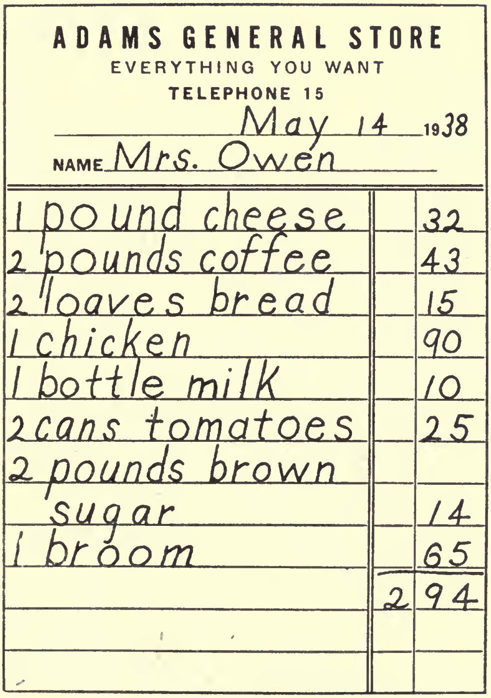
Then Bob ran to find his father. He said, "Oh, Dad! I took Mrs. Owen's order over the telephone, and she wants it right away.

"I don't know the prices of the broom or the sugar. Will you help me?"

Mr. Adams looked at the order and said, "Good for you, Bob. You are a good storekeeper."

He told Bob the prices, and Bob wrote them on the order.

Here is Mrs. Owen's order.



ADAMS GENERAL STORE
EVERYTHING YOU WANT
TELEPHONE 15

May 14 1938
NAME Mrs. Owen

1 pound cheese		32
2 pounds coffee		43
2 loaves bread		15
1 chicken		90
1 bottle milk		10
2 cans tomatoes		25
2 pounds brown		
sugar		14
1 broom		65
	2	94

"Now get the things ready," said his father.

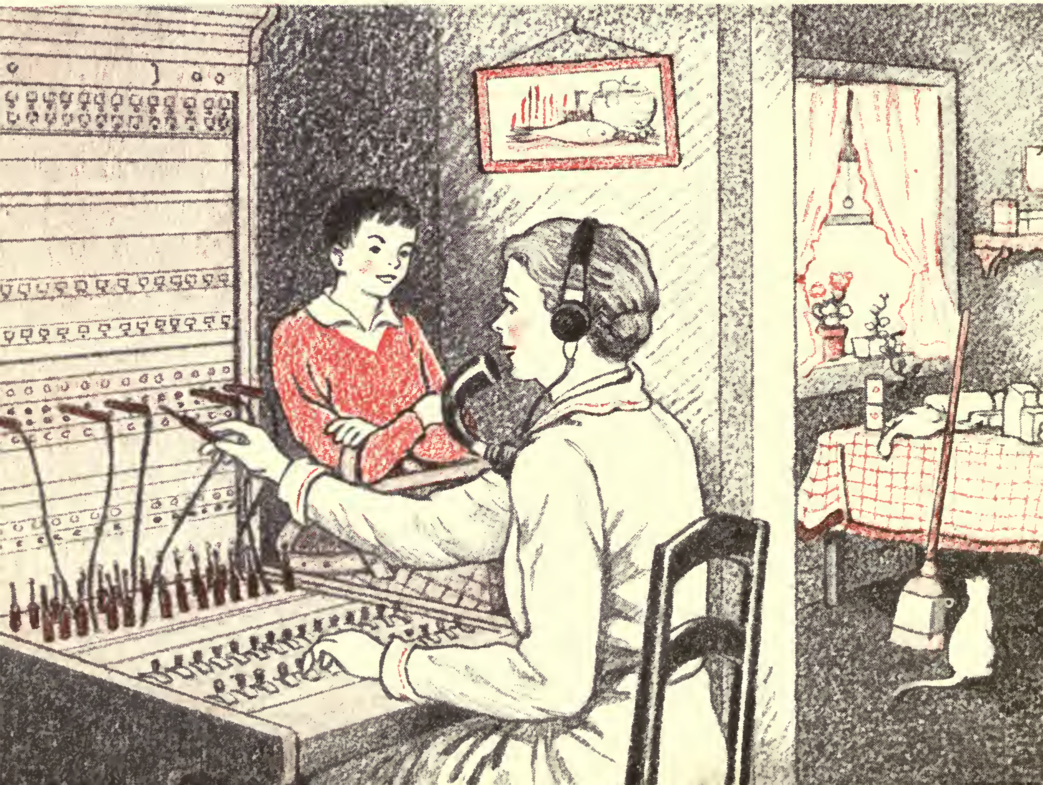
"Without any help?" asked Bob.

"I will cut the cheese and get the chicken ready," Mr. Adams said. "You can do the other work."

Bob put everything but the broom into a basket and started out.

"It will soon be time for us to eat," his father called to him. "After you deliver the groceries and broom to Mrs. Owen, go home. Tell Mother I will come as soon as Joe gets back."

Mrs. Owen was the telephone operator. The telephone office was in her house. Bob liked to go there and watch Mrs. Owen work.



When Bob walked into the house, Mrs. Owen said, "Put my groceries in the kitchen, Bob."

Bob took the groceries from his basket. He went into the other room to watch Mrs. Owen for a little while.

"Mrs. Jones's daughter in the city is calling. She wants to talk with her mother," said Mrs. Owen. "I have been trying to get Mrs. Jones, but no one answers."

"She was at the store," Bob said. "Maybe she will be home soon."

"Hello," said Mrs. Owen to the operator in the city. "Mrs. Jones does not answer. I will call you later."

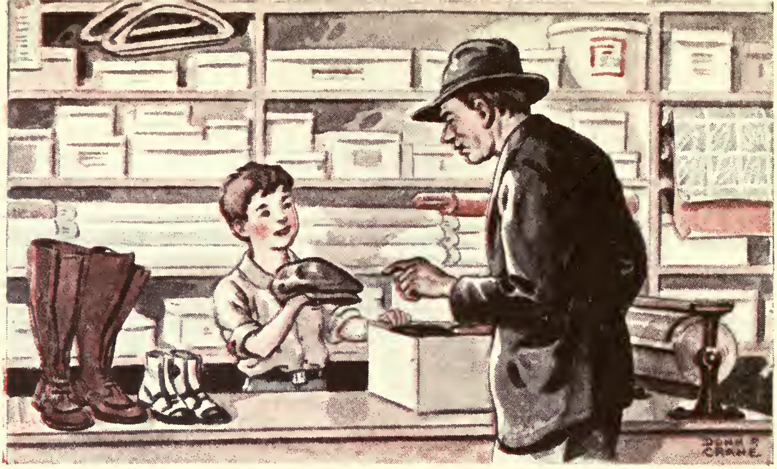
"I am going home now," Bob said to Mrs. Owen. "If I see Mrs. Jones, I will tell her about the phone call from Grand City."

"Please do," said Mrs. Owen. "She may have stopped to talk with someone. Ask her to phone me. And thank you, Bob, for delivering my groceries so soon."

When Bob came to Mrs. Jones's house, she was in her garden. He told her about the telephone call from the city.

"Oh, thank you, Bob," she said and hurried to call the telephone operator.

Then Bob went home.



A Busy Afternoon

Many town people came to the store that afternoon. Some wanted groceries, and some wanted other things. Mr. Adams and Joe and Bob were busy all the time.

Mr. Banks came in to buy a cap. Bob sold it to him. Mr. Adams showed Mr. Banks some overalls, but he did not buy any.

Then Joe called Mr. Adams and said, "Mrs. Jones wants to talk to you on the phone."

When Mr. Adams came back, he said to Mr. Banks, "Mrs. Jones wants to know if anyone is driving to Lee Corner in a car.

"Her daughter phoned from Grand City that the baby is sick. Mrs. Jones wants to get to Lee Corner so that she can go to Grand City on the two-o'clock bus."

Joe said, "It is after one o'clock now."

"The road is so rough that no one can get there in time for the bus," Mr. Banks said.

Mr. Adams went to the telephone and told Mrs. Jones that no one could get to Lee Corner in time.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Then I shall have to wait for the five-o'clock train.

"That train is so slow that I won't get to Grand City until ten o'clock tonight. I wish I could take the bus at Lee Corner!"

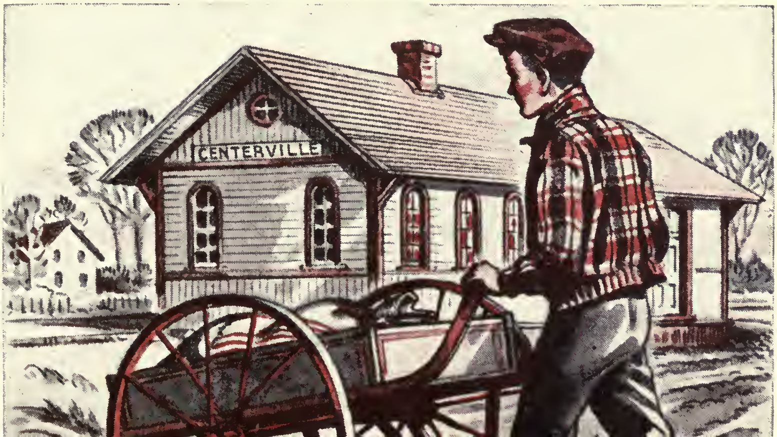
"I wish we could help Mrs. Jones," said Mr. Adams when he came back from the telephone.

"So do I," said Mr. Banks. "But I don't see how we can."

In the afternoon many people came in to mail letters. Mr. Adams sold them stamps.

Then he got the mail ready for the train. He put postmarks on all the mail and put it into the mail bag.

Soon it was time for the five-o'clock train. Joe took the mail bag from the post office and was off to the station.

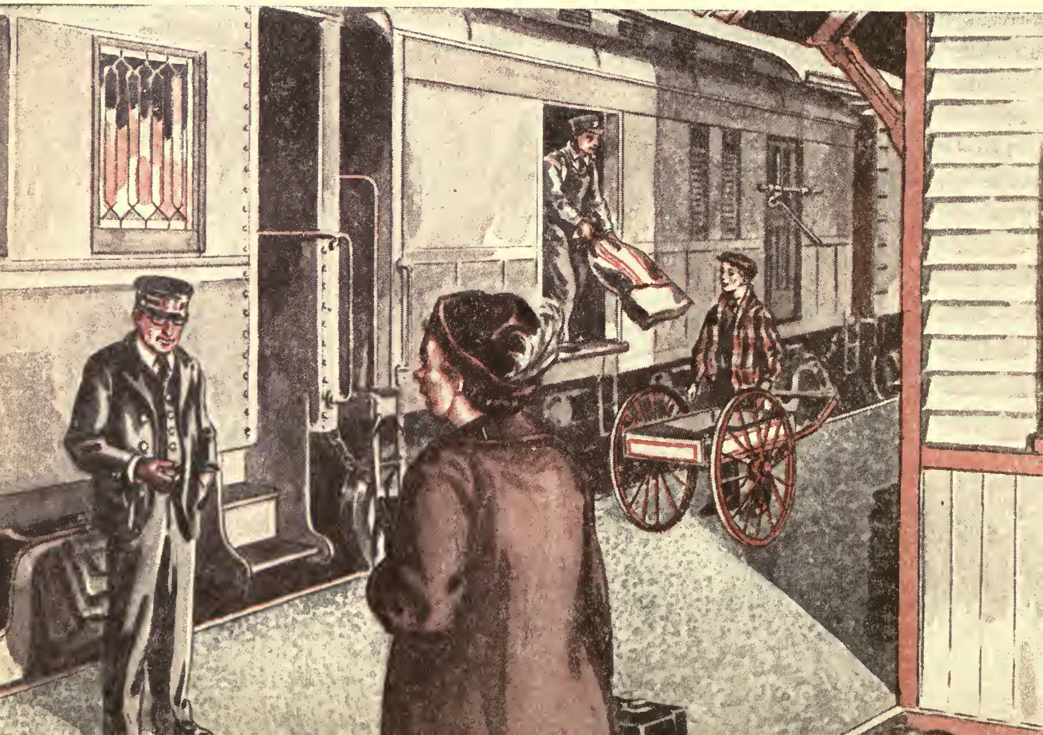


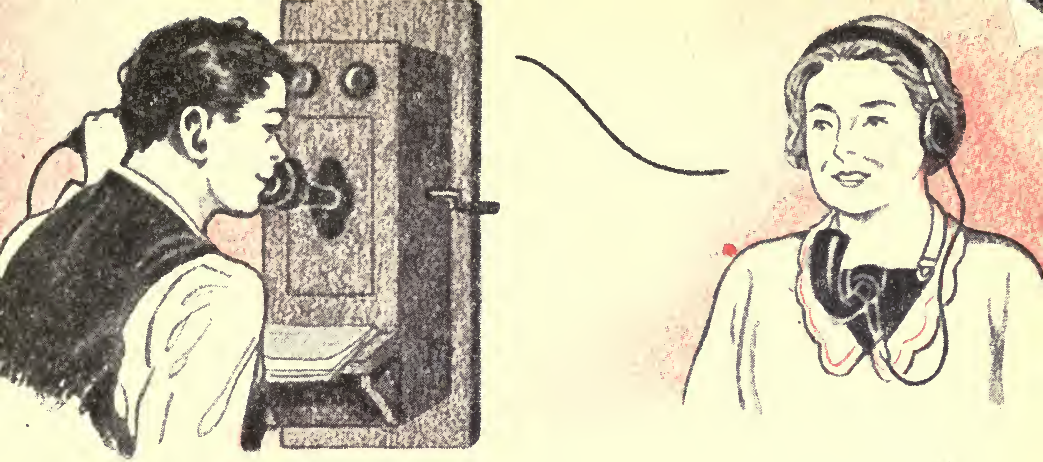
Ooo-oo-o! The engine whistled for the Centerville station.

This train carried mail to all the towns. It had freight cars and a caboose. It carried baggage. And it carried people.

The train stopped at every station. Sometimes it stopped a long time for freight to be put on or off the train. That is why it took so long for the train to make the trip to Grand City.

When the train stopped, the clerk in the mail car tossed out a bag of mail. Joe gave his mail bag to the clerk. Mrs. Jones got on the train. The engine whistled again, and Joe watched the train pull out.





Eggs for the City

Just before six o'clock there were no customers in the store. Mr. Adams telephoned to the city.

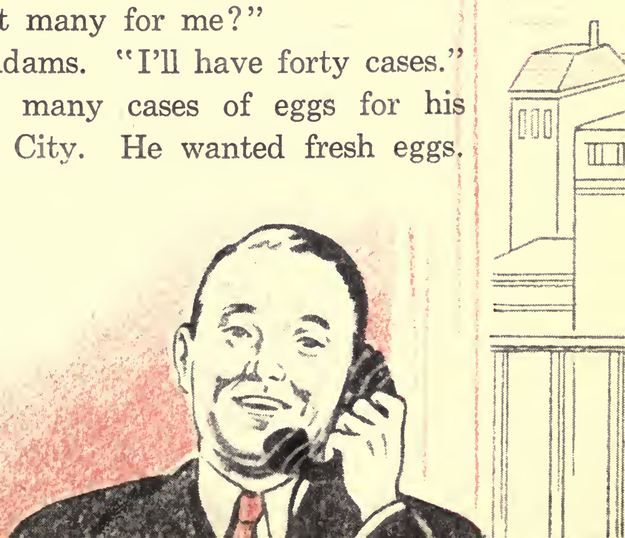
He called Mr. Page, who had a big grocery store in Grand City. Mr. Page bought eggs from Mr. Adams. The eggs were packed in cases.

"How many cases of eggs will you want on Monday?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I'll want forty cases," answered Mr. Page. "Will you have that many for me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Adams. "I'll have forty cases."

Mr. Page needed many cases of eggs for his customers in Grand City. He wanted fresh eggs.



Mr. Adams had fresh eggs to sell. Mr. Page ordered some every Saturday.

"I'll have the eggs ready when your truck comes on Monday morning," said Mr. Adams.

Mr. Page said, "My truck cannot come all the way to Centerville for the eggs. The road is too rough. I will send my truck as far as Lee Corner on Monday. Can you send the eggs there, Mr. Adams?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Adams.

Then the two men talked about the price of eggs. Mr. Page was sure that the price would be lower the next week.

Mr. Adams came from the telephone.

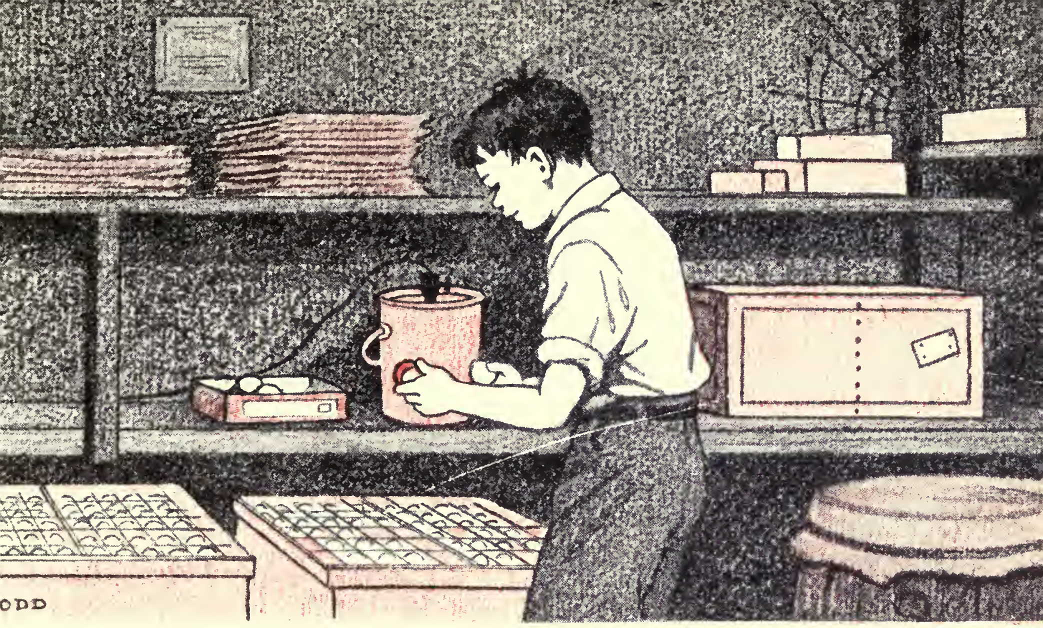
"The price of eggs will go down again next week," he said.

"The price of eggs has been going down for a long time," said Bob. "When will the price go up?"

"It will go up next winter," said his father. "The price of eggs is higher in winter and lower in summer."

"Is the price always lower when the farmers have more eggs to sell?" asked Bob.

"Yes," said Mr. Adams. "Hens lay more eggs in the summer than in the winter, and the price is lower."



Bob started to pack eggs for Mr. Page. He turned on a light to inspect the eggs. With each hand he put an egg up to the light. He could see the light through the eggs.

"Those are both good eggs," Bob said.

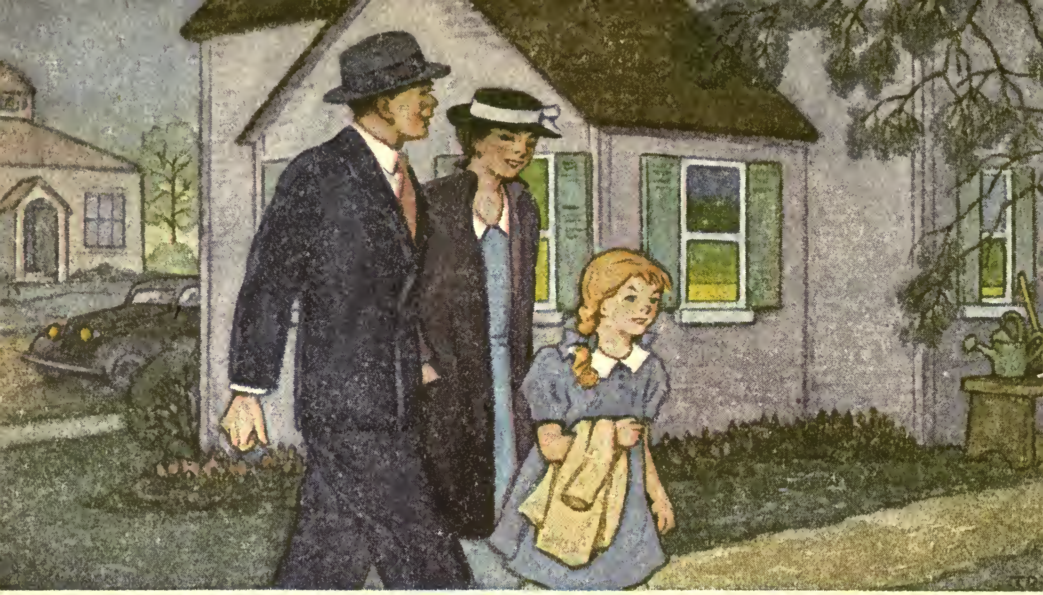
He put the eggs into an egg case.

Bob could inspect eggs very fast. He put egg after egg into the case. Now and then the light showed a spot in an egg. Bob did not put that egg into the case. It was not a good egg.

By supper time all the eggs in the store had been packed.

"The farmers will come in with more eggs tonight," said Bob's father.

"We will have as many as Mr. Page needs."



Saturday Night

Mrs. Adams worked in the store on Saturday nights. Bob's sister Emily helped, too. After supper on Saturday the Adams family hurried to the store.

Many farmers were coming to Centerville. Some had parked their cars. There were also many town people on the street.

"The moving-picture show starts at eight o'clock," said Mrs. Adams. "Most of the people go to the stores before then."

"That's right," said Mr. Adams. "And many people will do their shopping after the show."

"Then we have to stay up late," said Emily.

"Yes, too late," laughed her mother.

Soon all the Adams family were at the store, and everyone was at work.

Mrs. Bell came in with her baby.

"I need a new house dress," she said to Mrs. Adams. "Have you some pretty dresses? Maybe you have one that will fit me."

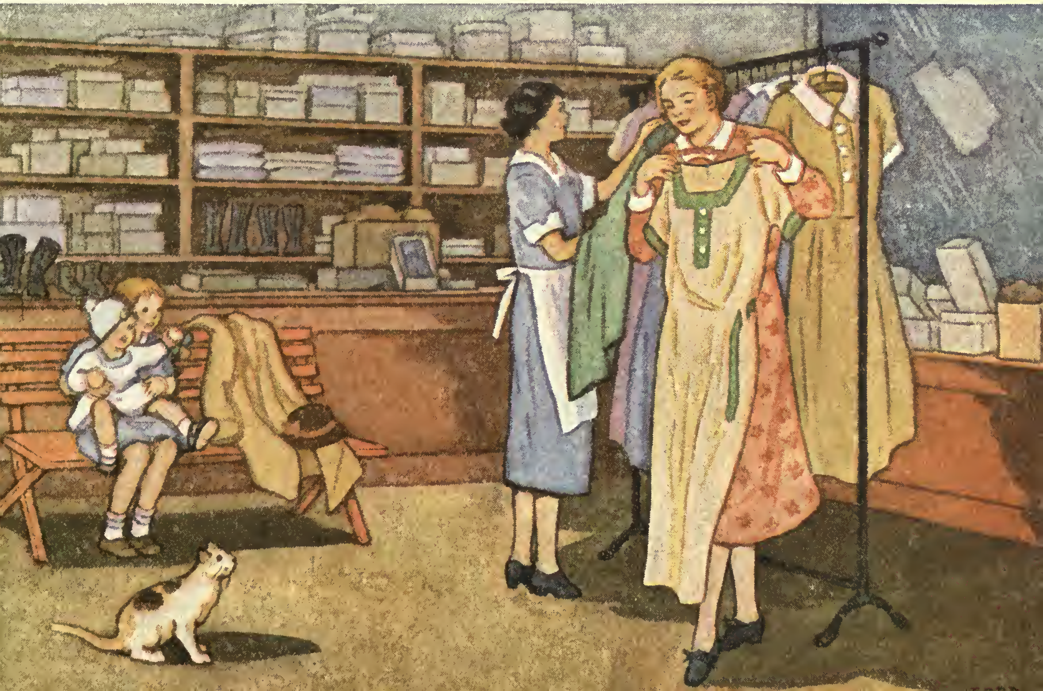
"It is a good thing you came today," said Mrs. Adams. "Some new dresses have just come in. Let Emily take care of the baby while you try on some of them."

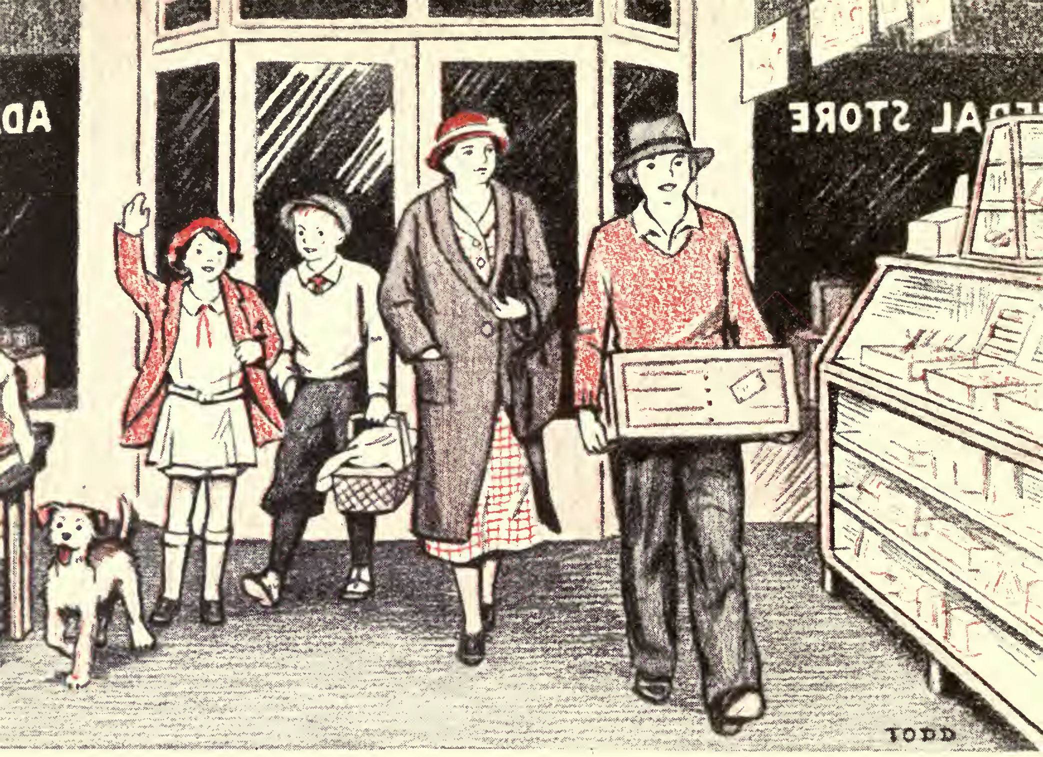
So Emily took care of the baby until Mrs. Bell had picked out a dress that she liked.

"It looks nice on you," said Mrs. Adams.

She told Mrs. Bell the price of the dress.

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Bell.





Then Mrs. Hand came in. Her two sons, John and Fred, and her daughter Jane were with her. Fred carried a basket of butter, and John carried a case of eggs.

"Hello," said Mr. Adams. "I'm glad you came in. People have been asking for your butter."

Mrs. Hand laughed. "I'm glad they like it," she said. "I have only eight pounds tonight. Will I get enough money to buy shoes for Jane?"

Mr. Adams took the eight pounds of butter. He said, "Oh, yes. You will get more than enough to buy some shoes."

"I want some brown shoes," Jane said.

One corner of the general store was a shoe store. There were boxes and boxes of shoes. But when Mrs. Adams looked, there was only one pair of brown shoes for girls.

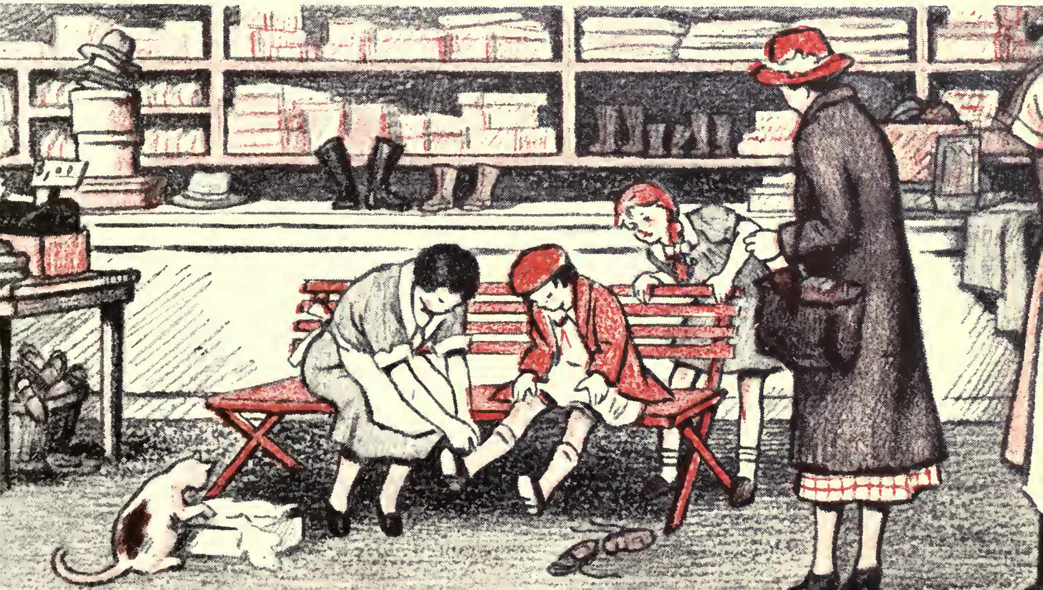
"They look too big for you, Jane," said her mother.

"Oh, dear!" said Jane. "Emily has brown shoes, and I want some, too. I hope they fit me."

Jane put on the brown shoes. They were just right for her. Mrs. Hand bought them.

"I wish you were going to our school in town," Emily said to Jane. "We could both wear our brown shoes on Monday."

"And I wish that Jane went to your school," said Mrs. Hand. "There are only eleven children in our country school now."



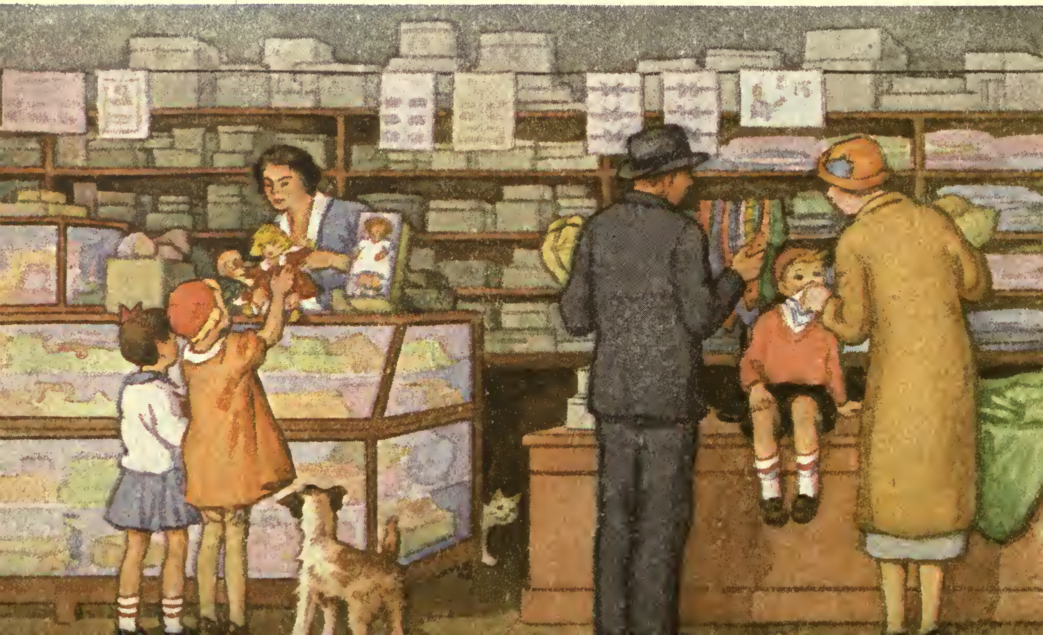
Before they went to the moving-picture show, many people left their eggs at the store to be counted. When the picture show was over, the people came to the store to do their shopping.

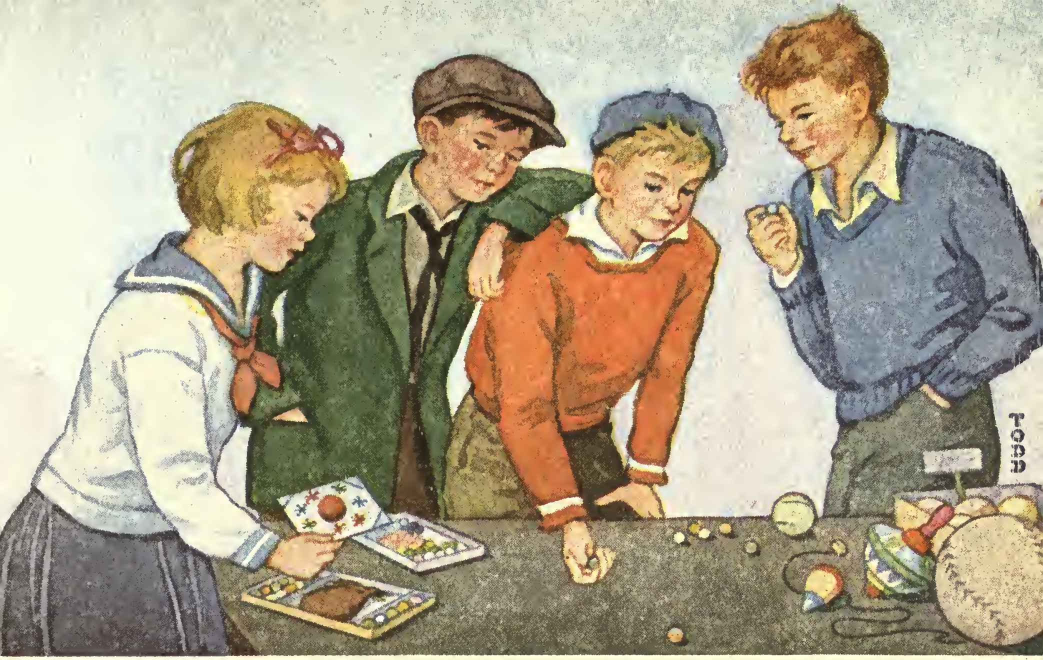
The store was full of customers. All the people had a good time in the store. They liked to talk to their neighbors.

The town people wanted to know what had happened in the country. The country people wanted to know what had happened in town.

They talked about the roads and the schools. They found out in this way what their neighbors thought about these things.

There were children in the store, too. All the children had a good time. They liked to listen to grown people and to talk with each other.





"Mr. Adams has marbles to sell now," said one of the boys. "Let's look at them."

Five or six boys and girls were near the boxes of marbles. They looked and looked at the marbles. Each one told which marble he liked best. But no one bought any marbles.

"I am not going to play marbles any more this year," said a boy. "Swimming will soon be good."

"Emily Adams and I think that picking berries is more fun than swimming," said Jane Hand.

"Picnics are the most fun," said another girl. "Sometimes we go on a picnic with two or three other families. We stay all day and eat our dinner outdoors. I'll be glad when summer comes."

"I like the church suppers we have in winter," said one of the boys. "My mother always cooks for them. We stay up late and have a lot of fun."

Then each girl told what she had been doing that day. One girl had planted a garden of her own. Another had gone to school to take care of the school pets. Some girls had gone to Emily's home to sew.

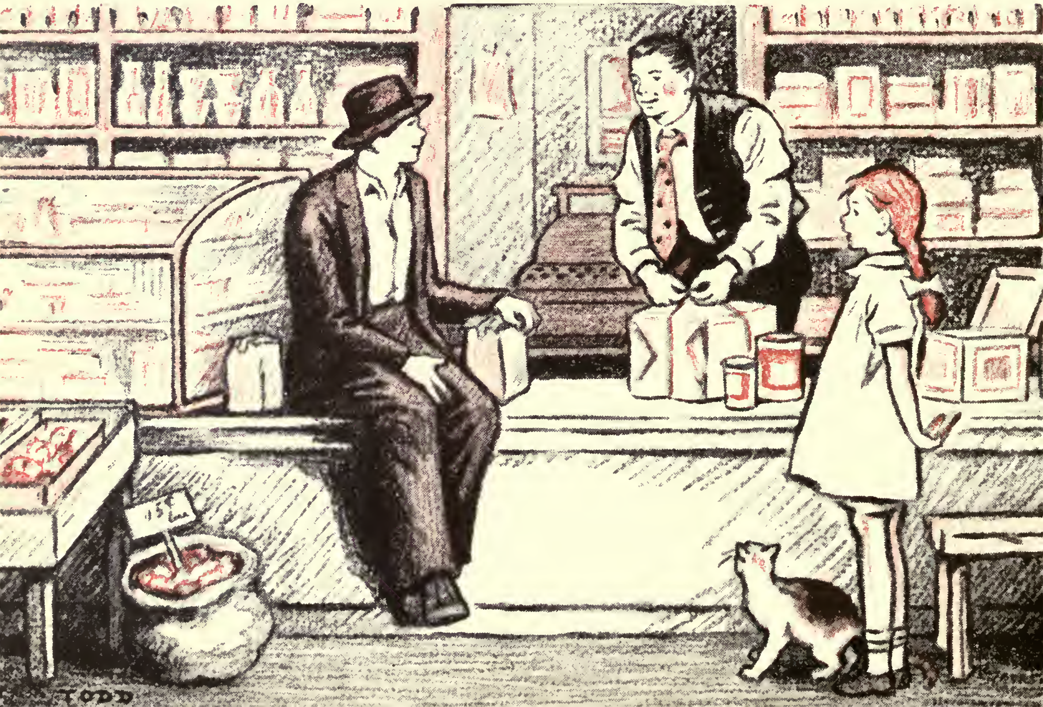
"But we played more than we sewed," said one of the girls.

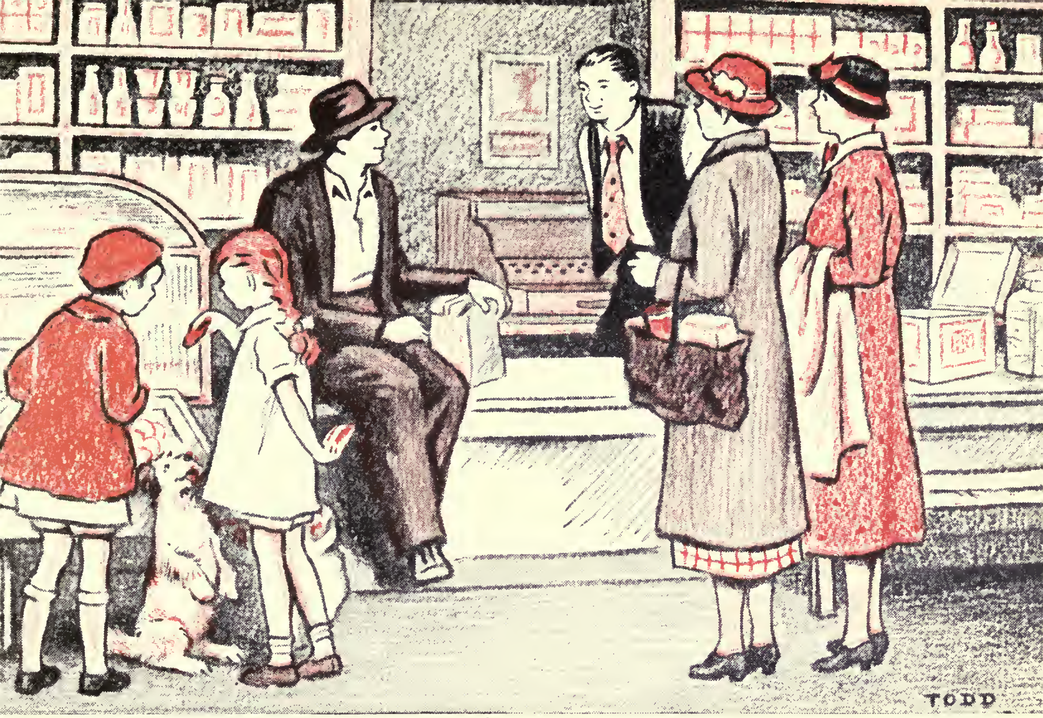
Then she asked, "What did you play today, Bob?"

"Oh, he played store," said Emily.

"It was work," said Bob. "But it was fun, too."

Mr. Bell was in the store. He talked to Mr. Adams about the schools.





Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Hand wanted to talk about the schools, too.

"I hear that you are going to have a new teacher for your country school," Mr. Adams said to Mrs. Bell.

"We are if we can find one," said Mrs. Bell. "We haven't much money to pay a teacher."

"I heard about a good teacher," said Mr. Bell. "I must go to see her on Monday. Maybe she will come to our school."

"I hope you can get her," said Mrs. Hand.

"But we can't pay her as much as we ought to pay," said Mr. Bell.

Other people in the store wanted to talk about schools. Some of the children listened.

Then Mr. Adams said, "We pay enough to have good teachers in our town school. But our building is too small. There are not enough rooms in it for our children."

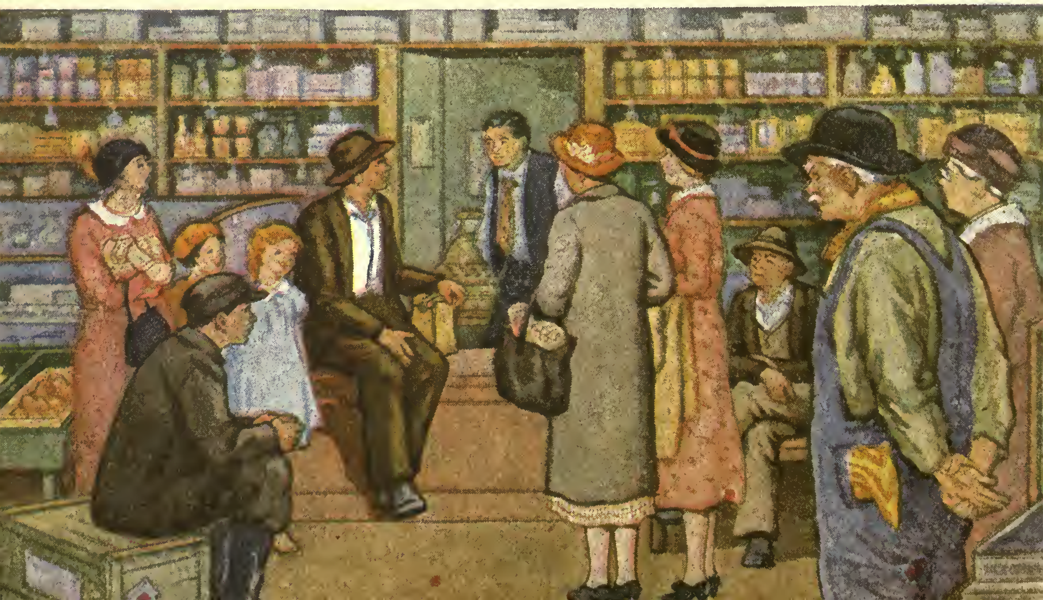
"That's right," said Mr. Bell. "Your school building is very old, too. The rooms are dark, and it is hard to keep them warm."

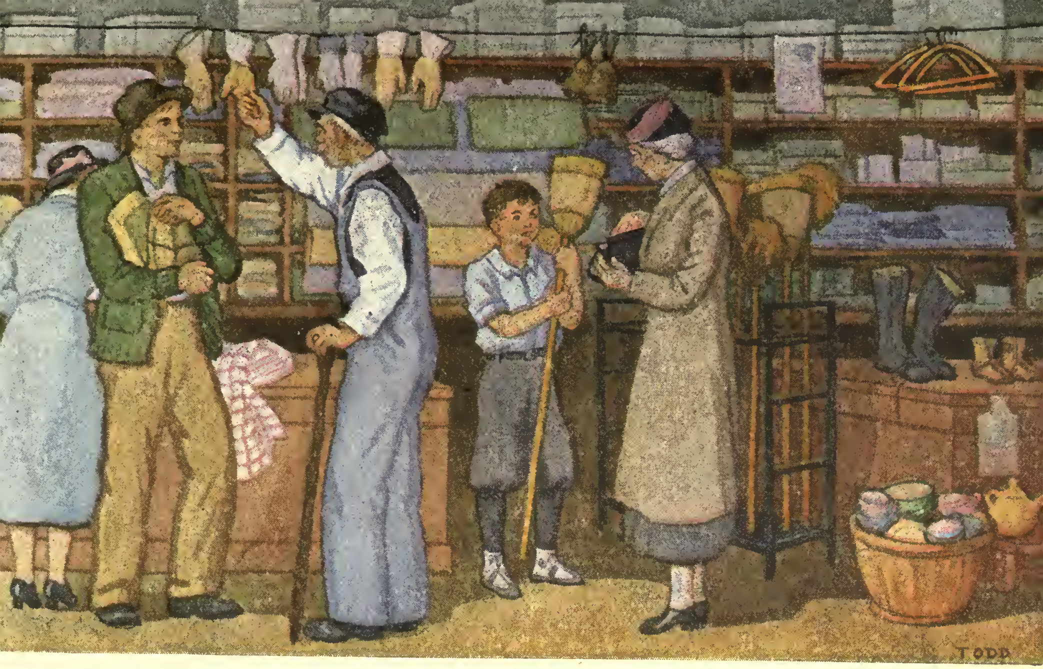
"Yes," said Mr. Adams. "We need many things. But we haven't money for everything."

"I wish we had a music teacher," said Emily. "They have one in the Lee Corner school.

"The country children and town children all go to the same school in Lee Corner."

"They have a good school. Many people help to pay for it," said Mr. Adams.





"The Lee Corner school is a fine one," said Mr. Bell. "There is a man who teaches the children about farming. And there is a teacher of cooking and sewing. The school building is warm and light."

"I wish we could have a school like that," said Mrs. Hand. "The town people and the country people could build a big school in Centerville. We could have buses to take the country children to school in town."

"It would be hard to drive buses over bad roads," Mr. Bell said.

"It would be easy if we had a paved highway," said Mr. Adams.

When the people were through buying, they stayed in the store. They laughed and talked with each other and had a good time. They were not in a hurry to go home.

But Joe had been working for a long time and wanted to go home. Mr. Adams and Bob were ready to go home, too. Even Emily was sleepy.

Just then Emily looked outdoors.

"Oh, Bob!" she said. "It is going to rain."

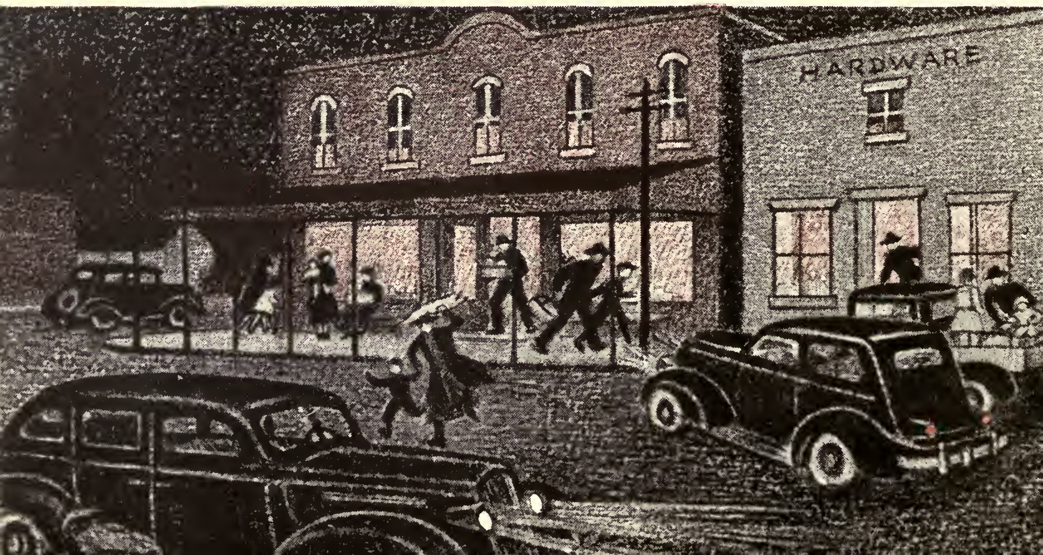
"Rain!" said Bob. "If it rains, the people will have a hard time getting home in the mud."

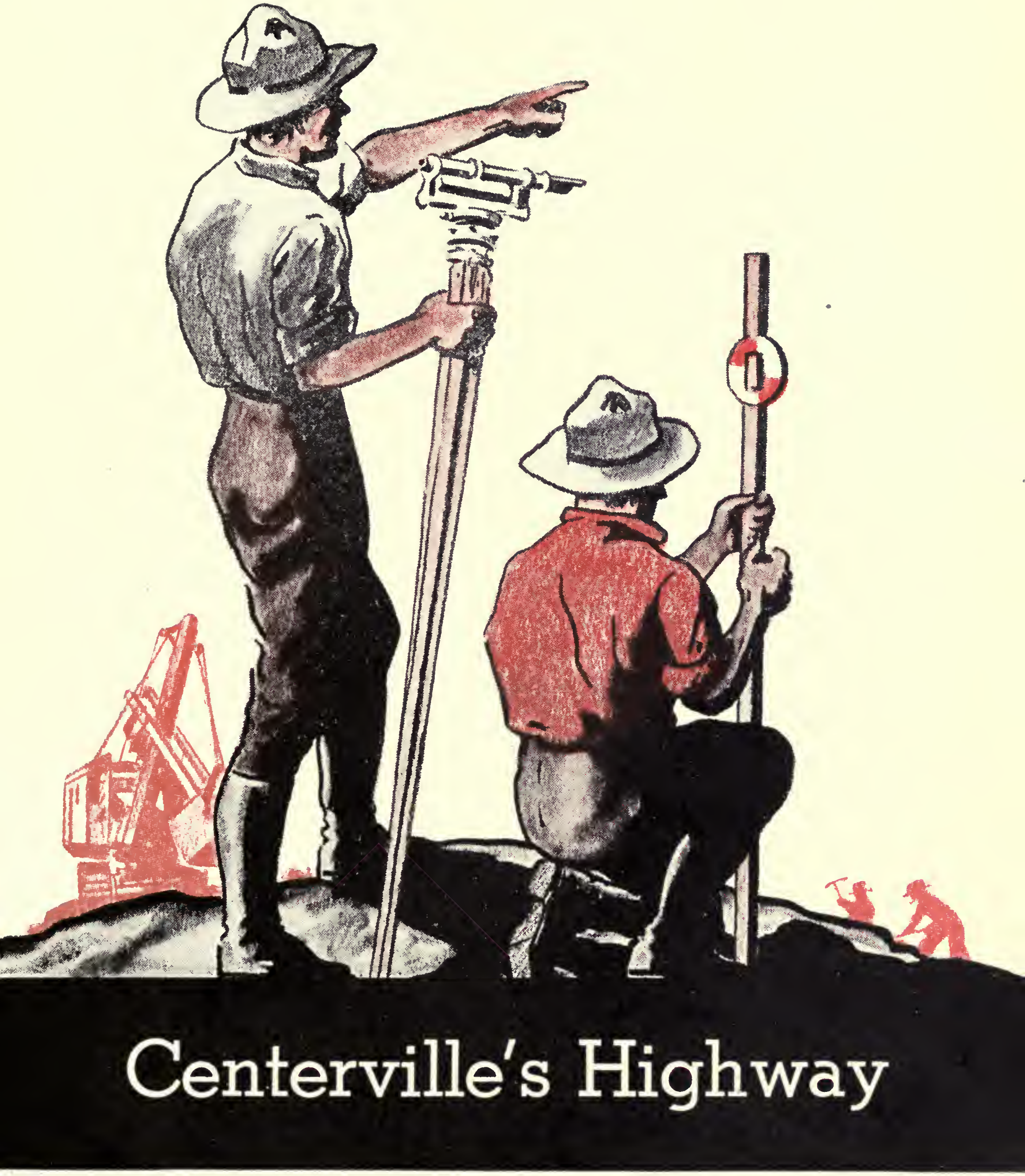
"Rain!" said Mr. Hand. "We must get home before it rains."

"The roads are bad enough now," said Mr. Bell. "They will be very bad if it rains any more."

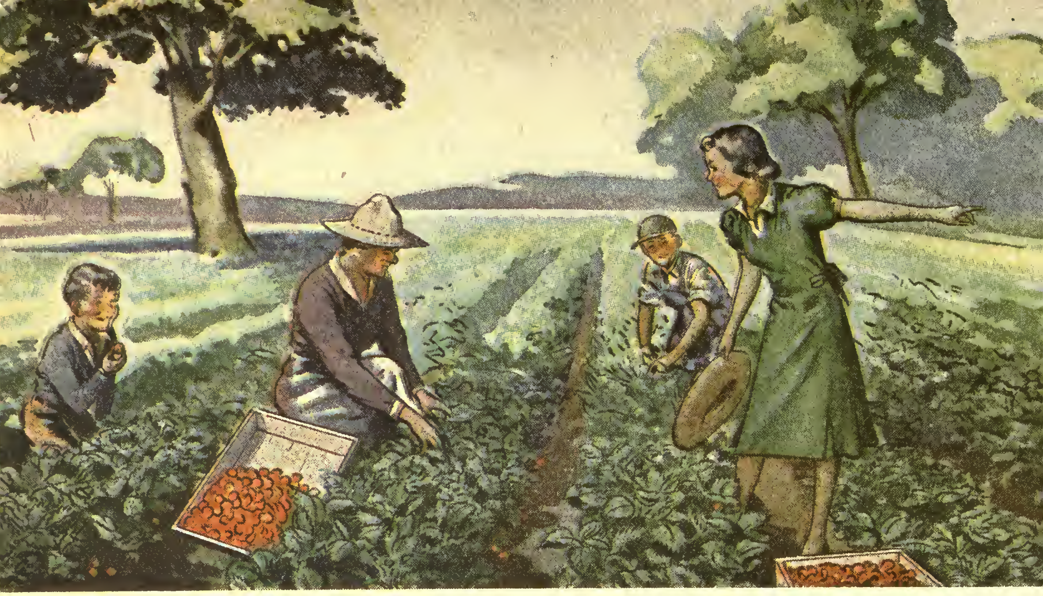
The people took their packages. They called their children and hurried to their cars.

Chug! Chug! Honk! Honk! Away they went.





Centerville's Highway



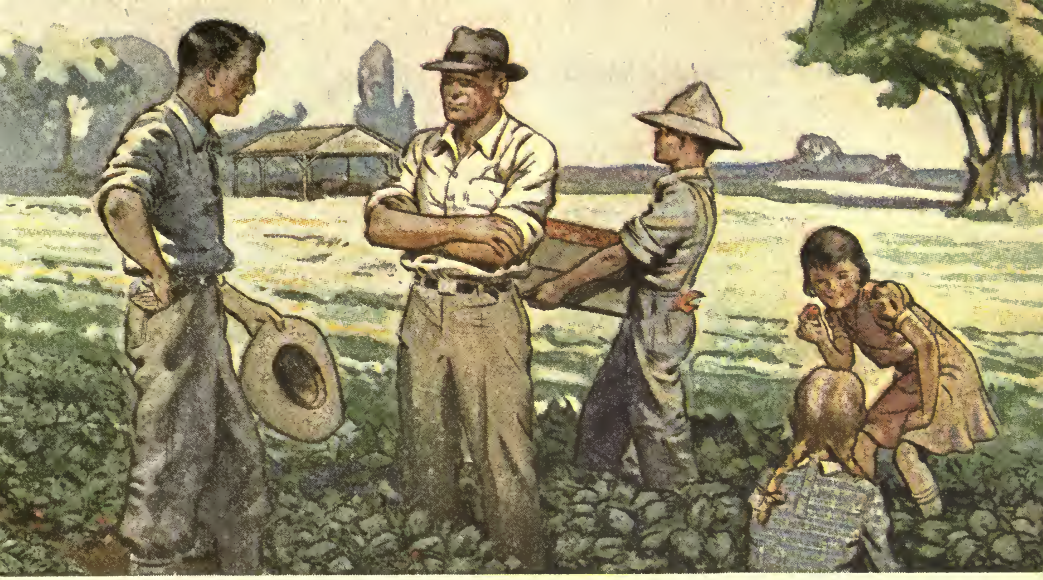
Traveling on a Dirt Road

It was strawberry time in Centerville. In many strawberry fields the fruit was getting red and ripe.

Many farmers in the Centerville community grew strawberries. They sold berries to a cannery. Mr. Hand had the biggest strawberry field of all.

One day Mr. Hand said, "Tomorrow we must pick berries for the cannery. They will be just ripe enough."

Early the next morning all of the Hand family were at work. Bob and Emily Adams and Sally Goodman had come to the farm to help. Mr. Bell's son Jack was there, too. And there were other pickers who had come to the farm for the day.



"Look at this big strawberry," Sally said.

"Here is a good one," said Bob.

Bob ate a strawberry now and then. He liked to pick berries at the Hand farm.

"When will you start to the cannery, Mr. Hand?" asked Jack Bell.

"I think we can get away by ten o'clock," Mr. Hand answered.

The pickers worked up and down the field. It was not easy work. They had to handle the berries very carefully.

John Hand took boxes full of strawberries to a shed in the field. It was a hot day. The shed protected the fresh strawberries from the heat. Mr. Hand left the berries there until he had enough to load his truck.

The people at the cannery liked Mr. Hand's strawberries. His berries were always picked when they were just ripe enough. The cannery did not buy strawberries that were green. It did not buy strawberries that were too ripe.

Before ten o'clock the workers had picked enough strawberries for a load. Mr. Hand drove his truck to the shed, and John helped him load the strawberries. They handled the berries carefully and did not spoil any.

Mrs. Hand came out to look at the strawberries. She watched the pickers going up and down the field. She watched Mr. Hand and John loading the truck. Mrs. Hand ate some strawberries.

"How ripe and fresh they are!" she said.

"We should get a good price for so many fine large berries."

"I think we will," Mr. Hand said. "We may sell enough strawberries this year to pay for painting our house."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Hand. "The house must be painted this year."

"Yes," said Mr. Hand. "The house surely needs paint."

Mr. Hand and John drove off in the truck with strawberries for the cannery. The road was very muddy, and Mr. Hand had to drive slowly.

"Do you think we can get to Lee Corner without an accident?" John asked.

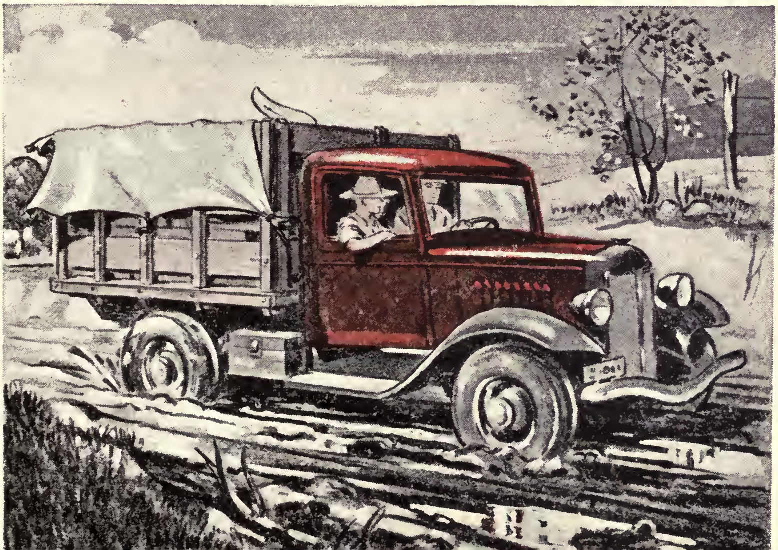
"I think so," his father answered. "The road is muddy, but if we go slowly, we can get through all right. After we get to the paved road, we can go faster."

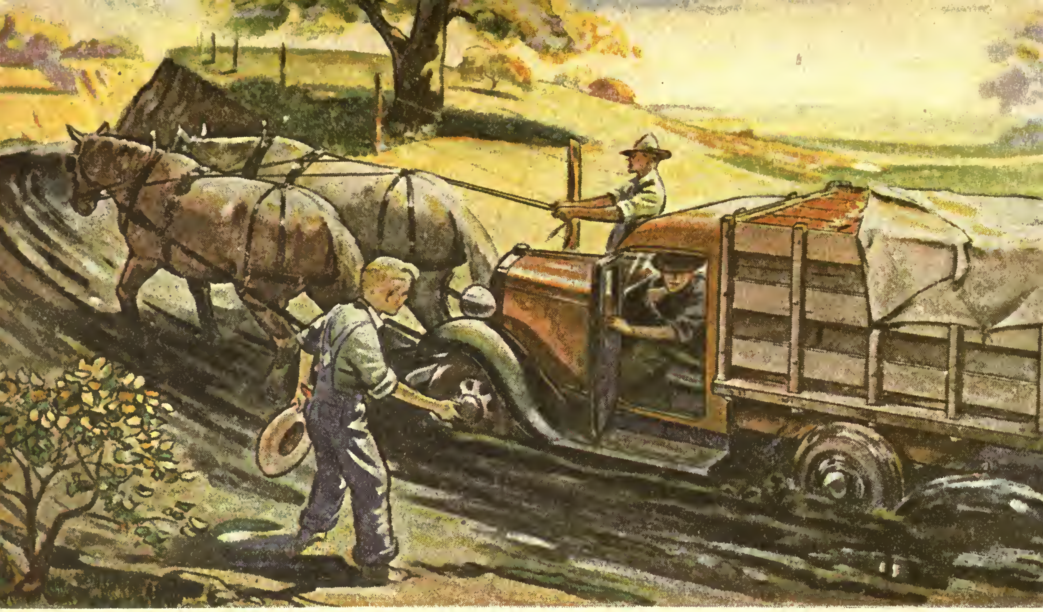
"It is a good thing we started early," John said. "We will be a long time on this muddy old road."

"It is a warm morning," said Mr. Hand. "By the time we get to the cannery, it will be very hot. We must get the berries there as soon as we can."

"You said you could drive much faster after we come to the paved road at Lee Corner," said John. "I think we can deliver the berries to the cannery by noon."

"Don't be too sure!" said his father.





Mr. Hand and John were not far from Centerville when the truck got stuck. Down went two wheels of the truck into a big mudhole. The wheels slipped in the mud.

"It must have rained pretty hard here," said Mr. Hand.

Mr. Hand tried hard to get the truck out. The wheels slipped round and round, but the truck did not move.

By this time it was very hot, and Mr. Hand said, "I must get some help. We must get the berries to the cannery, or they will be too soft."

So Mr. Hand went to a farmhouse for help. The farmer brought his two big horses and hooked them to the truck.

The horses pulled. The engine chugged. The wheels slipped round, but the truck did not move.

Some other farmers came to help, but they could not get the truck out of the mudhole.

"My horses can't pull it out," said the farmer. "You need a tractor."

Not one of the farmers who lived near by had a tractor. So John telephoned to Mr. Bell and asked him to bring his tractor. Then they waited for him.

After a long time Mr. Bell came.

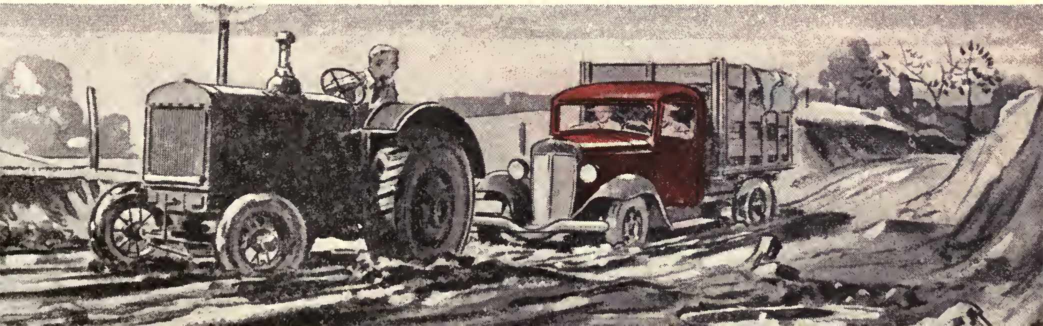
The tractor pulled. Chug! Chug!

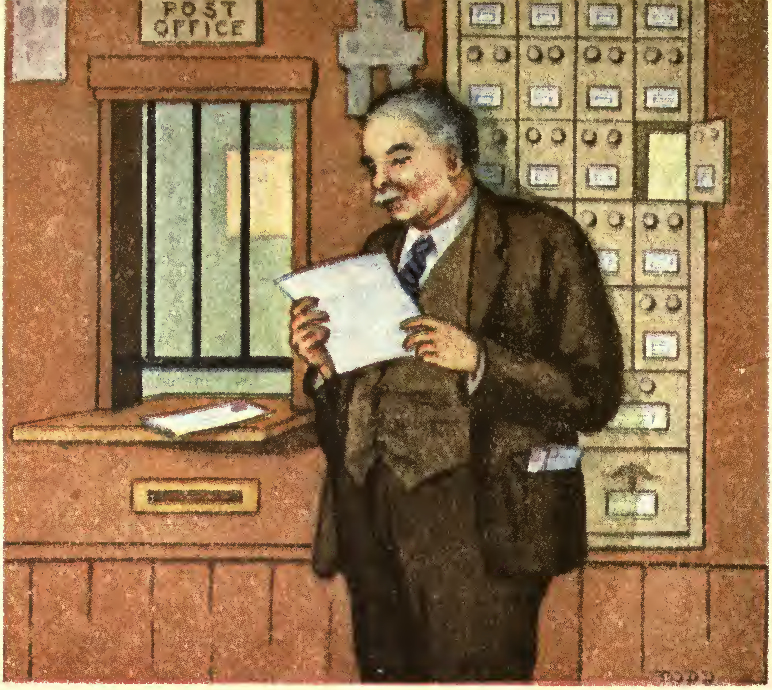
The truck began to move. At last it was out of the mudhole.

"Thank you for your help," said Mr. Hand to Mr. Bell and the other farmers. Then he drove off with John.

"Well!" said Mr. Hand. "Some of the berries must be spoiled now. The cannery will not buy the softest berries. So we won't get as much money as we had hoped."

"Maybe we won't get enough money to paint the house for Mother," said John. "She won't like that."





A Letter about a New Road

Sally Goodman's father owned the hardware store in Centerville. He also looked after the roads in that community.

One morning Mr. Goodman got a letter at the post office. The letter was from a man who worked for the State Highway Department. He looked after all the roads in the state. The letter was about paving the road through Centerville.

"Well! Well!" said Mr. Goodman as he read the letter. "The State Highway Department wants to pave the road through Centerville. But before the road can be paved, the people will have to vote for it."

There were many people in the general store when the letter came. Mr. Goodman read it to them.

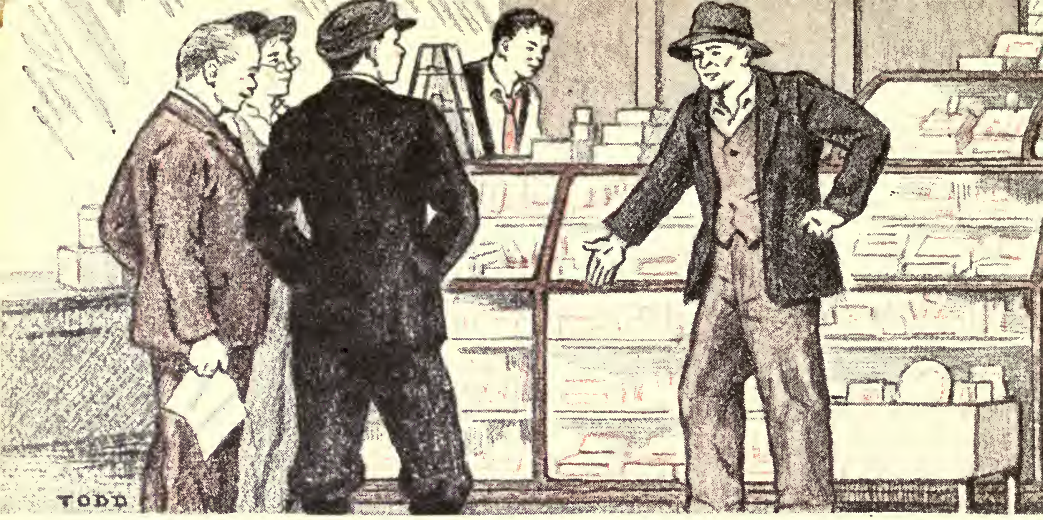
Then he said, "We have talked long enough about the bad road. Now we can have a paved highway if we are willing to pay for it. The State Highway Department wants an answer to this letter soon."

Mr. Hand was in the store. He said, "I am willing to pay a tax for a new road. The cannery would have bought more of my strawberries if some of them had not spoiled when we were stuck in the mud."

"And I am willing to pay a tax for a new road," Mr. Adams told the men. "The road was so bad last Monday that dozens of eggs were cracked when we got to Lee Corner."

Then Mrs. Jones said, "I wish we had a paved road to Grand City. I could go there more often to visit my daughter.

"If we had a paved road, the buses from Grand City to Lee Corner would come through Centerville. Then we could go to the city in the morning and come back home the same day. I'll gladly pay a tax for the paved road."



But one farmer said, "Our Centerville road is not bad all the year. When it is bad, I can go to Beaver Creek for the things I need."

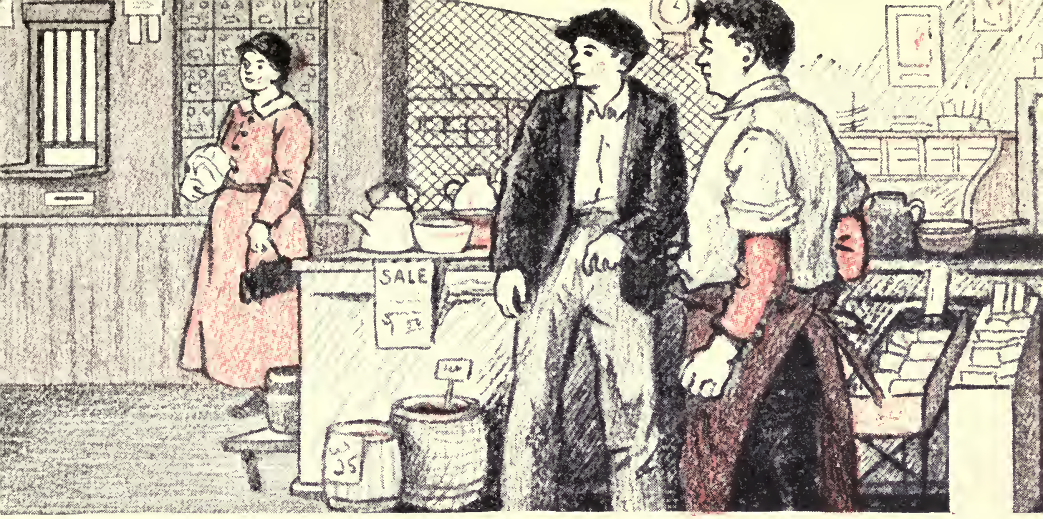
Then Mr. Adams asked Mr. Banks what he thought about the new road.

"The new road won't do Centerville any good," said Mr. Banks.

"Why?" everybody asked.

"If we have a new highway, people will go to Grand City," answered Mr. Banks. "They will go there to shop, and we won't have any business in Centerville. A new road would hurt our stores."

"You may be right," said Mr. Adams. "Perhaps people will go to the city for some articles. But it will also be easier for rural people to drive to Centerville. Perhaps our stores will have some new customers."



The blacksmith said, "My shop is on the road that would be paved. If more people use the new highway, I will build a filling station and sell gasoline."

Mr. Adams said, "We can advertise to get more people to come to Centerville. The new road may be good for business."

The man who ran the print shop said, "If you advertise, you will help my business. I'll print the advertisements for you."

"Perhaps you men are right," said Mr. Banks. "But the new road will be dangerous for children. Cars will speed through Centerville on the new road, and children will be hurt on the way to school."

"We can stop the speeding," said Mr. Hand. "A highway doesn't have to be dangerous."

"We can have a traffic policeman," said Mr. Adams. "He will keep people from speeding through town too fast."

"That will cost money, too," said Mr. Banks. "We will have to pay the policeman."

"It will be a good job for someone," said Joe.

Bob Adams and Fred Hand had been listening to the people talk.

Bob asked Fred, "Do you know who decides about building new highways?"

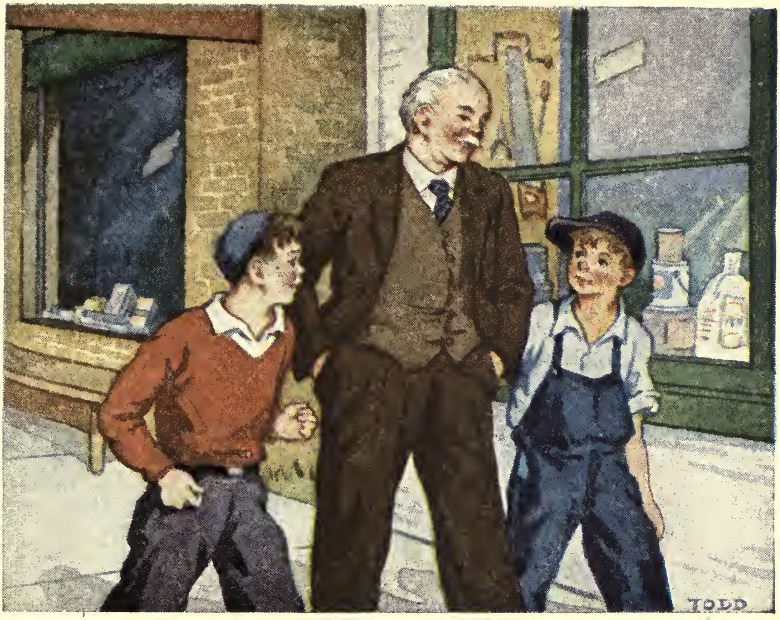
"No," answered Fred, "and I don't know who pays for highways."

"Let's ask Mr. Goodman," said Bob.

When Mr. Goodman left the store, the boys went out behind him. They walked down the street with Mr. Goodman. The boys asked him to tell them who decides to build highways. They asked him who pays for highways.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Goodman, "all highways are paid for with tax money. Some of the money for our new highway will be paid by the state. But some money must be paid by our community.

"The community will not have the money until the people pay a new tax. The people in our community will have to decide if they want a new highway. They will have to vote to find out if they are willing to pay the new tax."



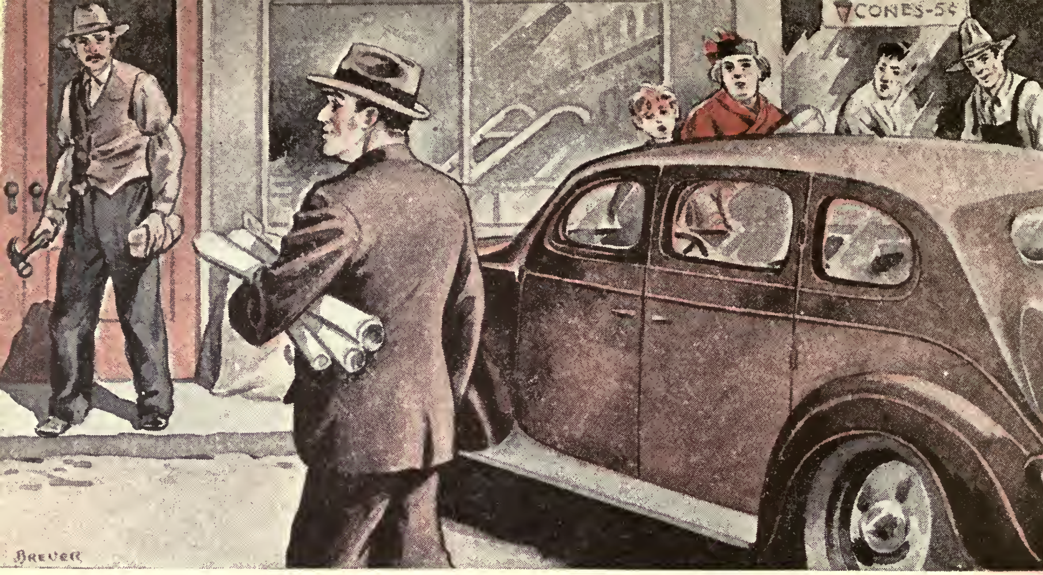
"I am glad that we asked you about highways," said Bob.

"Thank you, Mr. Goodman," said Fred.

One day a man from the Highway Department came to Centerville. Mr. Goodman told him what the people in the community had said.

"I am sure that most of the people want the new highway," said Mr. Goodman. "They are willing to pay the taxes for it."

The man said, "The community should vote soon. If the people vote for the highway, it can be built this summer."



Plans for the New Highway

The people in the Centerville community had a day for voting. A few people did not vote for a paved highway. But most of the people voted for it.

A few days later Miss Black, who worked in the bank, looked out the window.

"Somebody has come to talk about the new highway," she said. "There is a car that is marked STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT."

Mr. Snow was looking out the window of his drug store. He said to one of his customers, "Somebody just got out of a car at the hardware store."

The blacksmith stopped to look at the car. Some people went into the hardware store. They wanted to find out about the new road.

In the store the man said, "Good morning, Mr. Goodman. My name is Trott. I am from the State Highway Department."

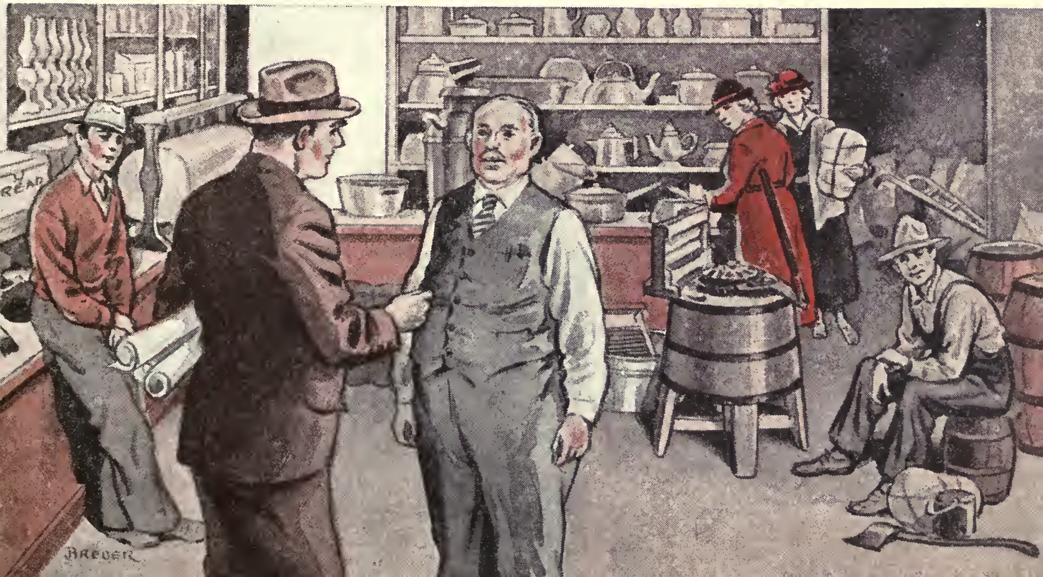
"Good morning, Mr. Trott," said Mr. Goodman. "Have you come to plan our new highway?"

"Yes," said Mr. Trott. "We are planning the highway. It is going to be wider than the old road."

"It can't be very much wider," said Mr. Goodman. "Mrs. Jones's house is in the way."

"I want to see Mrs. Jones about moving her house," said Mr. Trott. "And I want to talk with some other people in your community."

"I'll be glad to go with you," said Mr. Goodman. "Let's go to see them now."



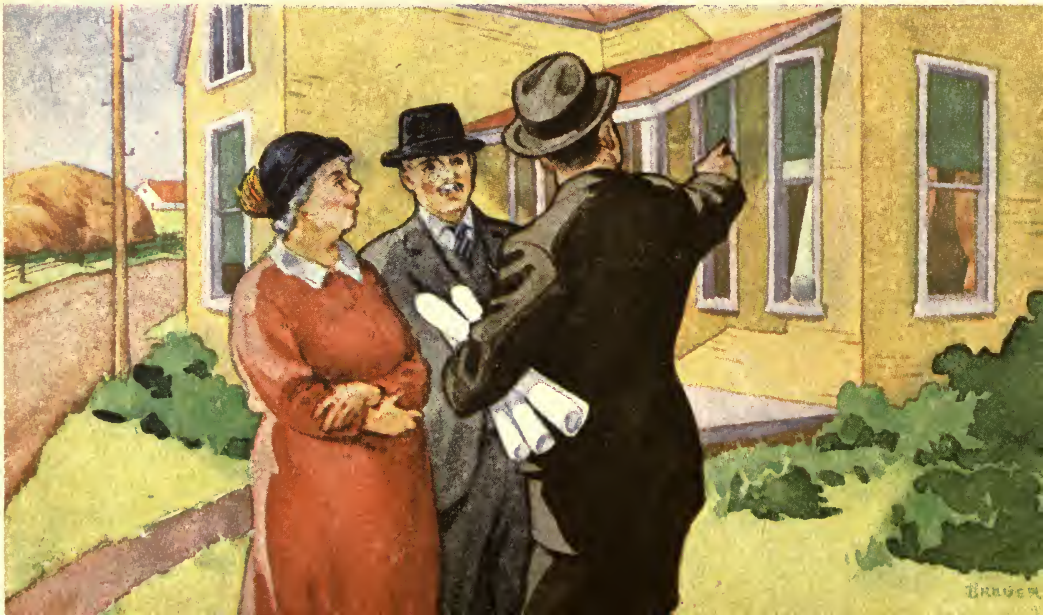
The two men went to see Mrs. Jones. Mr. Trott said to her, "We want to make the new highway very wide, and your house is in the way. We should like to move your house. We will pay for the work of moving it and for the land."

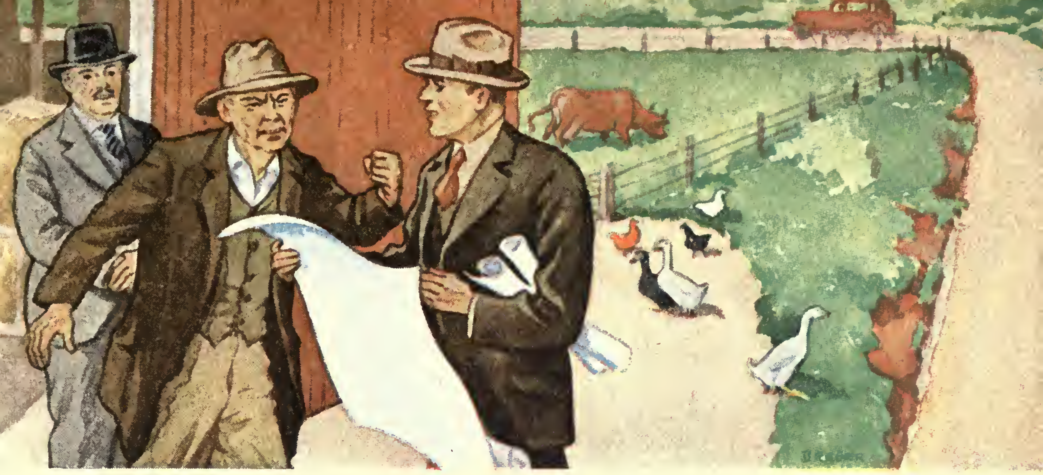
"Of all things!" said Mrs. Jones. "I have wanted for a long time to have this house moved. It is too near the road. But where will you put it?"

"We will put it as far from the road as the other houses are," Mr. Trott explained. "Will that be all right?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones. "Will I have to move out of the house?"

"No," laughed Mr. Trott. "You just stay in your little house the day we move it. We will move you with it. You'll be safe."





Then the men went to see Mr. Banks. His barn was near the turn in the road. Mr. Trott said to him, "Mr. Banks, we are planning the new highway through Centerville.

"Your barn is at the corner where the road turns. We want to move your barn. Then we can build a wide curve in the new highway."

"No!" shouted Mr. Banks. "I won't have my barn moved. My barn has been there for forty years. It is just where I want it."

"But we must have a wide curve here in the highway," Mr. Trott said. "A good highway can't have a sharp turn like the one in this road. It would not be safe."

"It's my barn," said Mr. Banks. "And I don't want it moved."

Mr. Trott showed Mr. Banks a map of the new highway. He explained what had to be done.

Then Mr. Trott asked, "Are you willing to let us pull down your barn? We will pay you for the old barn and for the land that we use. You could build a new barn."

"No," said Mr. Banks. "I don't want your money. I want my barn to stay where it always has been."

Then Mr. Goodman said, "There will be accidents at your sharp corner if the barn is not moved."

Mr. Banks thought for a minute, and then he said, "Well, I don't want anyone to be hurt at my corner. If you pay me for the old barn, I can build a new one nearer my house. So I'll let you pull down this one."

"That's fine, Mr. Banks," said Mr. Trott.

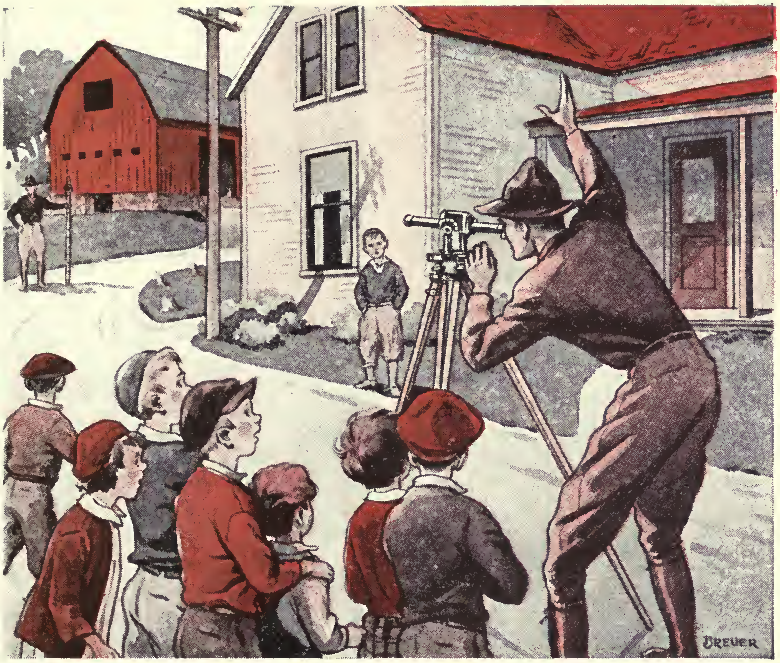
"Everyone will be glad if we take that sharp turn out of the road. Good-by."

Mr. Goodman and Mr. Trott talked about work on the road.

Then Mr. Trott got into his car.

"Good-by, Mr. Goodman," he said. "Thank you for helping me. Work will be started in a few weeks. First the surveyors will come. They will mark trees that have to be cut down and telephone posts that must be moved.

"They will mark out the new highway. After they survey the highway, the other work will be started."

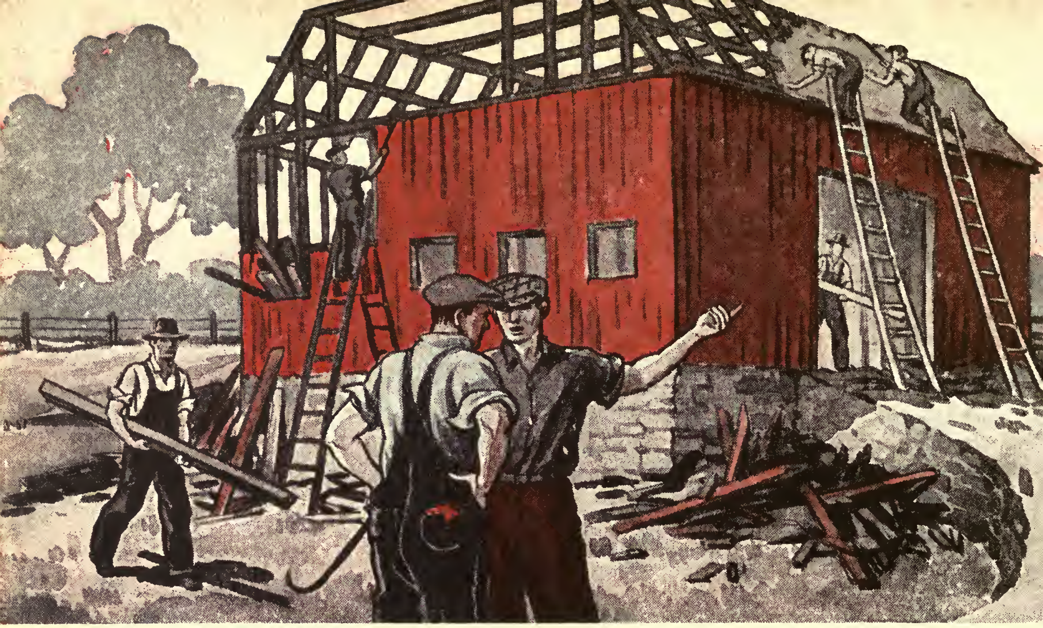


Getting Ready to Build the Road

It was three weeks before the surveyors came to Centerville. They decided where the highway was to be and put in markers.

Children watched the surveyors as they worked. Sometimes grown people stopped to watch, too.

But surveying the highway through Centerville was only a part of the work. The highway was surveyed all the way from Lee Corner to Beaver Creek.



Fences were moved back so that the road could be made wider.

Telephone men dug new holes and moved telephone posts. A few trees were cut down.

Workmen pulled down Mr. Banks's barn so that the new road could have a wide curve.

Some of the men in the Centerville community helped. They wanted to earn some of the money that was being paid for this work.

School was out, and some of the high-school boys helped. They worked on the road and earned money, too.

John Hand worked on the road when he was not busy at the farm. Bob and Fred wished that they were big enough to work. They wanted to earn some money. And they wanted to be with the men who worked.

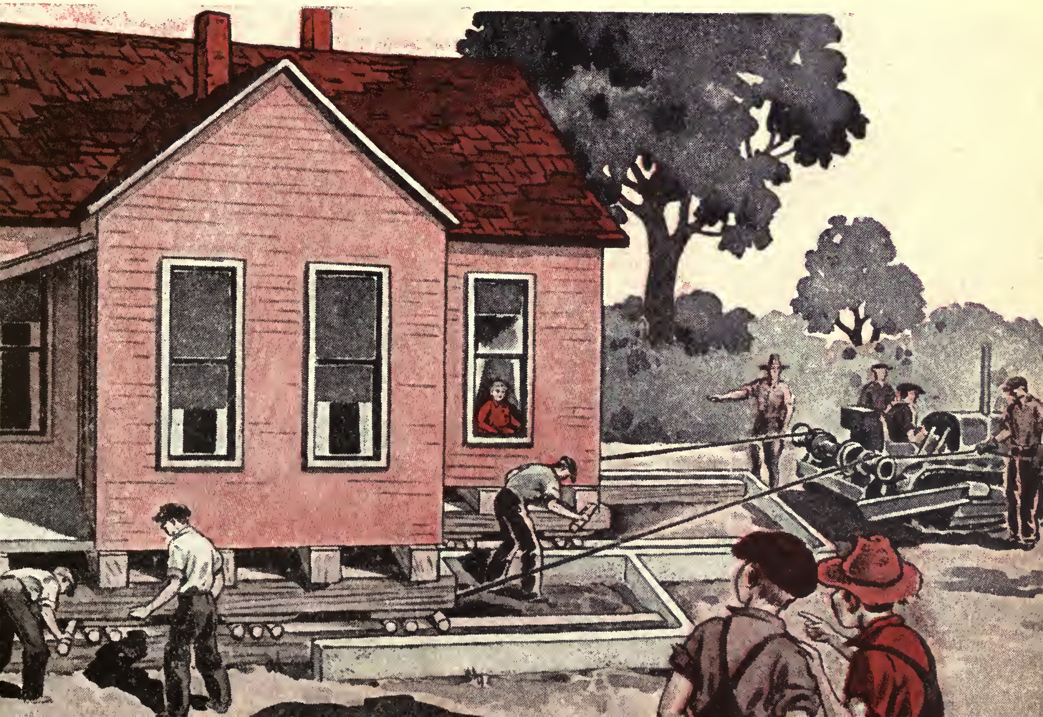
"The men are going to move Mrs. Jones's house today," shouted Fred Hand to Bob one morning.

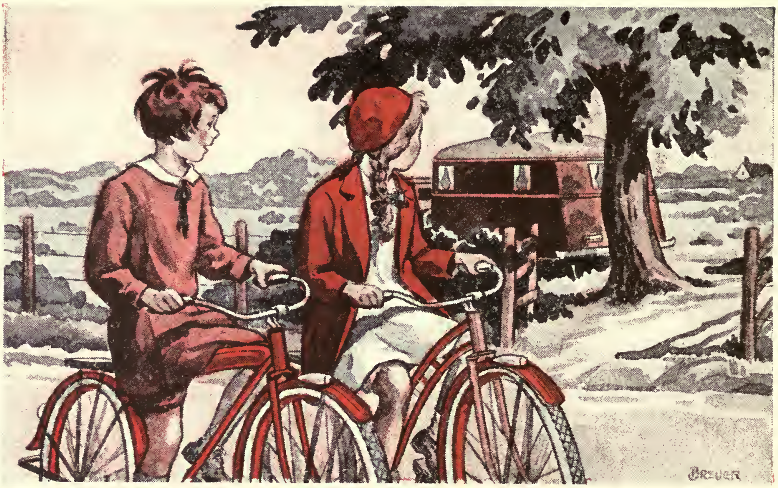
Both boys ran down the street. Mrs. Jones's yard was full of people watching the workmen.

The workmen had everything ready. The house was slowly raised, and rollers were put under it.

A big tractor pulled the house back from the road. As it moved, the men put more rollers under it. At last the house was rolled to its new place. People went in to see Mrs. Jones.

"I never thought I would go traveling in my own house," she said.





Roadmakers Come to Centerville

One day Jane Hand came to town with her mother and played with Emily Adams.

"Let's go riding," said Jane.

"All right," Emily said. "I'll ride my bicycle, and you ride Bob's."

Bump! Bump! Bump! Down the road went Emily and Jane on the bicycles. Very soon they came to Mr. Banks's field just outside the town.

"Look!" said Jane. "See that funny little house in the field. It is on wheels."

"That is a trailer," said Emily. "People live in trailers."

"Let's go and look at it," Jane said.

"A girl is standing in the doorway," said Emily.

When the girls got off the bicycles, the other girl called, "Hello!"

"Hello," said Emily. "Do you live here?"

"Yes," said the girl. "We came yesterday. My name is Ruth Baker. Where do you live?"

"I live in Centerville," said Emily. "My name is Emily Adams. This is my best friend, Jane Hand. She lives on a farm near here."

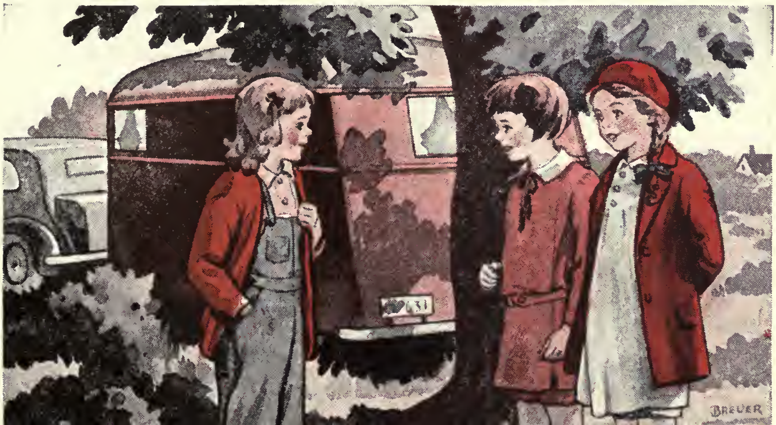
Just then Ruth's mother came to the door of the trailer. "Why don't you ask the girls to come in?" she said to Ruth.

"Would you like to see our trailer?" said Ruth. "We live in it when my father is working on roads."

"That is like a picnic every day," said Jane.

"Yes," answered Ruth. "Sometimes it is like having a picnic."

The girls went in, and Mrs. Baker showed them where she cooked. Ruth showed them how the beds were made. Emily saw cupboards for groceries and other things.



"You have a radio," said Jane.

"Yes," said Ruth. "And we are going to have a telephone."

"Do you live in a trailer all the time?" asked Jane.

"In summer we live in the trailer," said Ruth, "but in the winter we live in a house. It is in Grand City."

"It must be fun to live in a house on wheels," said Emily.

"Fred and Bob have never been in a trailer," said Jane. "We can tell them all about it."

Then Mrs. Baker said, "The machines for building the concrete highway will come today. Can you stay until they come?"

"Oh, I'd like to," answered Jane.

"Are they coming here?" Emily asked.

"Yes," Ruth's mother answered. "All of the machines will be kept in this field when they are not at work on the road."

"This field will be the camp," Ruth said. "It is a good place for the machines while the men are working near Centerville."

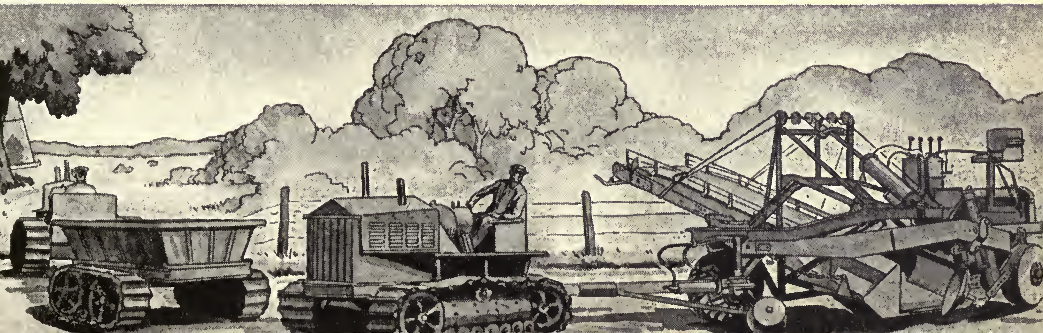
"Does Mr. Banks want machines in his field?" Emily asked.

"Oh, yes," Ruth's mother answered. "Men from the highway department picked out this field for our camp. They are renting it from Mr. Banks."

"Oh, here come the machines!" said Jane.

The big machines came down the road and into the field. A man showed the drivers where to park their machines.

"That is my father," said Ruth. "He is the foreman. His job is to tell the workmen what to do."



Building the Highway

After work on the road began, it was hard for some of the farmers to drive into Centerville.

There were big piles of stones and sand by the side of the road.

There was hardly room on the road for machines to work and for people to travel. So there were signs that warned people to travel very carefully or to take another road.

At the schoolhouse near the Hand farm there were other warning signs.

The banks near the road were high at this place. A man was working there with a steam shovel. He was cutting down the high banks.

Two men stood in the road all day. They told the drivers of cars when it was safe to drive past the steam shovel.

People often stopped to watch the work while the road was being made. The children did not want to play at home. They wanted to watch the shovel and to watch the men work.

The pictures show some of the work that men were doing with the big machines.

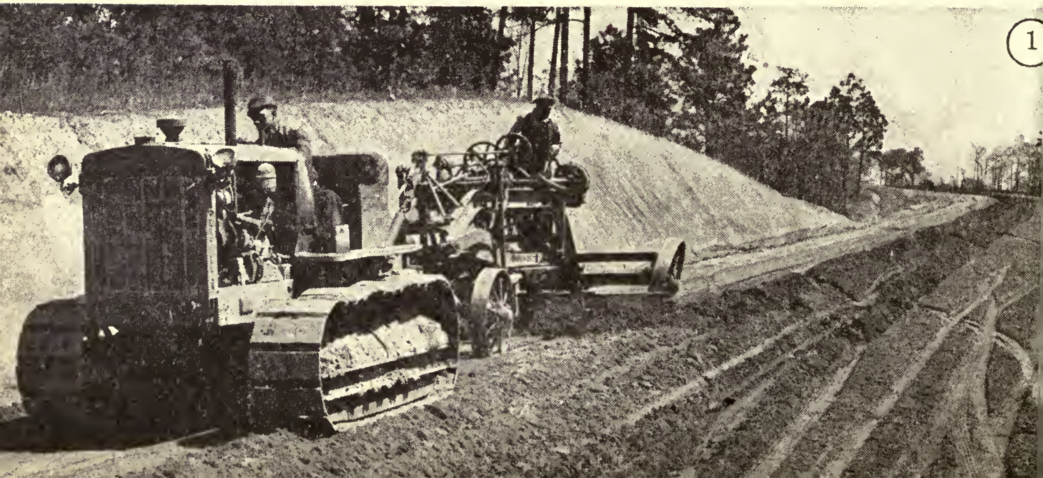
Picture 1 shows the machine that was used to cut down places that were too high for the new road. The same machine was used to fill in places that were too low.

Picture 2 shows a steam roller that chugged up and down the new road. The roller was used to pack down the dirt.

Bob and Fred liked to watch the big machine that mixed concrete. Picture 3 shows the mixer on the new road.

Workmen shoveled in sand and gravel. Then they put in cement and water. The machine was started. Round and round went sand and gravel and cement and water inside the machine.

When the concrete was mixed, the machine dumped it in piles on the new road. Picture 4 shows how the concrete was dumped from the machine.



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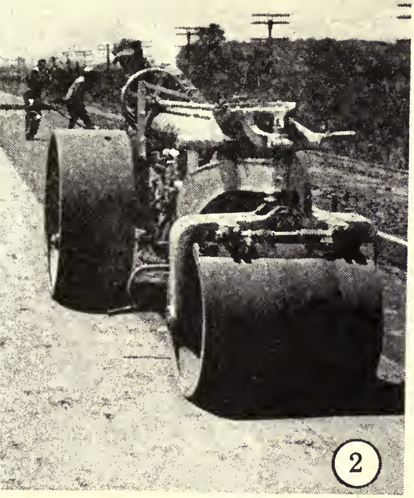

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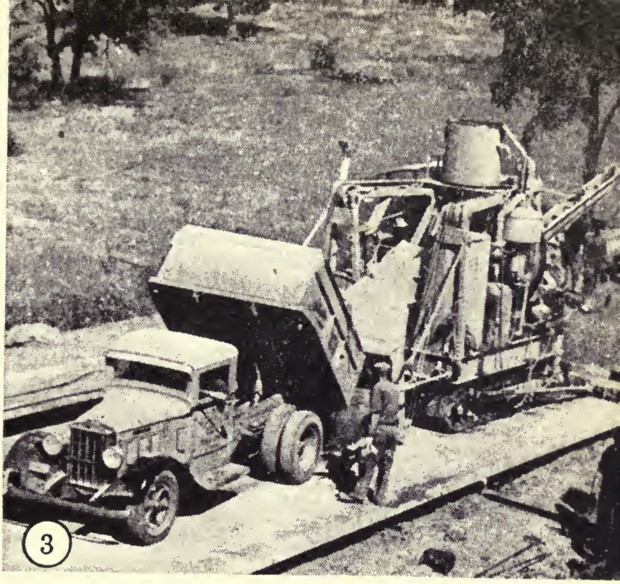

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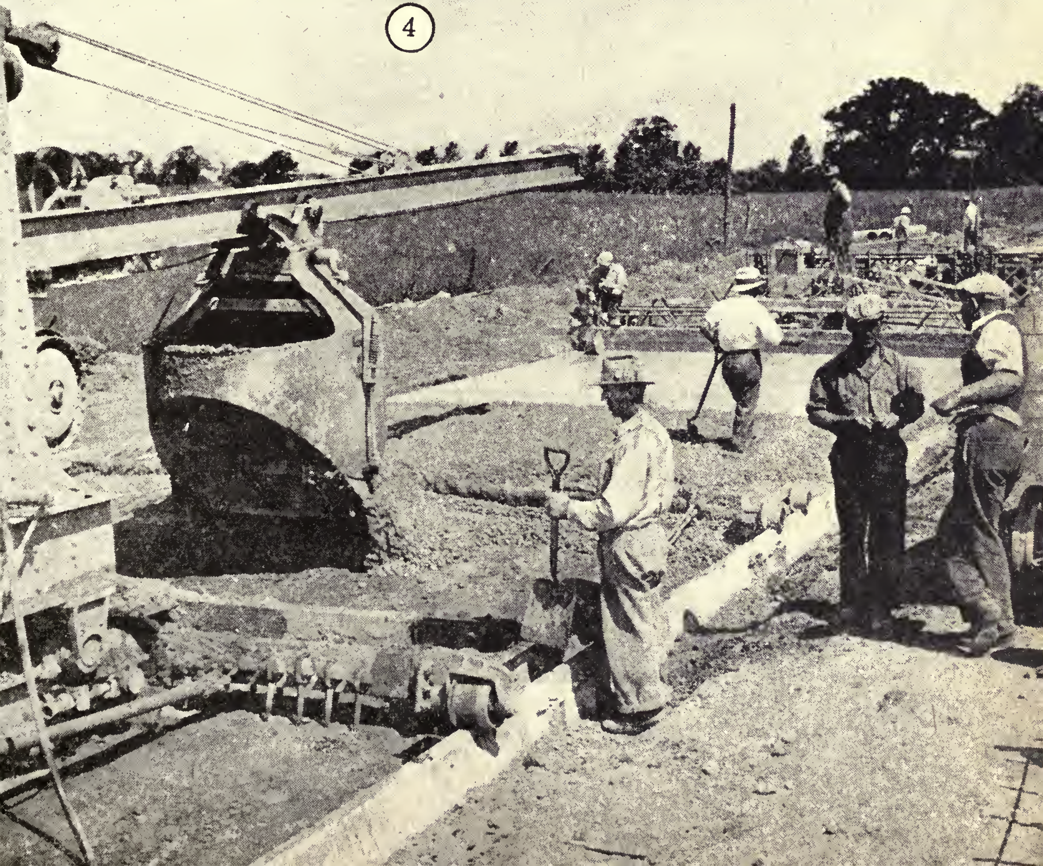


The concrete mixer moved on. The picture shows a man who did some work by hand. This work was done so that the concrete would not be too smooth. A very smooth road is dangerous.

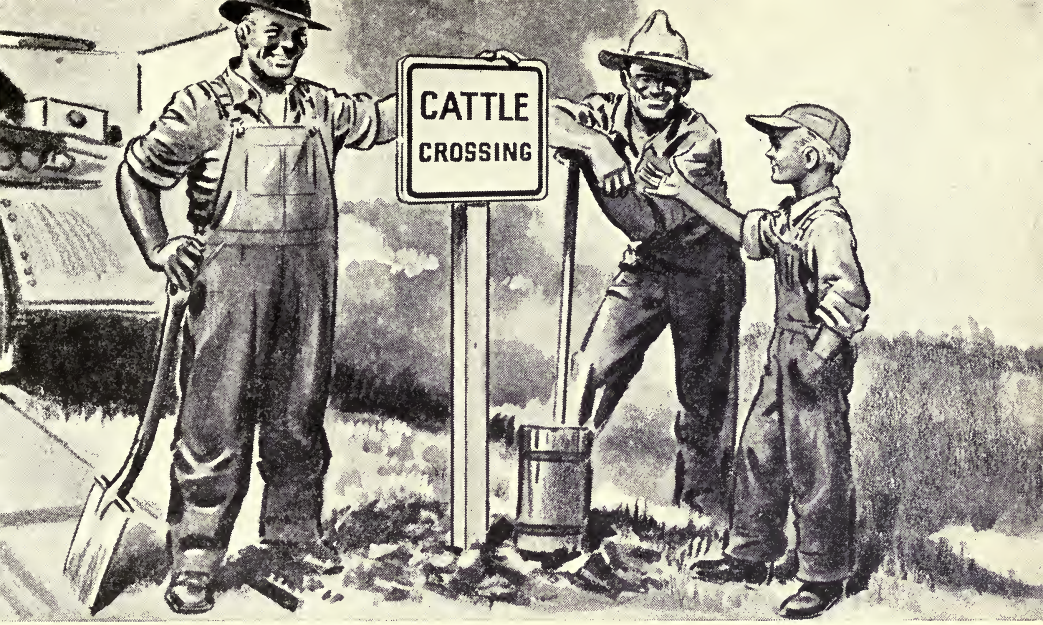
Next day workmen put dirt on the new concrete. Then they went away and left the concrete to get hard. The road was done, but no one could use it.

In a week the concrete was dry. Then the foreman sent men to clean off the dirt that was on top of the concrete.

Fred Hand saw the workmen take down the warning signs. "The road is open," Fred said to his father.

"Good!" said Mr. Hand. "Get in the car, and we will drive to the Adams store in Centerville."

"We will be the first people to ride on the new highway," said Fred.



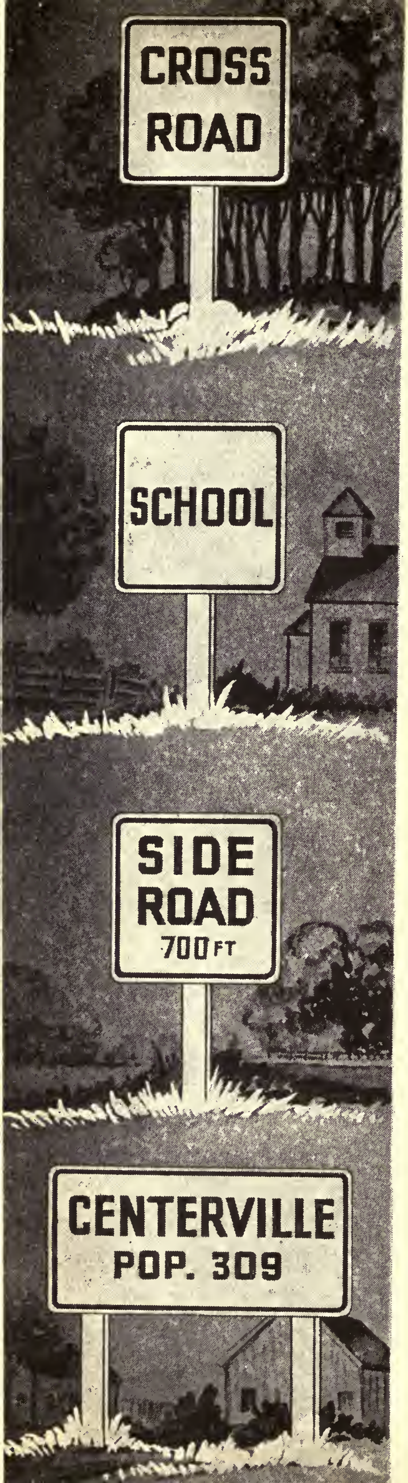
Signs on the Highway

One day Fred Hand saw a truck stop near his home. Some men got out and put a sign at the side of the highway. Fred ran out to see what was on the sign.

When he had read the sign, Fred said, "What good will a sign like that do? Cows can't read this warning."

"The sign isn't for the cows," laughed one of the men. "The sign is to protect people who drive on the highway. It will warn them to drive carefully."

After that Fred watched for road signs whenever he rode with his father.


CROSS ROAD
SCHOOL
SIDE ROAD 700 FT
CENTERVILLE POP. 309

On the way to Centerville they came to this sign. What did Mr. Hand do when he saw it?

This sign was near Mr. Hand's farm. Why was it there?

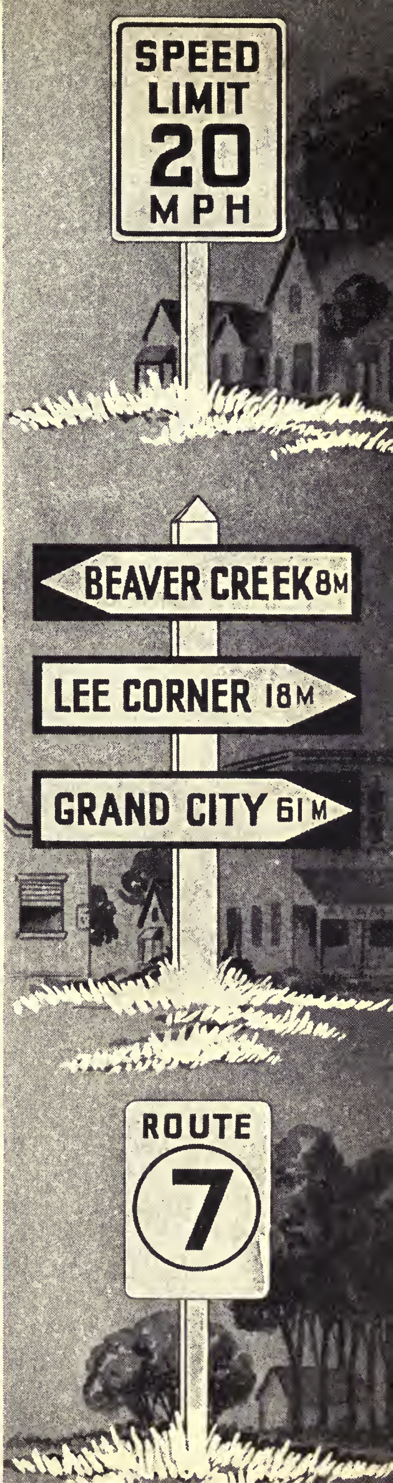
Fred asked his father about this sign. Why was the sign needed on the highway?

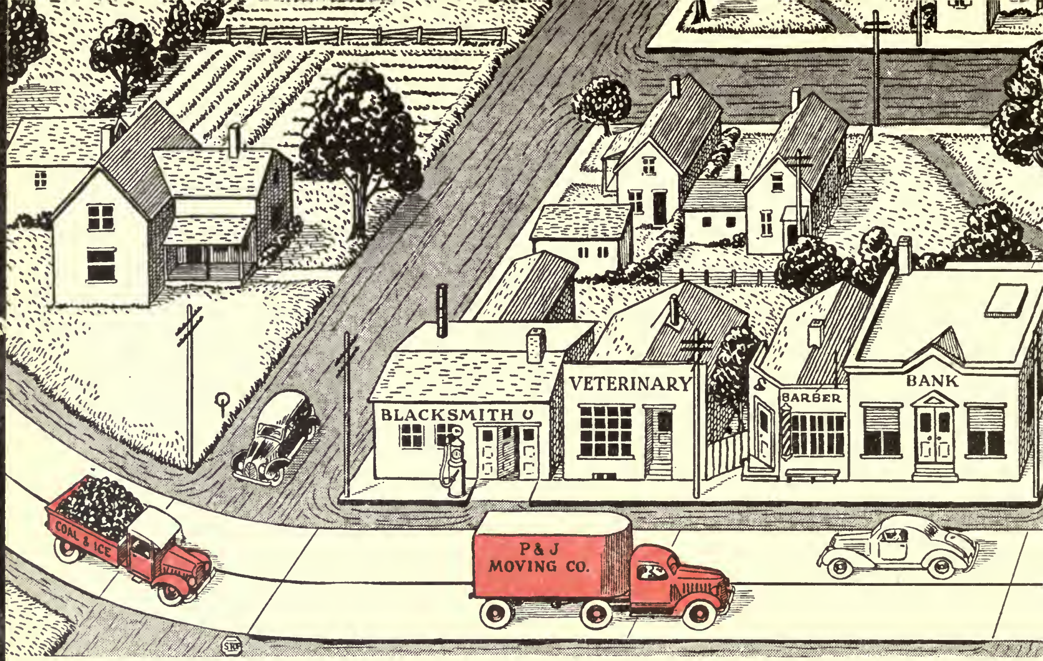
This sign was near Centerville. What did it tell about the town?

This sign was in Centerville. What was this sign for?

The signs in this picture were near the general store. What did they tell?

Signs like this one were at many places on the highway. How did they help drivers?


SPEED
LIMIT
20
MPH
BEAVER CREEK 8M
LEE CORNER 18M
GRAND CITY 61M
ROUTE
7

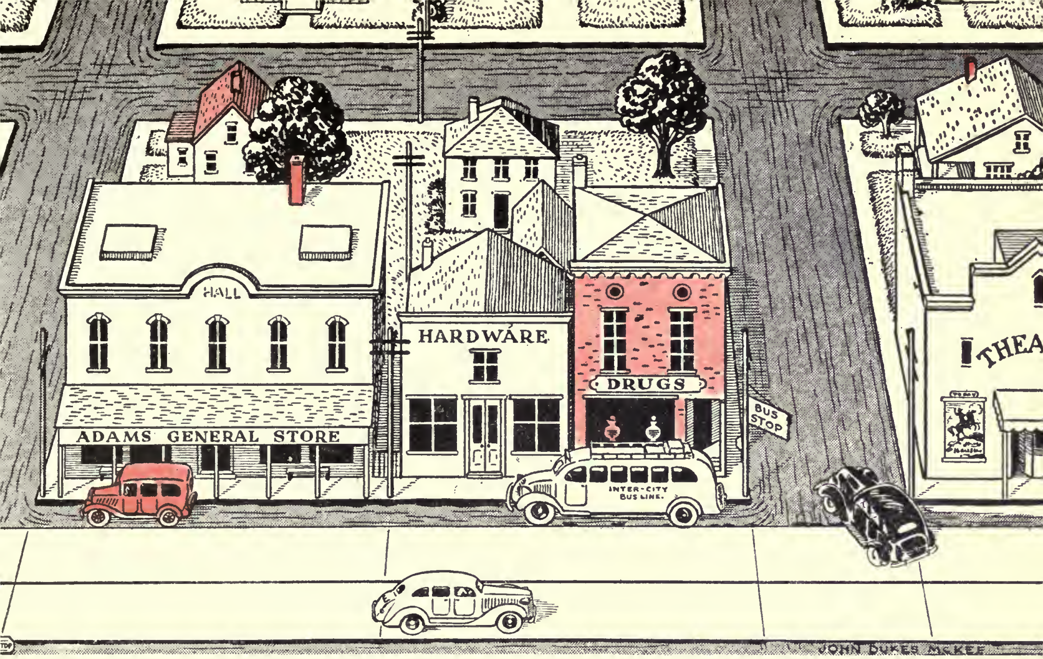

BLACKSMITH
VETERINARY
BARBER
BANK
COAL & ICE
P & J
MOVING CO.
STOP

A Traffic Policeman

The highway was open all the way from Beaver Creek to Lee Corner. From Lee Corner it went on and on. It went all the way to Grand City. Every day many cars and trucks went up and down the highway.

Every morning a bread truck from the bakery at Beaver Creek stopped at the Adams General Store. The bread was fresh when the truck driver carried it into the store.

Big trucks from the wholesale grocery in Grand City brought groceries to the Adams General Store several times a week.


HALL
HARDWARE
DRUGS
BUS STOP
ADAMS GENERAL STORE
INTER-CITY BUS LINE
THEA
JOHN DUKES McKEE

A bus used the new highway and stopped at Centerville. Every week Mrs. Jones went to Grand City to see her daughter and the baby.

Centerville people got newspapers every morning and every evening. The bus drivers brought them from Grand City and left them at the general store. Sally Goodman's big brother Tom delivered them to houses in Centerville.

The first time Mr. Banks got his newspaper before breakfast, he said, "Well! Well! This highway is good for something, after all!"

There was a gasoline pump in front of the blacksmith shop. Every day many cars stopped there for gasoline.

But some drivers did not stop. They drove right through Centerville. Some of them did not slow down, but speeded past the signs.

One day Emily was going to the store. She waited for a car to pass, and then started to cross the road. She did not see a car that was coming the other way.

"Look out!" someone shouted.

Emily stopped, and a car speeded by.

"I saved you from an accident that time," said Mr. Banks. "You'll be hurt if you aren't careful."

When Emily reached the store, she told her father what had happened.

"You are big enough to be careful," said Mr. Adams.

Then he said to the people in the store, "We need a traffic policeman now."

The Centerville people talked about the danger on the highway. Everyone thought that the town should have a traffic policeman.

One day Mr. Banks came into the general store to see Mr. Adams.

"My friends say that I would make a good traffic policeman," Mr. Banks said.

"I think so, too," said Mr. Adams.

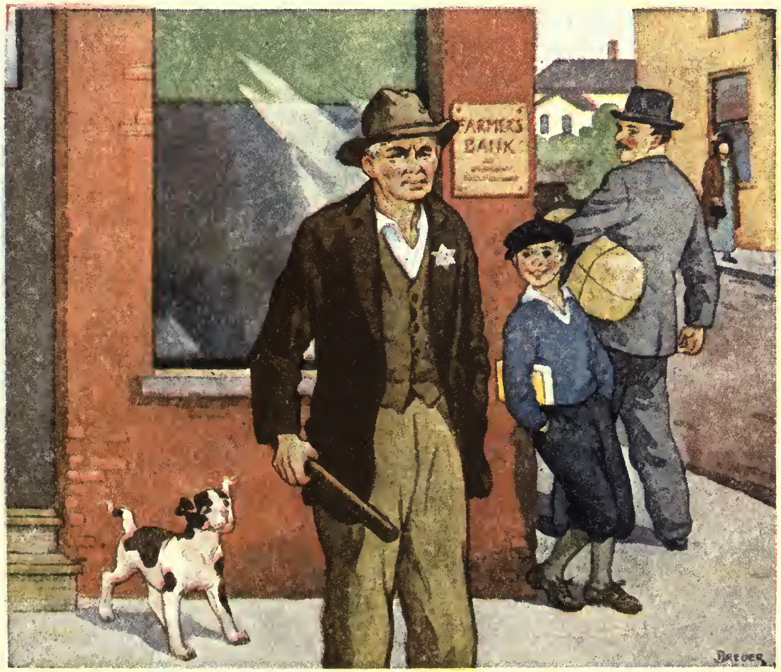
"I am sure that I could do the work," said Mr. Banks.

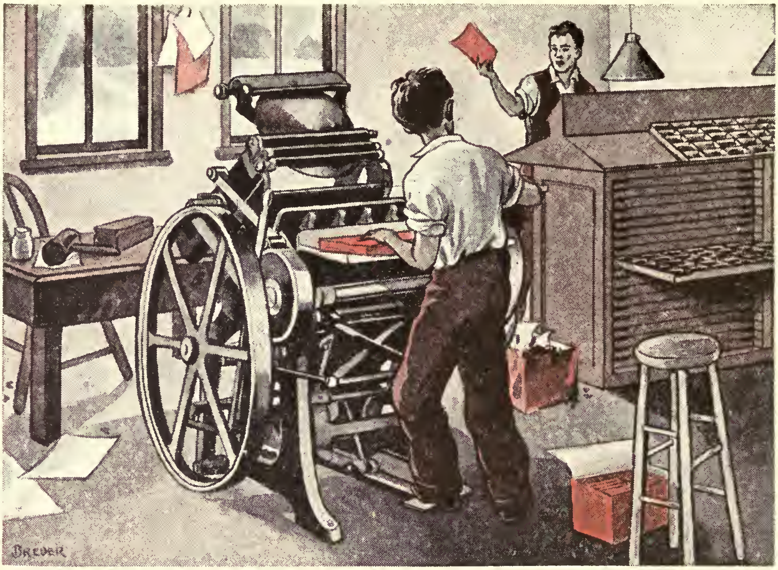
"I would make the cars slow down. That would make the highway safe for the children."

"Perhaps the town will make you its traffic policeman," said Mr. Adams. "I will talk to some other people about it."

"Our town ought to have a traffic policeman," said Mr. Banks. "We should not wait until there is a bad accident."

Mr. Adams talked to other people, and so did Mr. Banks. In a few days the town made Mr. Banks the traffic policeman.





More Business in Centerville

One day Mr. Adams said to Joe, "This new highway is good for most of the people in the community. But it isn't good for store business. The highway makes it too easy for people to go to the stores in Beaver Creek and Lee Corner.

"Centerville stores should have special sales. Then more people would shop in Centerville."

Mr. Adams talked to the other storekeepers. They all said that business was not so good as it had been. So they all planned to have special sales at the same time. They planned a Centerville Day.

That week the man in the print shop was very busy. He printed advertisements for every store in the town.

This is the advertisement that he printed for the Adams General Store.

ADAMS GENERAL STORE

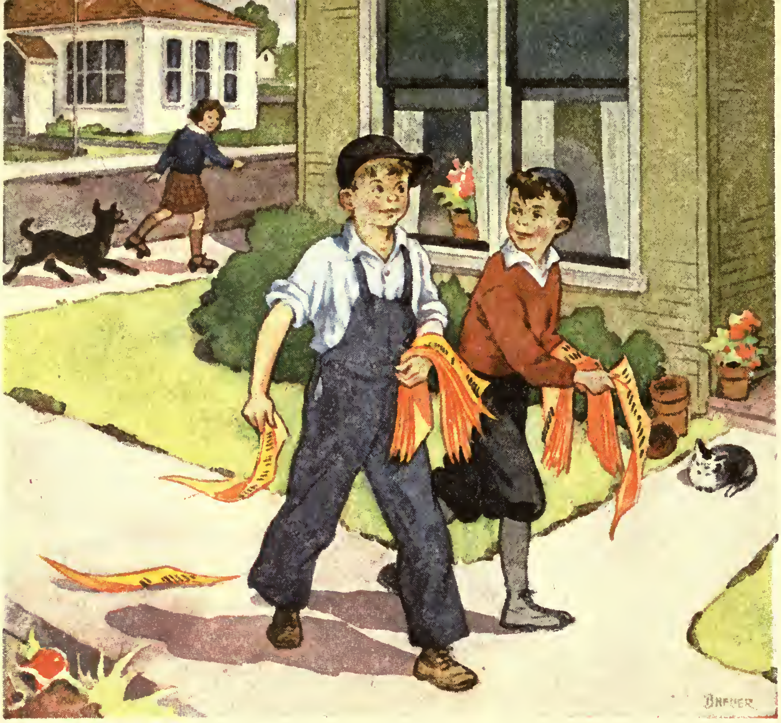
Centerville Day Special Sale

Saturday Only

Sugar *20 pounds $1.00*	**Tomatoes** *3 cans 25c*	**Coffee** *2 pounds 39c*
Flour *98 pounds $1.75*	**Peanut Butter** *33c*	**Candy** *1 pound 35c*
Work Shoes *$3.25*	**O K Soap** *12 for 78c*	**Corn** *6 cans 72c*
Overalls *$1.00*	**Breakfast Food** *4 boxes 39c*	**Brooms** *Each 49c*

The storekeepers mailed their advertisements to all the rural families in the community.

Joe and Bob went down the highway in a car. They took Mr. Adams's advertisements to farmers who lived a long way from Centerville.



The next day Bob and Fred left an advertisement at every house in Centerville. They wanted each family to read one.

They met Mr. Banks, and Bob said, "I hope you will have your uniform by Saturday, Mr. Banks."

"Why?" Mr. Banks asked.

"Because every store in town is going to have a big special sale," answered Bob. "A lot of people will come to town. The traffic will keep you busy."

Mr. Banks walked to the general store. He wanted to be there when the six-o'clock bus from Grand City came in.

He hoped that his uniform would be on the bus.

"If it doesn't come this evening, I will telephone to the city about it," he thought. "I must have it by Saturday."

When he passed the moving-picture theater, someone called to him. It was the man who owned the theater.

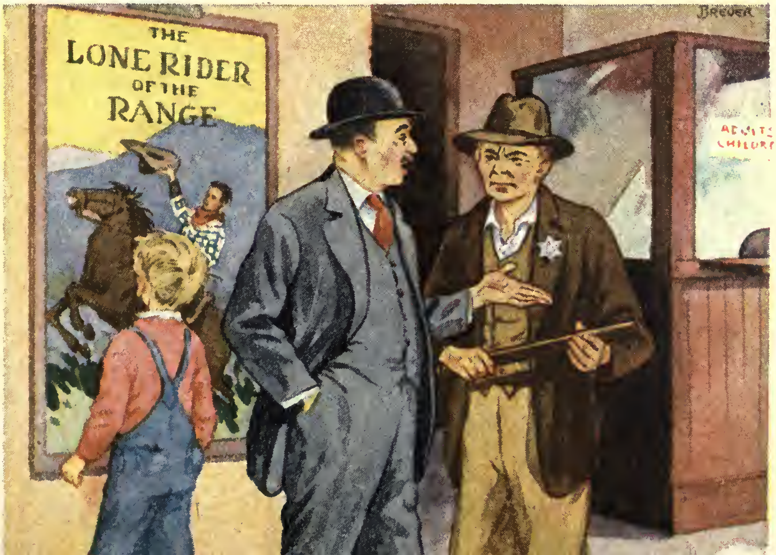
"Someone said that you have ordered a uniform," he said.

"Yes, but it isn't here yet," said Mr. Banks.

"I hope it comes before Saturday," said the theater man. "There will be a lot of traffic.

"I am going to have a good show on Saturday. The theater has advertised in the country and in towns near here. Our stores will have many new customers on Centerville Day."

"Then I must look my best," said Mr. Banks. "I hope the uniform does come before Saturday."



Saturday Mr. Banks had his new uniform. He put it on and stood at the busiest corner.

The highway was crowded with cars. Most of them stopped in Centerville. Mr. Banks showed drivers where to park their cars.

Cars stopped for traffic at the corner. One driver called out to Mr. Banks.

"You have a good town here," he said. "Your stores are doing a good business. And this is the best highway in the state."

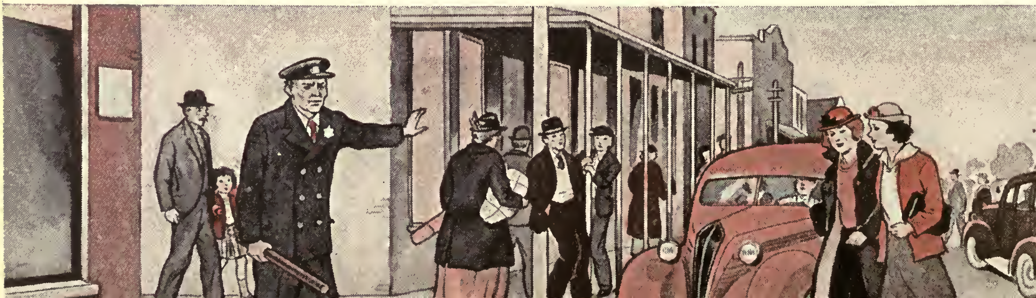
"It is a fine highway," said Mr. Banks. "It brings more people here than ever came to town before."

Mr. Adams's old customers were in his store. There were also many people who had never been in his store before. All the stores in town were crowded that Saturday.

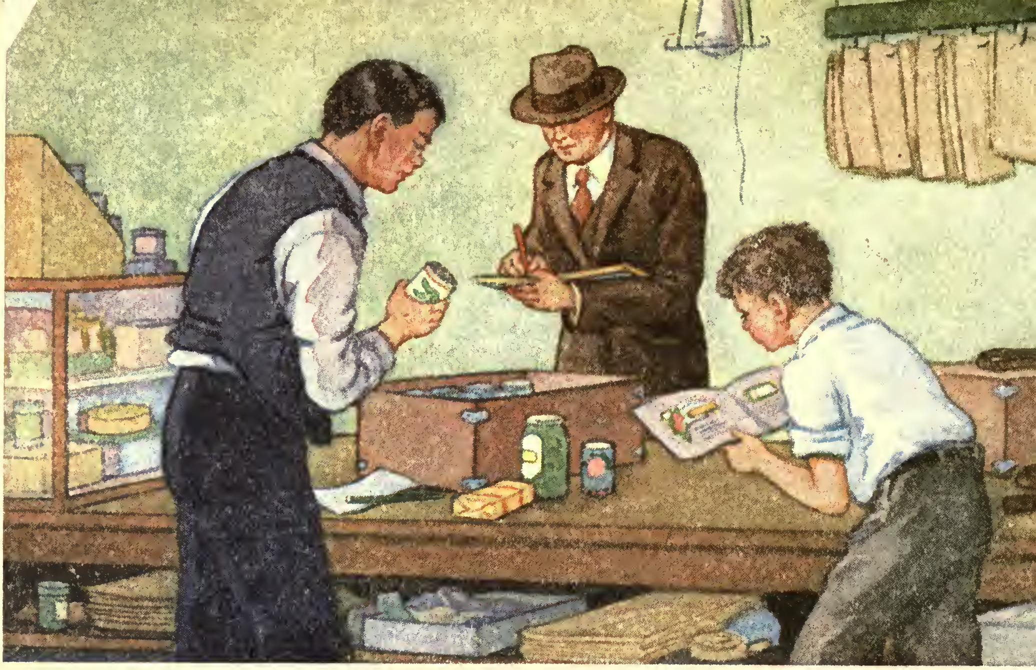
There was not enough room in the theater for all the people who wanted to see the show. So there were two shows that night.

It was very late when the crowd went home. But at last Mr. Banks could go home.

He said to himself, "Centerville Day was the busiest Saturday this town has ever had."



Food and Clothes for Centerville



Invitations to the City

One day Bob Adams stopped at the store on his way home from school. Mr. Wells was there. He was a salesman from the wholesale grocery house in Grand City. Bob thought it was funny that the company which sold them groceries was called a wholesale house.

Mr. Wells often came to Centerville to sell groceries to Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams had a list of things he needed. He ordered articles for the store from Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells showed Mr. Adams samples of other groceries. Then Mr. Adams ordered more things.

Bob liked to look at the samples that Mr. Wells brought. He liked to hear the men talk about groceries and to watch Mr. Wells write the order in his big book.

Mr. Adams ordered soap. He ordered canned corn and canned tomatoes. Mr. Wells wrote each order in the book.

"One bunch of bananas," said Mr. Adams.

Mr. Wells wrote that in the book. Then he said, "You ought to see the new banana room at our wholesale house."

"Do you have a special room for bananas?" Bob asked.

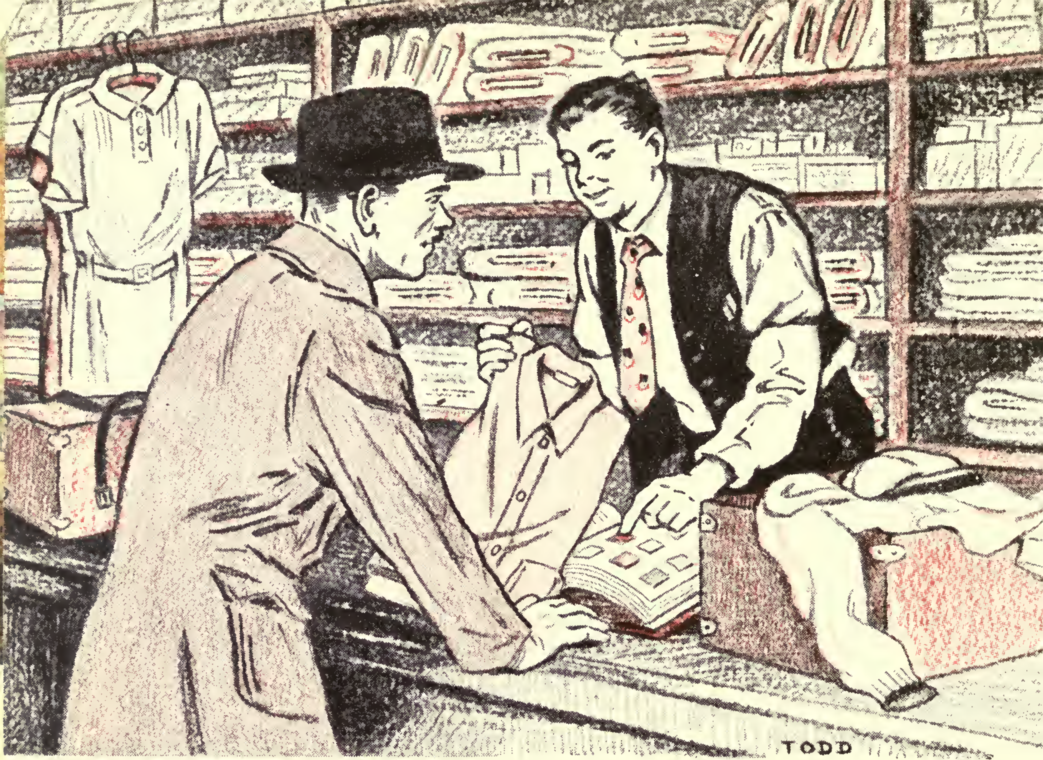
"Oh, yes," said the salesman. "There are dozens of bunches of bananas in it."

Then Mr. Wells said to Mr. Adams, "Why don't you come to see our wholesale house? It is easy to drive to the city on the new highway. You might bring Mrs. Adams and the children with you."

"I should like to see your wholesale house," said Mr. Adams. "I would go to Grand City if I did not have to stay here in the store."

"I could take care of the store for one day, Mr. Adams," said Joe. "We might ask Nancy Hill to come in and help."

"I hope you will go, Dad," said Bob. "And please don't forget to take Emily and me."



Several days later Mr. Pine came to the Adams General Store. He was a salesman who worked for a wholesale clothing house in Grand City.

Mr. Pine often sold men's work clothes to Mr. Adams. He sold house dresses, too. This time Mr. Pine wanted to sell some children's clothes to Mr. Adams.

"I think I can sell clothes for children in this store," said Mr. Adams. "But it is hard for me to order things that I am not used to buying. I do not know very much about the kinds of clothes that children wear."

Mr. Pine showed some samples of children's clothes to Mr. Adams. He had warm coats and caps for boys and for girls. He had samples of underwear.

"I cannot carry samples of all the clothes that we have at the wholesale house," said Mr. Pine. "I wish you would come to the city some day. You could look at all the kinds of clothes we have there. Then it would not be so hard for you to order."

At supper that night Mr. Adams said, "Mr. Pine wants us to look at clothes for children in his wholesale clothing house. And Mr. Wells asked us to visit his wholesale grocery house. It is easy to drive to Grand City now."

"I think we should go to both places," said Mrs. Adams. "And I think we should go soon."

"We could take both the children with us," Mr. Adams said.

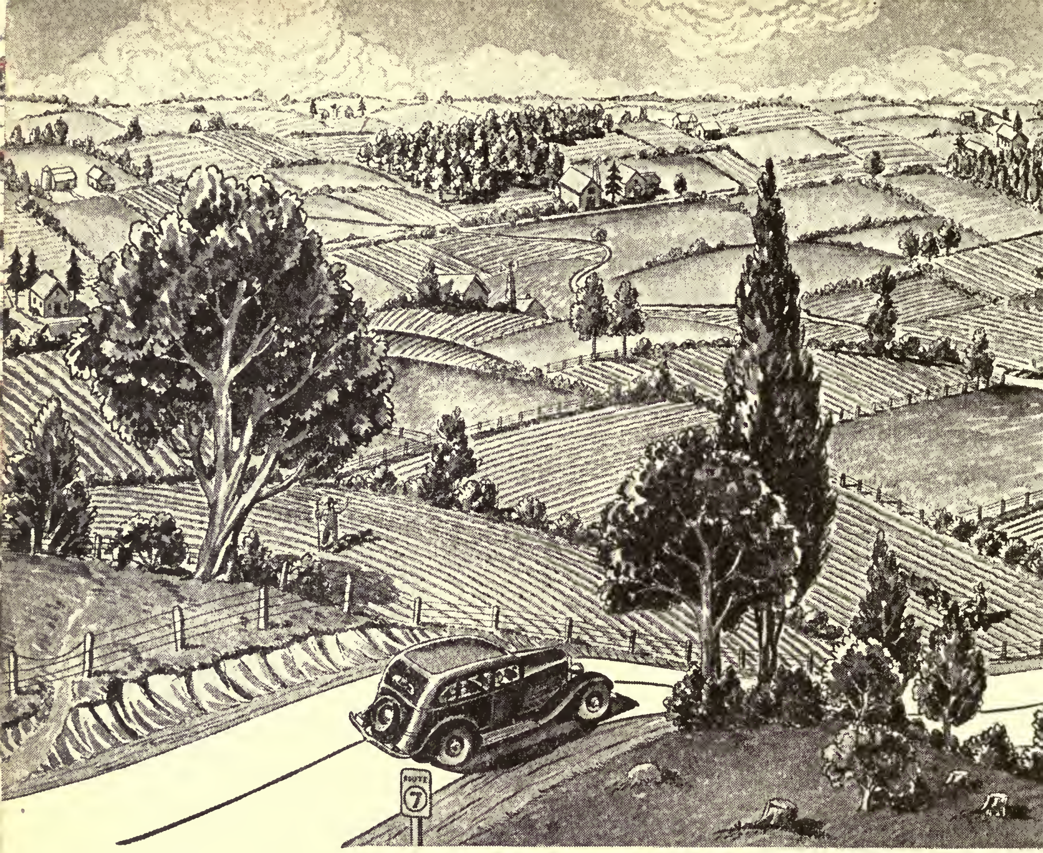
"Would you like to go?" he asked Bob and Emily.

"Would we!" shouted Bob.

"Of course we would," said Emily.

So Mr. Adams asked Nancy Hill to help Joe take care of the store for a day. She said that she would like to work in the store.

Mr. Adams wrote to the wholesale houses in the city that he and his family were coming.



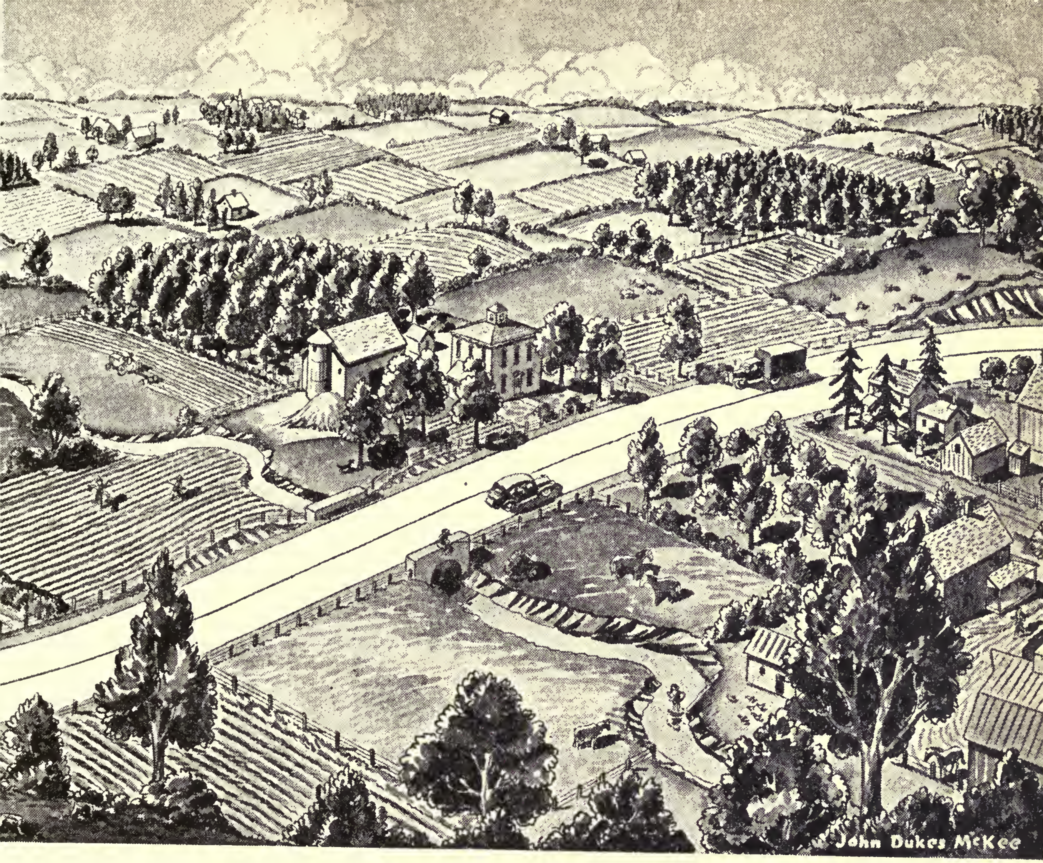
Traveling over the New Highway

One morning the Adams family started to the city. It was early, but Mr. Banks was at the corner in his uniform.

"Good-by," he called as Mr. Adams drove past him. "Read the road signs and be careful."

"We will," laughed Mr. Adams. "And I'll watch all the traffic lights."

The Adams family drove on.



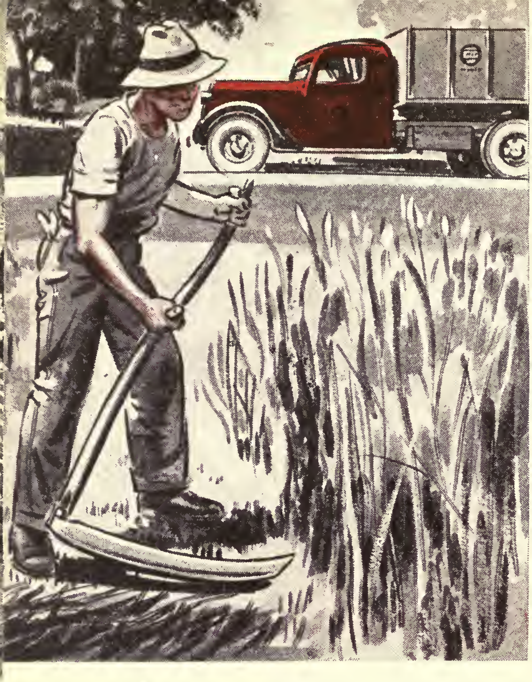
"Look at that road sign," said Emily. "It is just like the sign in Centerville."

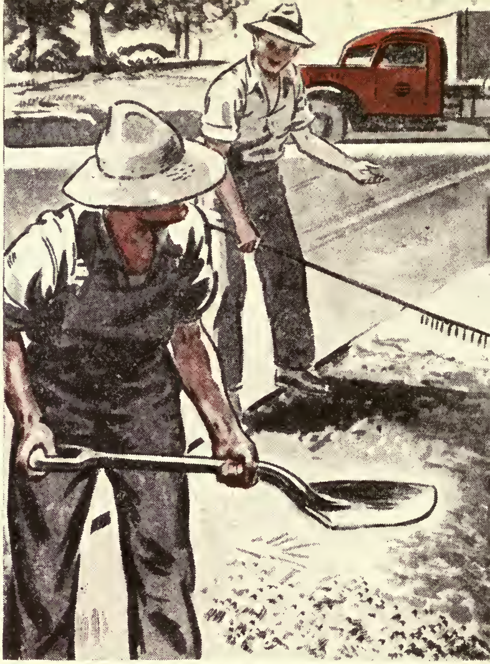
"We will see signs like that all the way to Grand City," Bob said. "They mark the route."

Mr. Adams said, "The highway goes through the city, and then it goes on and on. People can follow those signs to places that are far away."

"I wish we could ride a long, long way and see all the places on this highway," Bob said.

"Maybe we will some day," said his mother.





Here and there on the highway men were at work. Mrs. Adams said, "The men take good care of this road."

"After a road is paved, the State Highway Department takes care of it," said Mr. Adams. "It has men working on the roads in summer and in winter."

The man in one picture is cutting weeds beside the highway. When weeds are high, drivers cannot see the banks at the side of the road. They cannot see cars coming on crossroads.

The Adams family saw the workmen in the other picture. These men build up the sides of the roadway. Their work makes the highway safer.

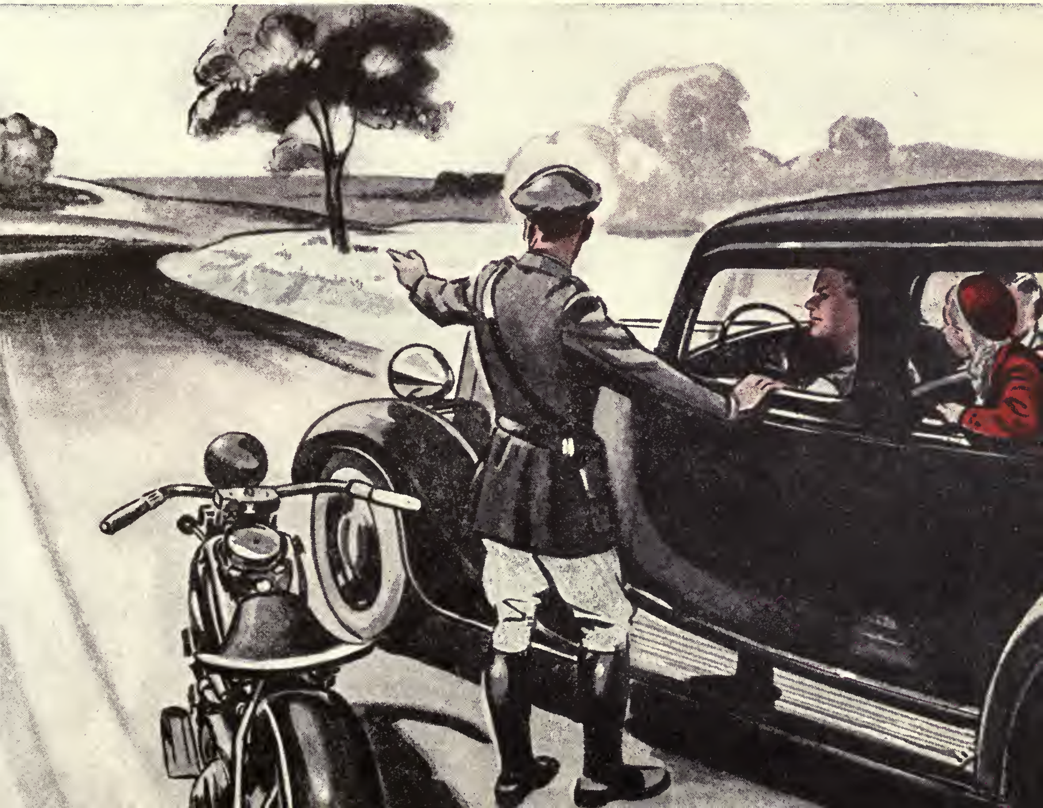
Along the road came a highway policeman. He stopped the car.

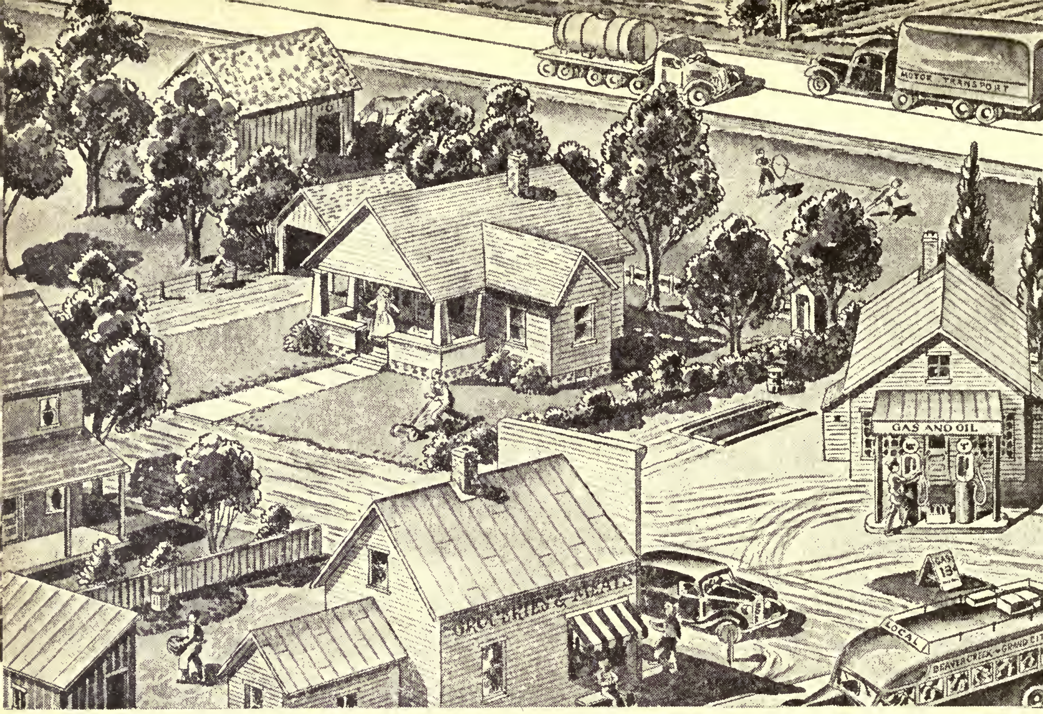
"Good morning!" he said. "Drive carefully when you go around the next curve. Workmen are painting a line on the road. They haven't put up a sign to warn drivers."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Adams.

Traffic policemen are needed along all highways to protect people. Some people drive too fast on highways. Policemen make them drive carefully. Then the highways are safe for everybody.

Mr. Adams drove slowly.



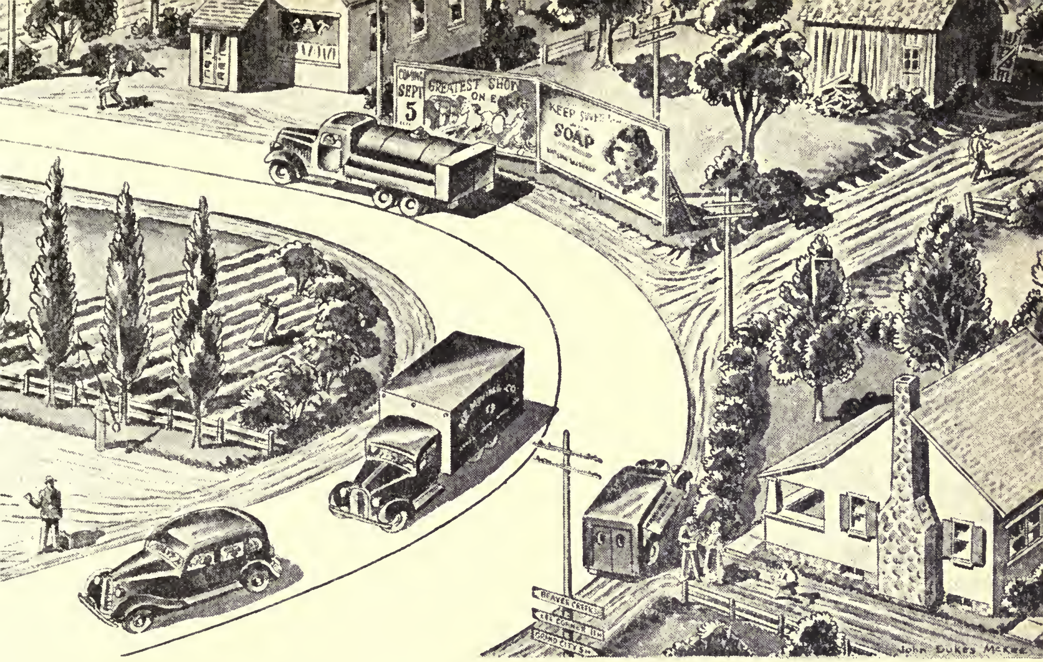


The family drove along for miles and miles. Mrs. Adams said to the children, "Why don't you make up a game? Look for different kinds of cars and trucks."

"All right," said Emily. "Let's count the kinds of cars we see."

"Cars like those we see every day won't count," said Bob. "A truck or a bus counts one. But you have to say what it is used for."

"A kind of truck or bus that we have never seen before counts five," said Emily. "And when we see a kind that no one in this family has ever seen before, the game is ended."


COMING
SEPT
5
GREATEST SHOW ON E
KEEP
SOAP
BEAVER CREEK
CORNER
GRAND CITY
John Dukes McKee

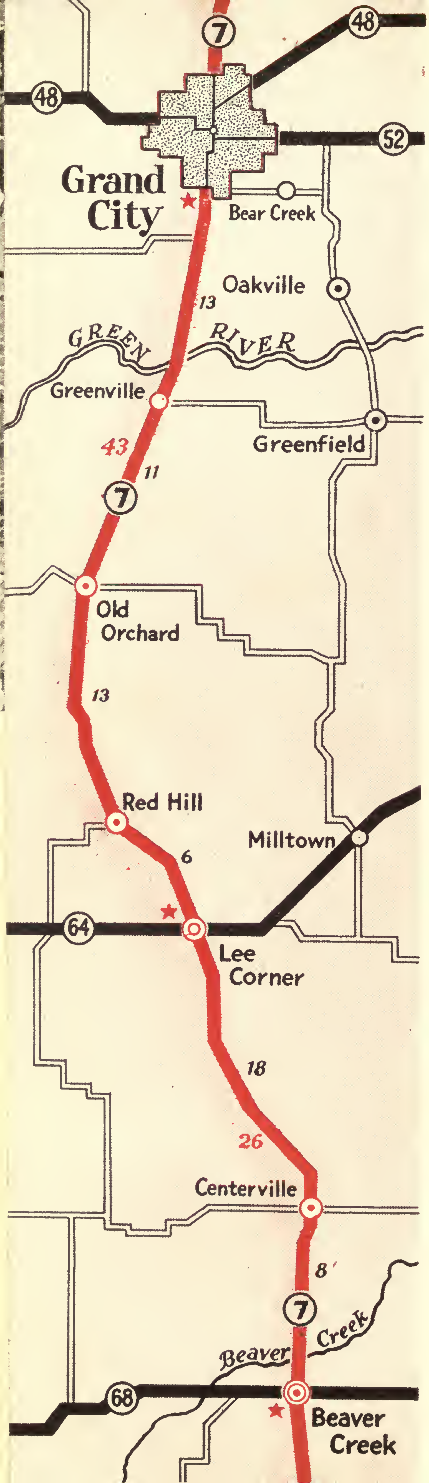
Emily and Bob played this game for a long time. They saw the kinds of buses and trucks that are in the picture.

Where there is a good highway, buses carry people from place to place.

One kind of truck stops at filling stations to deliver gasoline. Another kind is used when people move from one community to another. And another kind of truck is used to deliver new cars.

At last the Adams family saw a library truck. It was taking books to country places.

"The traveling library ends the game," said Mrs. Adams. "We have never seen a library truck before."


7
48
48
52
Grand City
Bear Creek
Oakville
13
GREEN RIVER
Greenville
43
11
7
Greenfield
Old Orchard
13
Red Hill
6
Milltown
64
Lee Corner
18
26
Centerville
8
7
Beaver Creek
68
Beaver Creek

When Mr. Adams stopped at a filling station for gasoline, he asked for a road map.

The man gave him one. Bob and Emily looked at it every time they went through a town.

There were numbers on the map that showed how far it was from one town to another.

They met a bus at Lee Corner. How far from Centerville was the bus?

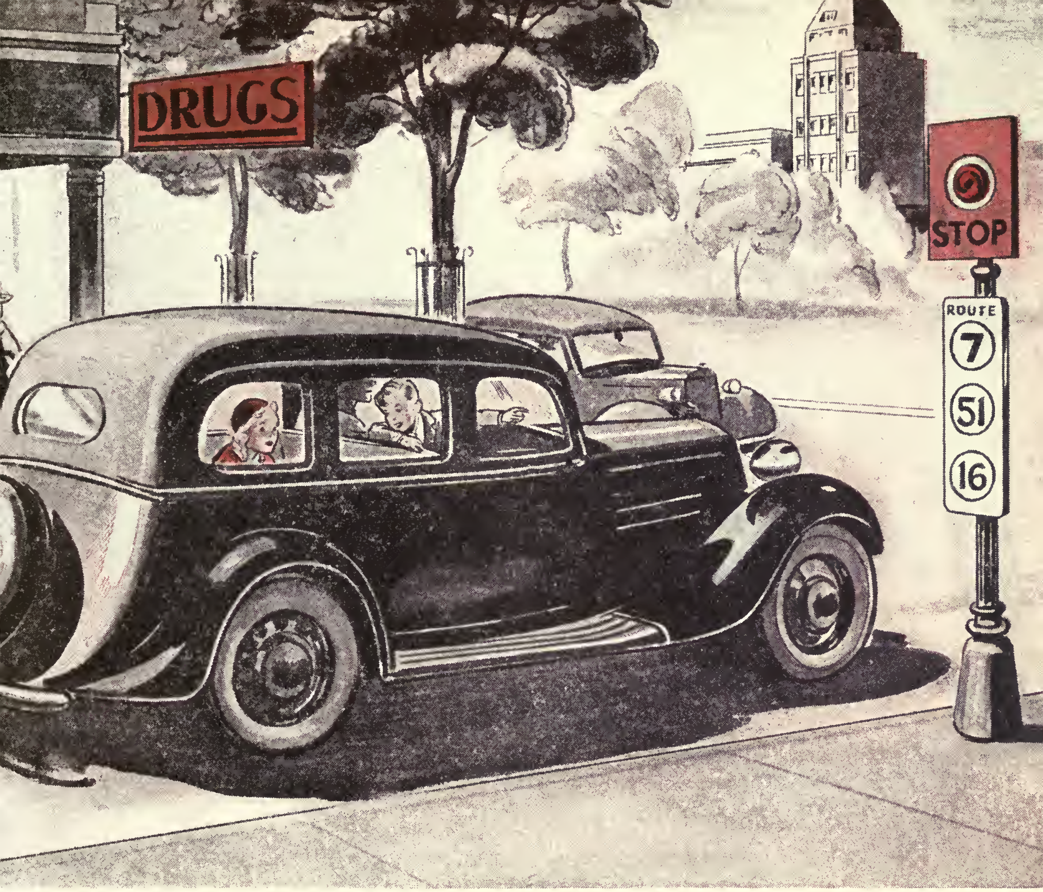
They met a milk truck just after they had left Red Hill. Find on the map the place where they met the milk truck.

When they were in Old Orchard, Emily said, "It is eleven miles from here to the next town." Was it eleven miles?

After they drove through one town, they crossed a river. Find that town on the map.

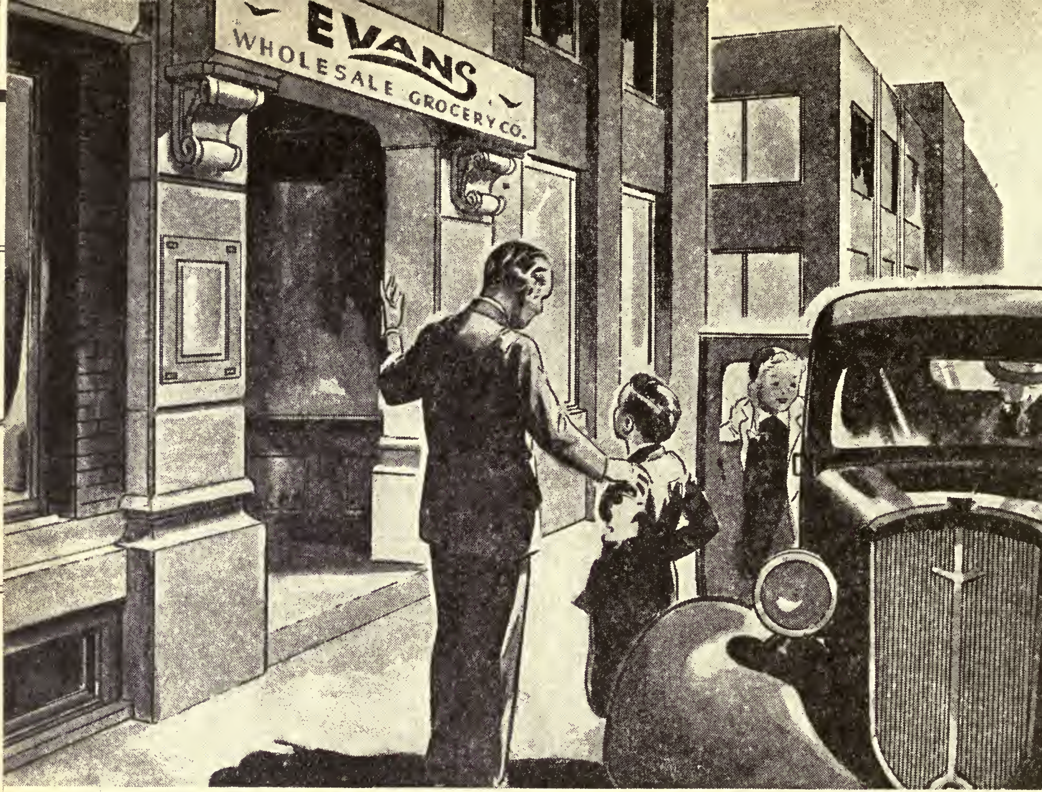
How many miles was it from Old Orchard to Grand City?

Did the Adams family go through Beaver Creek?



The Adams family reached Grand City in about two hours. In the city Bob saw a sign and said, "Oh, Dad, I wonder if we are off the road! The sign that we were following had only one number on it. This one has several numbers."

Mr. Adams said, "We are on the right road. See, one of the numbers on this sign is the number we have followed. This sign marks the route that will take us to the wholesale grocery house."



A Visit to a Wholesale House

Mr. Adams drove down a street where there were many tall buildings. Mr. Adams looked at the numbers on the buildings. He stopped the car when he found number eleven.

"Here we are!" he said.

The children looked up at the big building.

"My!" said Bob. "I didn't know a wholesale house was so big. It doesn't look like a house at all."

"No, it doesn't look like a house," said Emily. "But it doesn't look like a store, either."

"Is a wholesale house a store?" she asked.

"Yes," answered her father. "But it is different from our store. Our store is a retail store. We sell things to the people who use them. But a wholesale house sells things to storekeepers.

"Customers at a retail store buy things that they are going to use. But a storekeeper doesn't buy things to use. He buys things to sell."

"Could Mrs. Jones buy something here?" Bob asked. "Could she buy a pound of coffee or a can of tomatoes?"

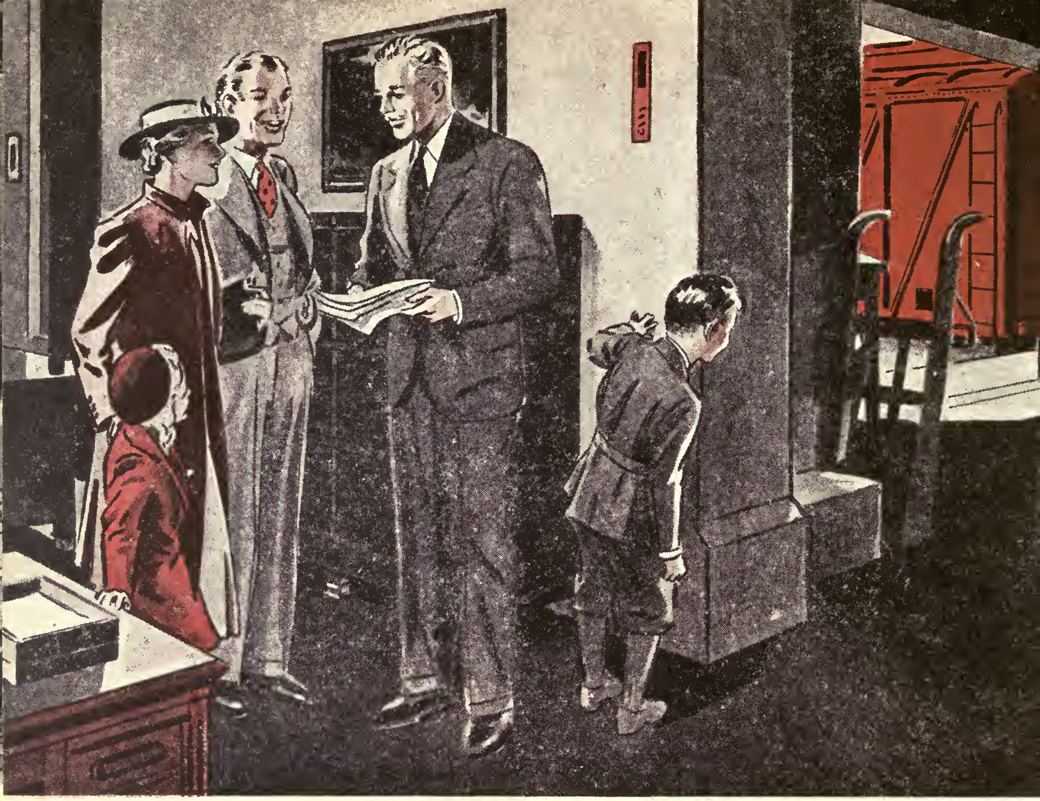
"No," answered his father. "A wholesale house doesn't sell one can of tomatoes to a customer. Mrs. Jones would have to buy her can of tomatoes at a retail store.

"The wholesale house sells tomatoes only to storekeepers. It sells cases of tomatoes to them. Then the storekeepers open the cases and sell the cans of tomatoes."

The Adams family stood on the sidewalk for a few minutes. They looked at the tall building.

"It is eight stories high," Emily said. "There must be a lot of things in a wholesale house."

"There must be," said Bob. "But I guess we won't see all of them."



When the Adams family went into the wholesale house, they met Mr. Barnes. Mr. Barnes was the manager of the wholesale house.

"We are glad that you came to see us," he said.

Just then Bob said, "Oh, Dad, look! There is a train beside the building. How did it get there?"

"I will show you," said Mr. Barnes. "We want you to see all of our wholesale house, and we will begin right here. You see, Bob, before we can sell groceries, we have to buy them. Trains and trucks bring them to us."

Bob and Emily saw the railroad tracks and the freight cars. The cars were full of goods for the wholesale house.

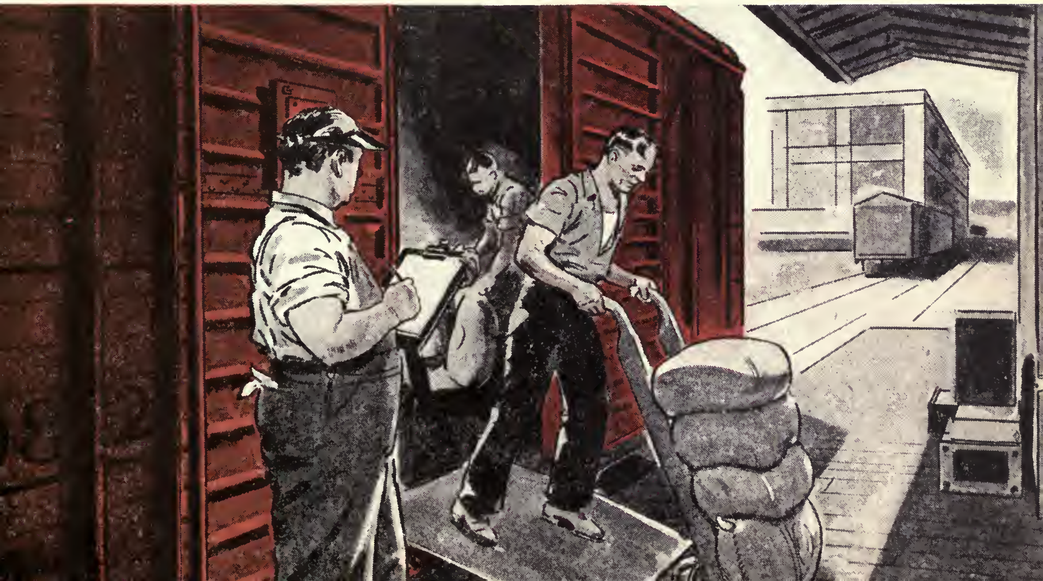
Mr. Barnes said, "Goods also come to the wholesale house by truck."

Bob said, "Some wholesale houses deliver things to Centerville by train. Joe goes to the station for things that come in freight cars. And some wholesale houses deliver goods to my father's store in trucks."

"That's right," said his father. "And the truck drivers back right up to the door of our store to deliver the goods."

"Just as they do here," said Mr. Barnes.

Bob and Emily watched the workmen unload the freight cars and trucks. They saw cases of eggs and boxes of fruit.



Cartons and boxes! Cases and crates! Many, many kinds of food were delivered to the wholesale house that morning.

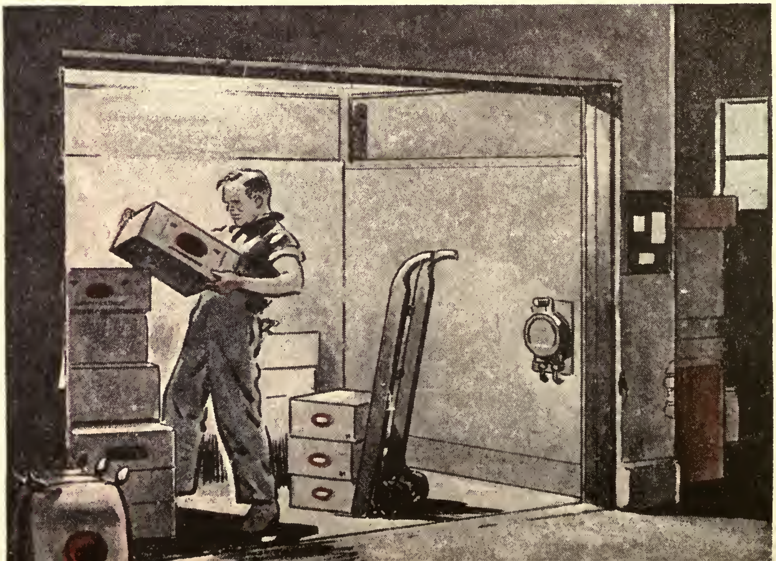
A workman in one car put bunches of bananas on a hand truck. He took the bananas from the car into the wholesale house.

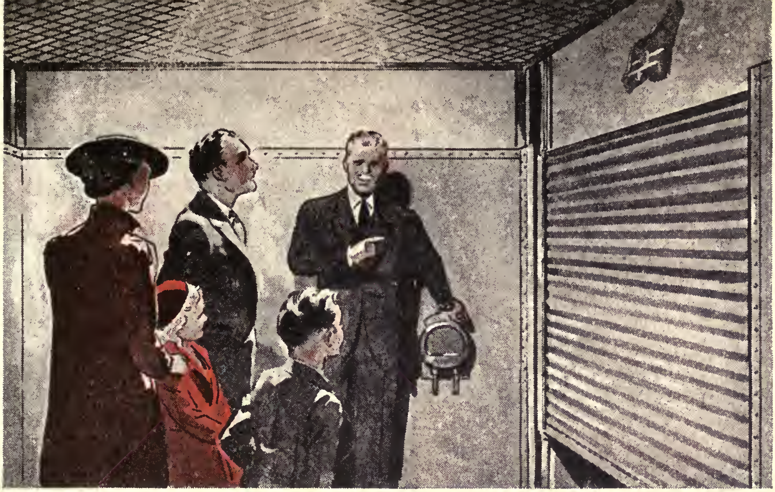
Bob and Emily saw load after load of bananas taken away to the banana room. They wished Mr. Barnes would take them to the banana room.

Then a truck that delivered strawberry jam was unloaded. One case, two cases, three cases of jam were loaded on the hand truck. Bump! Bump! Bump! The hand trucks were taken across the floor and into a freight elevator. Soon the elevator was loaded. The strawberry jam was sent up to another floor.

"Where does the elevator go?" Emily asked.

"We will soon see," said Mr. Barnes.





The Order for the Adams Store

Bill was a truck driver for the wholesale house. He had to take some goods to Lee Corner, and he was going to take the order for Mr. Adams at the same time. The clerks in the wholesale house were getting the goods ready. Bob and Emily watched them.

Mr. Adams had ordered several cases of canned corn and canned tomatoes.

"Let's go to the floor where we keep the canned goods," said Mr. Barnes.

So Mr. Barnes and the Adams family rode up in the freight elevator.

"My!" said Bob as he walked out of the elevator and looked around. "Are all those cases full of cans?"

"Every one of them!" said Mr. Barnes.

"Daddy," said Emily. "Mr. Hand sells his strawberries to the cannery. The cannery makes jam or puts fruits and vegetables into cans and sells them to wholesale houses."

"Wholesale houses sell them to storekeepers and storekeepers sell the jam and canned goods to customers," said Emily's father.

"And the customers eat them," said Mrs. Adams.

Then the children saw a clerk getting Mr. Adams's order ready. He put cartons of goods on to a truck on small wheels. Soon all the goods for the order were sent to the first floor.

Next Mr. Barnes took the Adams family to the floor where goods in packages or bottles were kept.

On this floor the children saw piles and piles of cases and cartons. At one end of the room, the cartons were filled with packages of breakfast food. There were many different kinds. In another place there were kinds of food that come in bottles.

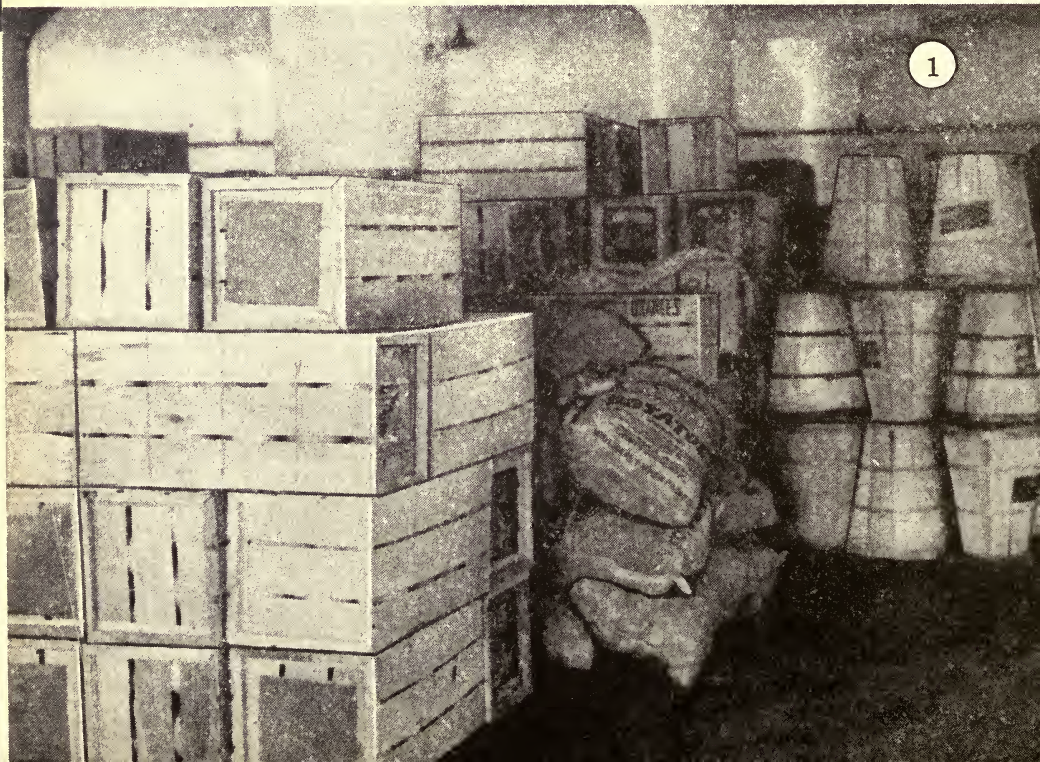
The children saw cases and cases of coffee. Mr. Adams did not order coffee from this wholesale house. He bought it from a wholesale coffee house. The coffee salesman delivered coffee to the general store in a small truck.

The children were surprised when they went to the room where vegetables and fruits were kept. They didn't see as many fresh vegetables and fresh fruits as they had thought they would.

"A wholesale house does not keep fruits and vegetables very long," said Mr. Barnes. "Most of them are brought to us at night. We send them to storekeepers early the next morning. Nothing has time to spoil."

What kinds of fruit come in crates and bags like the ones in Picture 1?

What kinds of fresh vegetables can be seen in Picture 2?



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Bob had told Emily that there was a room full of bananas. The children were glad when Mr. Barnes said, "Now we will go to the banana room."

Mr. Barnes opened a heavy door and turned on a light. The Adams family went into a room that was full of bananas.

"Oh!" said Emily. "Look at the bananas!"

"Smell the bananas!" said Bob.

"How warm it is!" said Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, it is warm," explained Mr. Barnes. "You see, the bananas are green when we get them. They must ripen before they can be sold to storekeepers. But they must not get too ripe or they will spoil.

"One man's job is to look at the bananas often. He can keep the room cold so that the bananas stay green for a long time. Or he can make the room warm so that the bananas ripen. He must always have enough ripe bananas for the storekeepers. And he must not have too many ripe at one time."

Bob picked out a bunch of bananas for the Adams store. A clerk told him that the bananas were just ripe enough. He said that Bob was a good buyer.

Then the clerk packed the bunch of bananas in a long, round crate. He put in some straw. The bananas were ready to be loaded into the truck with the other groceries for the Adams store.

Then Mr. Barnes showed his visitors the room where cheese and dried fruit were kept. That room was very cold. Emily buttoned her coat.

Mr. Barnes said, "Farmers who have cows sell milk and cream. Some of the milk and cream goes to factories and is made into cheese. The factories sell us the cheese, and we sell it to your father."

"That's funny!" said Bob. "You sell cheese to us, and we sell cheese to Mr. Bell. And he sells milk to be made into cheese."

Mr. Barnes and the Adams family went from one floor to another in the wholesale house. They saw the places where all the different kinds of foods were kept.

They saw piles and piles of bags and cartons and boxes and crates. Everywhere they saw people working.

Last of all they went to the place where groceries were sent out to retail stores. It was called the shipping room. There was Bill, the truck driver.

"Hello, Mr. Adams!" he said. "Hello, Bob! I am just loading things for your store."

"How do you know what to take to our store?" asked Bob.

"Just the way you know what to deliver to your customers, Bob," answered Bill. "A clerk wrote your father's order. I have it here."

The things for Mr. Adams's order had come from different floors of the wholesale house. There was a slip of paper on each article. Each slip had Mr. Adams's name on it.

Each article on the order had been sent to the shipping room. A clerk in the shipping room had put all the articles together.

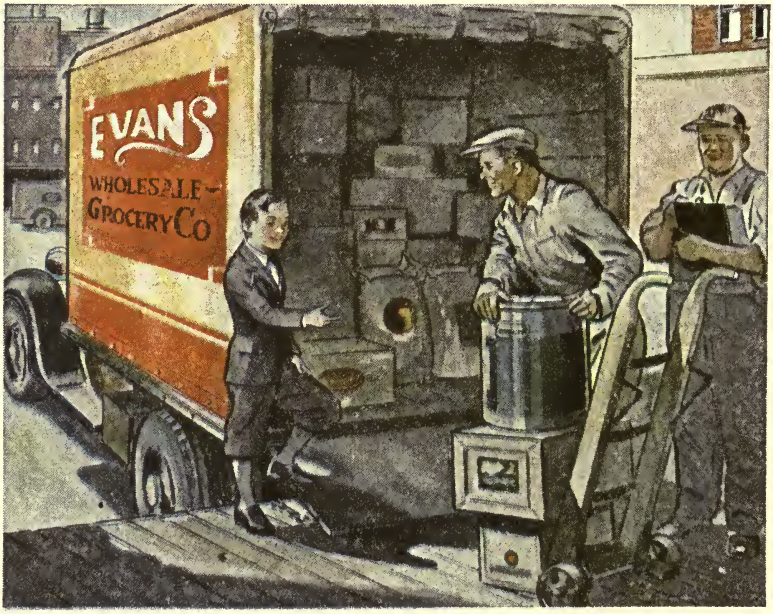
One shipping clerk read Mr. Adams's order.

"One crate of bananas," he called to the man who was working with him.

The other shipping clerk looked at the goods. He saw that one crate of bananas was there, and so he said, "O. K."

Then Bill picked up the crate of bananas and loaded it into the truck. This was the way Bill and the shipping clerks worked until everything for Mr. Adams was on the truck.

"You and I both deliver groceries to customers," said Bob to the truck driver. "But I have more jobs than you. Sometimes I answer the telephone and write the order. Then I get some of the things ready. I put all the goods in one place



and pack them in a basket. Sometimes I carry the order to the customer's house."

"We do all those jobs in the wholesale house, too," Bill said. "But the orders are bigger than in a retail store. One man could not do the work by himself."

The truck was all loaded, and Bill called, "Good-by, Mr. Adams. Your groceries will be at the store when you get home."

It was noon, and Mr. Barnes was going out for lunch. He asked the Adams family to go with him. When they came out of the wholesale house, the children felt as if they had been in the tall building for a long time.

"Shall we go in my car to a restaurant?" asked Mr. Adams.

"Let's go in a taxi," said Mr. Barnes. "It would be hard to find a parking place near the restaurant. Parking a car on a city street is not easy."

Mr. Barnes called a taxi, and they all rode away to have lunch in a restaurant.

"Don't you go home at noon for your dinner, Mr. Barnes?" asked Emily.

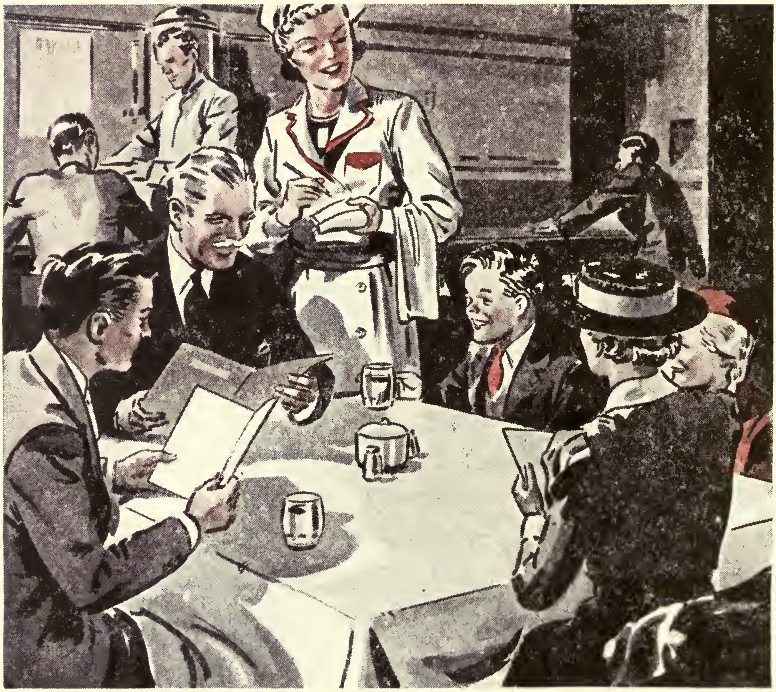
"No, Emily," said Mr. Barnes. "My home is in another part of the city, and it takes half an hour to get there."

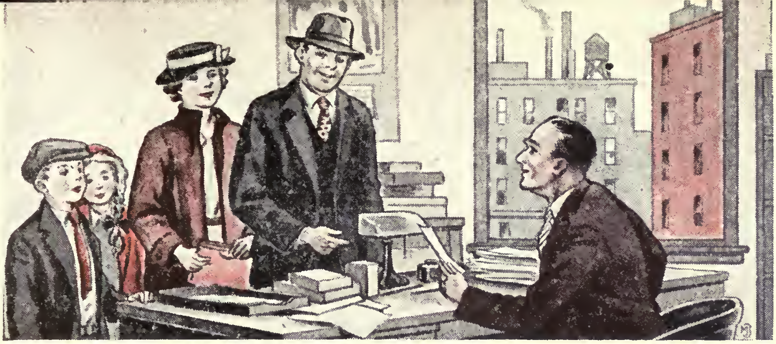
"Most people who work in a city can't go home at noon," said Mr. Barnes. "They eat lunch at a restaurant. Many city people have dinner at home in the evening."

After lunch they all went back to the part of the city where there were many wholesale houses. Mr. and Mrs. Adams said good-by to Mr. Barnes and thanked him.

"Good-by, Emily. Good-by, Bob," he said.

"Good-by, Mr. Barnes," said both the children.





Clothes for Centerville Children

The Adams family went to the West Wholesale Dry Goods Company. Mr. Adams said to the manager, "We have a general store in Centerville."

"Oh, yes!" said the manager. "You are Mr. Adams, aren't you? Our salesman said that the new highway has brought more customers to Centerville. Some of them will buy children's clothes at your store."

"I hope so," said Mr. Adams. "More and more people are coming to Centerville to buy work clothes. They want clothes for their children, too."

The manager said, "Would you like to see boys' clothes or girls' clothes first?"

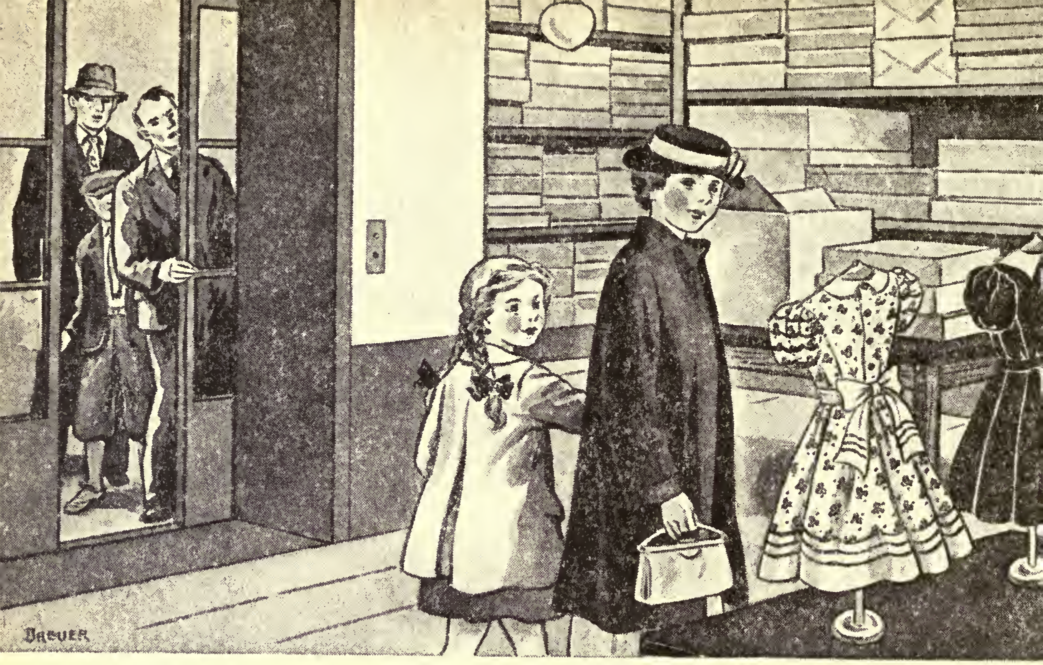
"Boys'," said Bob to Emily.

"Girls'," said Emily to Bob.

Mrs. Adams laughed and said to Bob, "You help your father pick out the boys' clothes. Emily and I will pick out the girls' clothes."

"All right!" said Mr. Adams. "Come along, son."

Then they all went up in an elevator.



Mrs. Adams and Emily got off the elevator at the floor where clothes for women and girls were kept. They saw piles and piles and piles of boxes.

In one corner there was a little room. In it were some chairs and a table. They went into this room, and Mrs. Adams said, "We will look at girls' dresses first."

The saleswoman showed them several kinds of dresses, and they picked out five that they liked.

"How many dresses are in a box?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"Six," said the saleswoman. "I will show you."

She opened one of the boxes and showed Mrs. Adams and Emily the dresses.

"How pretty they are!" Emily said. "They are not alike. They are not all the same color. They have different kinds of buttons, too."

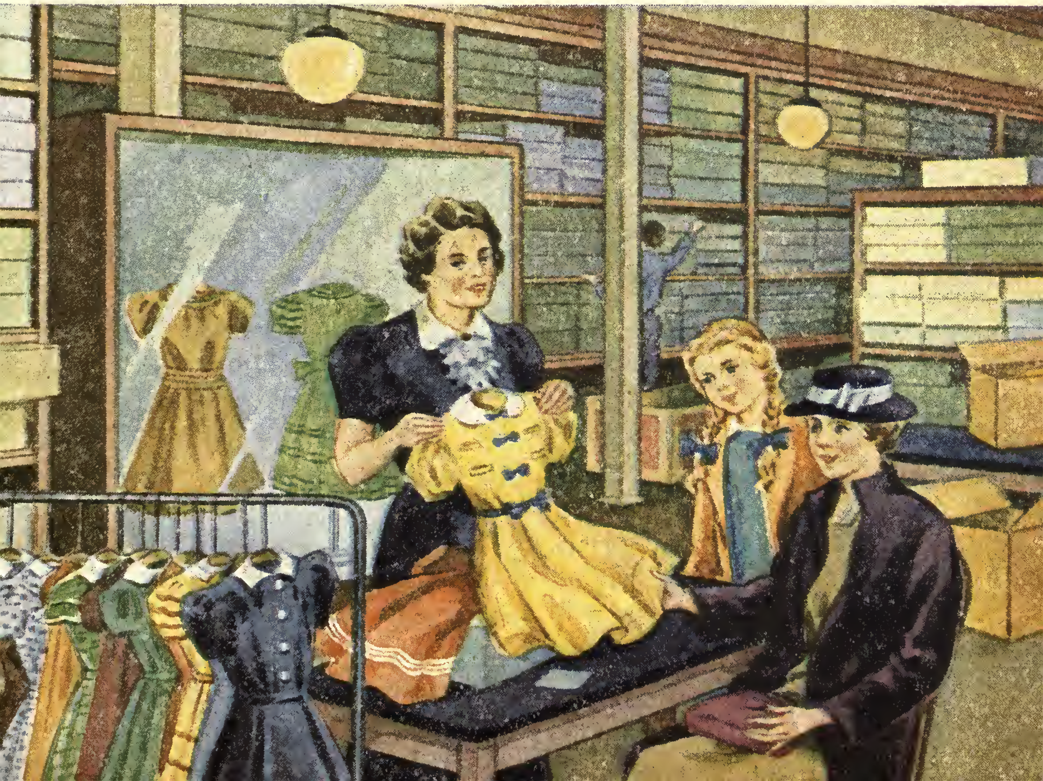
"And they are not all the same size," said Mrs. Adams. "One would fit you, and one would fit Sally Goodman."

Mrs. Adams looked again at the different dresses.

"Centerville women will like these dresses and these colors," she said. "I will take one box of each kind."

"May I have one of the red dresses?" asked Emily.

"We shall see," answered her mother.



Emily and her mother looked at many things for girls to wear. The pictures show some of them.

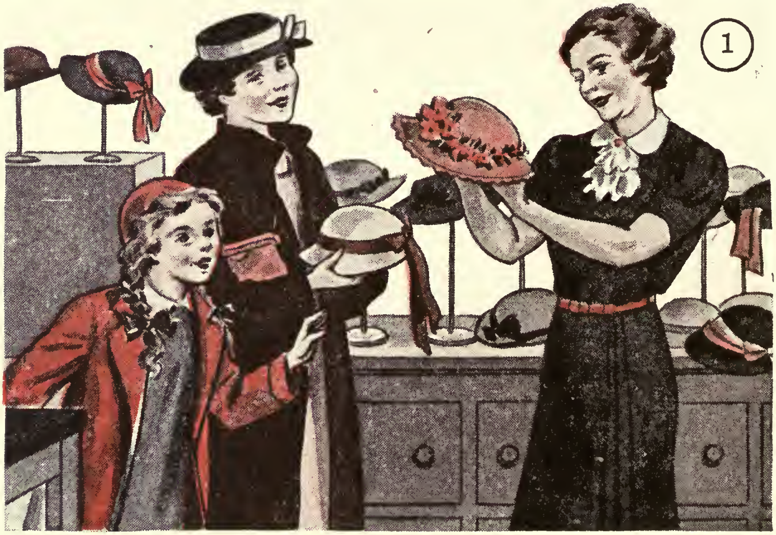
What is the saleswoman showing Mrs. Adams in Picture 1?

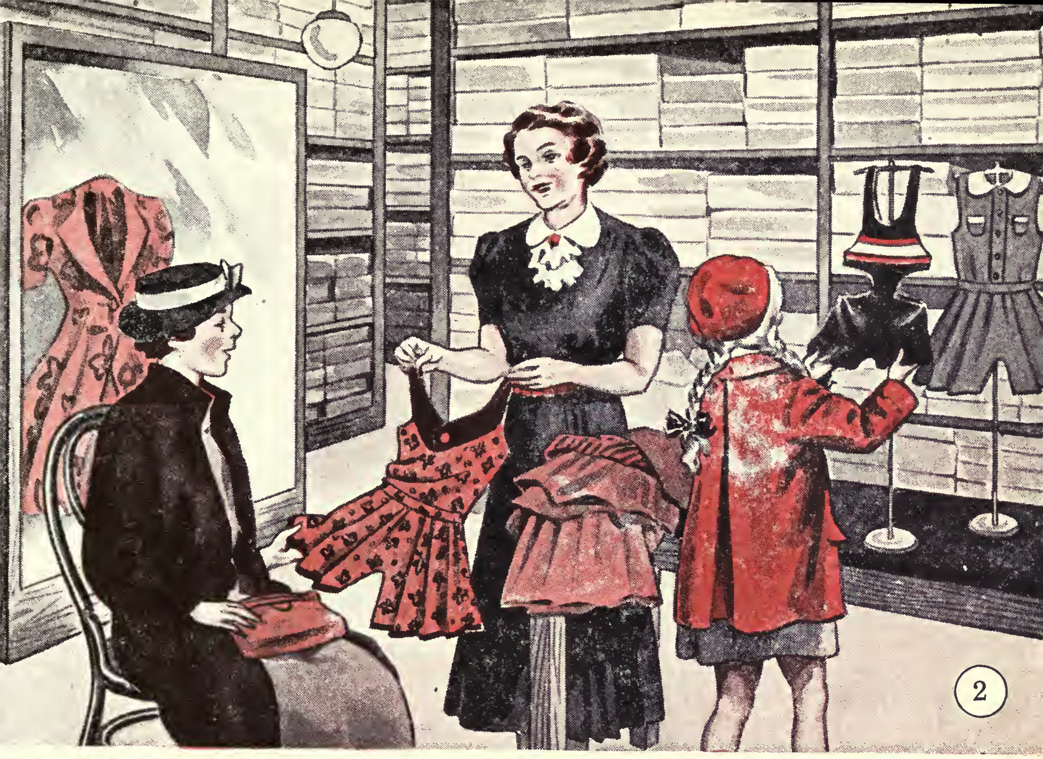
When Emily saw the suits that are in Picture 2, she said, "Oh, Mother, please buy some of these."

"We could not sell them in Centerville," Mrs. Adams answered. "Centerville children have no place to wear them."

What is Mrs. Adams looking at in Picture 3?

"I like all these cloth coats," Mrs. Adams said as she looked at them. "The material is good. The coats are just the kind our children wear."





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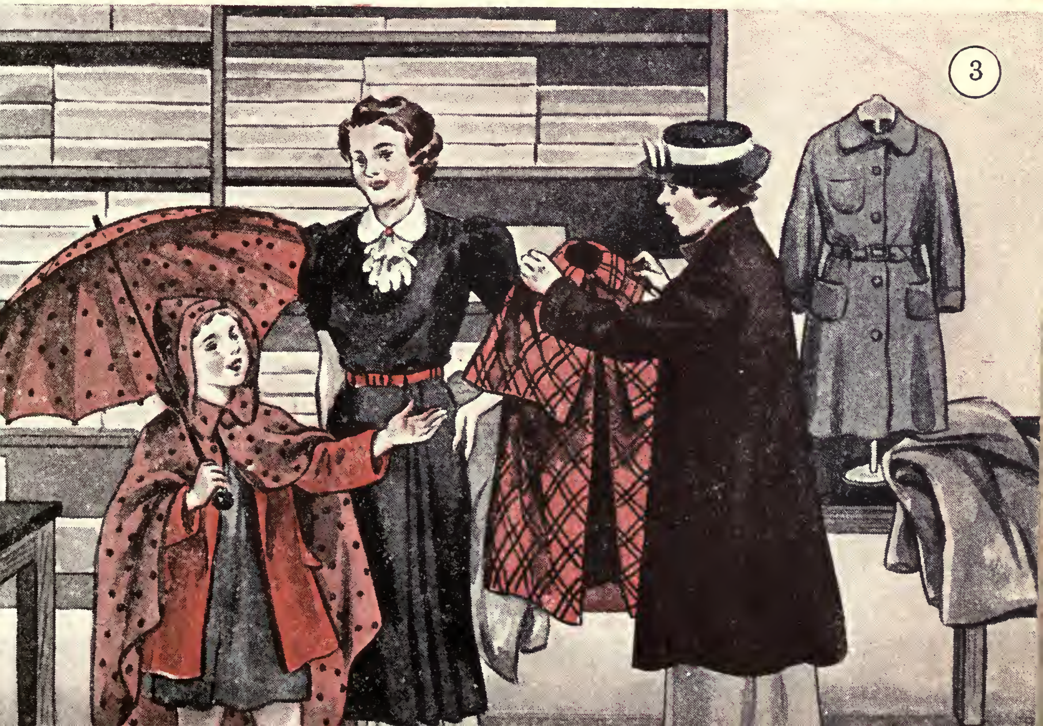

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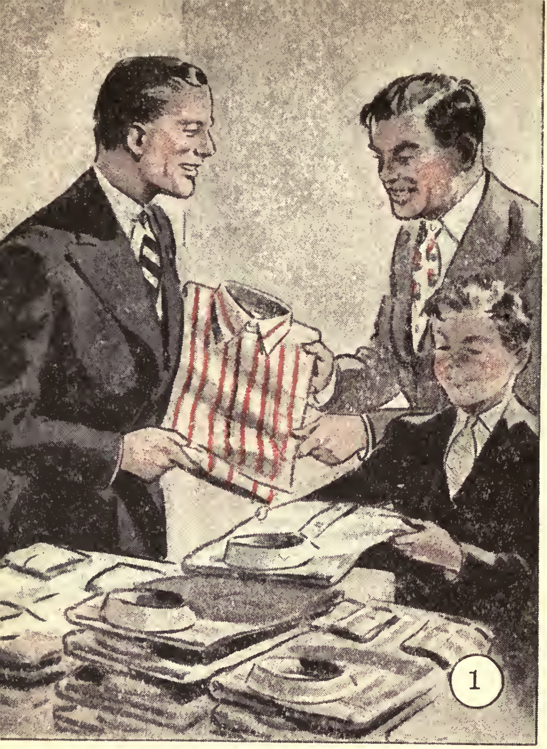
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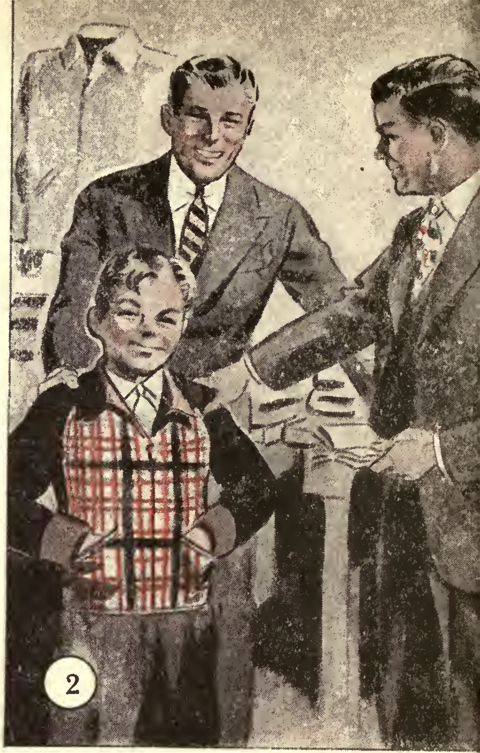
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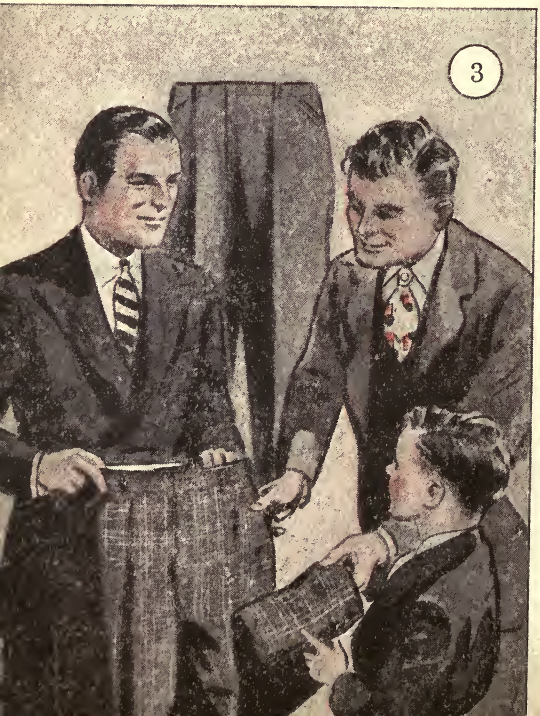
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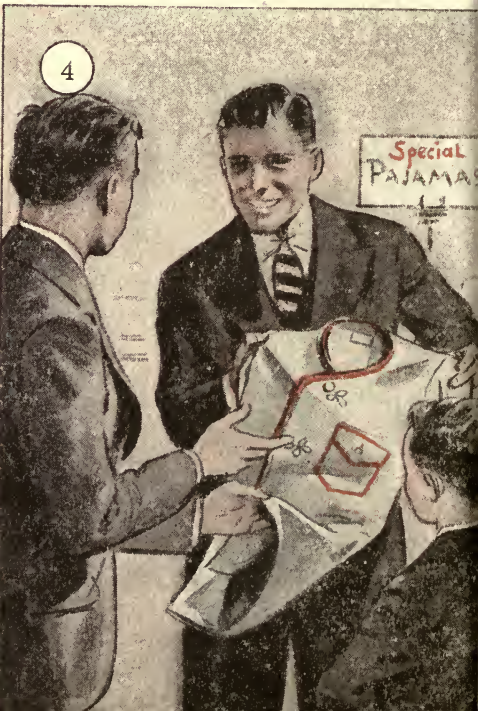
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PAJAMA

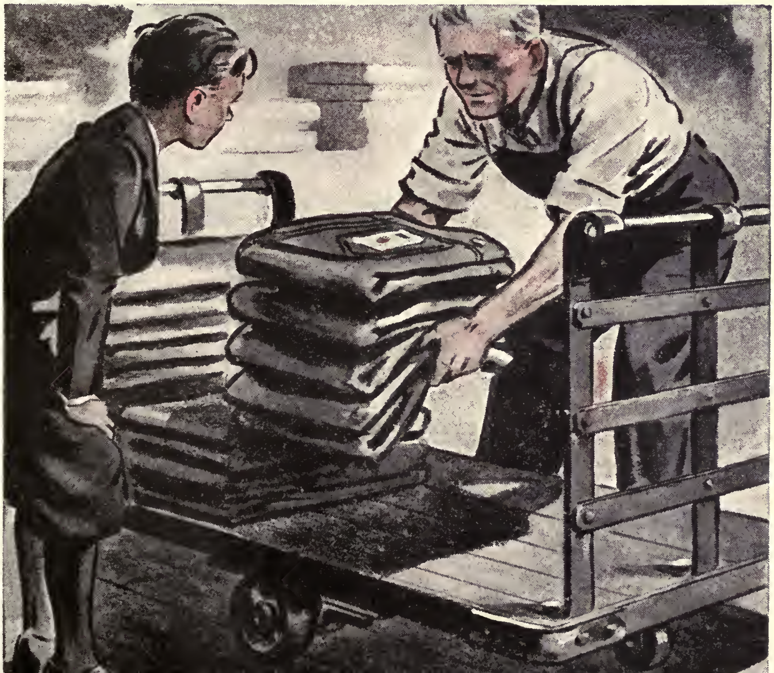
Bob and his father went to the floor where clothes for men and boys were kept. There was a showroom on this floor. There were piles and piles and piles of boxes on that floor, too.

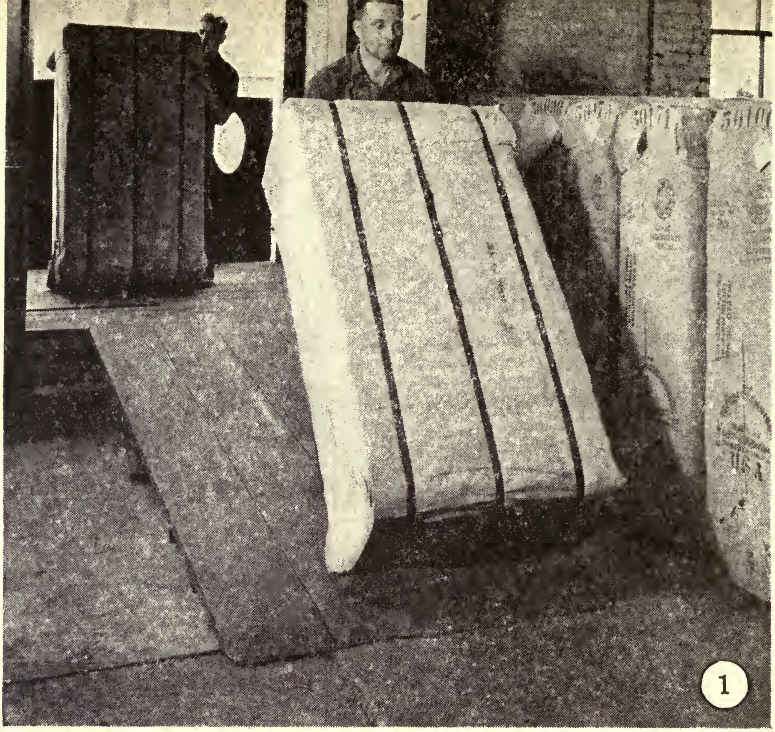
The pictures on the opposite page show some of the things Mr. Adams bought for his store.

A clerk was filling an order for overalls. He took pair after pair of overalls and put them on a hand truck. He took the overalls to the shipping room.

"Would you like to look at overalls?" the salesman asked Mr. Adams.

"No, thank you," answered Mr. Adams. "I buy overalls for my store right from the factory that makes them."



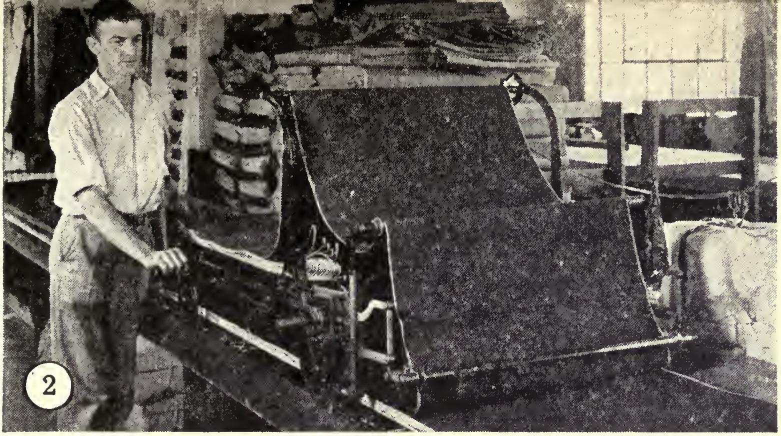


How Overalls Are Made

Centerville people bought many overalls at the Adams General Store. These overalls were made in a big factory not far from the West Wholesale Dry Goods Company.

After Mr. and Mrs. Adams had ordered the clothes for the general store, they took the children to see overalls made.

The material for overalls came to Grand City by train. Picture 1 shows the material that had been delivered at the factory.

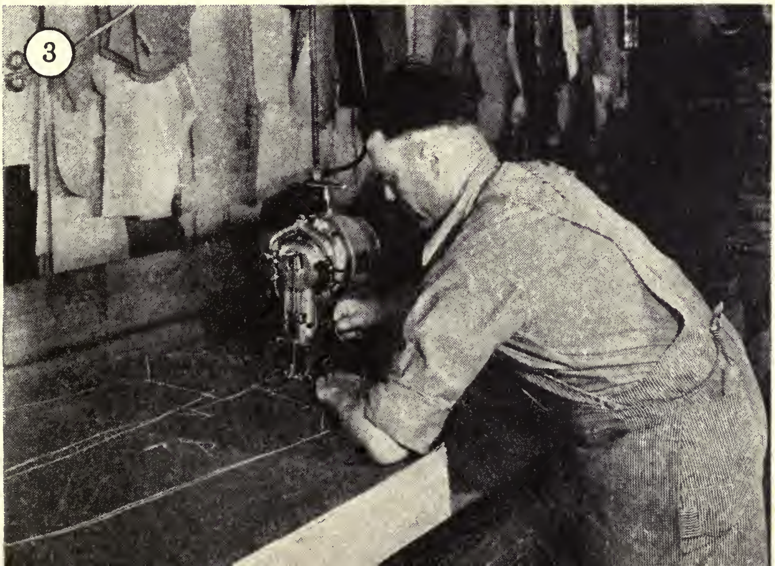


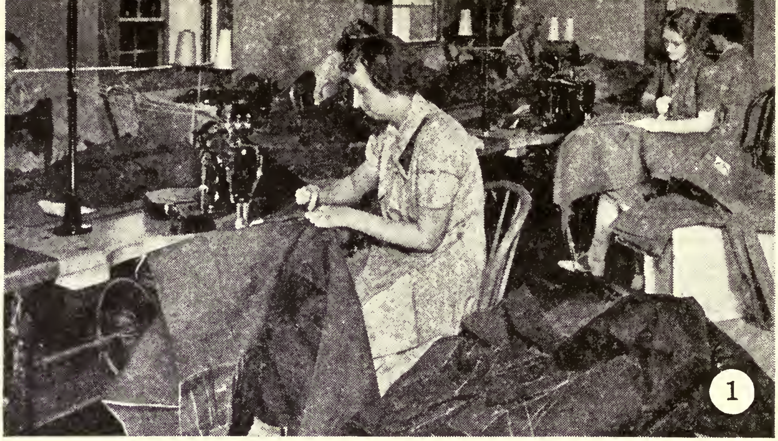
At the factory, a machine laid the material out on a long table. It spread many layers of cloth, one on top of another. Picture 2 shows a workman running this machine.

One workman's job was to cut the pieces of cloth for a pair of overalls. He marked each piece on the top layer of cloth.

What is the worker doing in Picture 3?

How does he know where to cut the cloth? Bob saw him cut dozens of pieces at one time.





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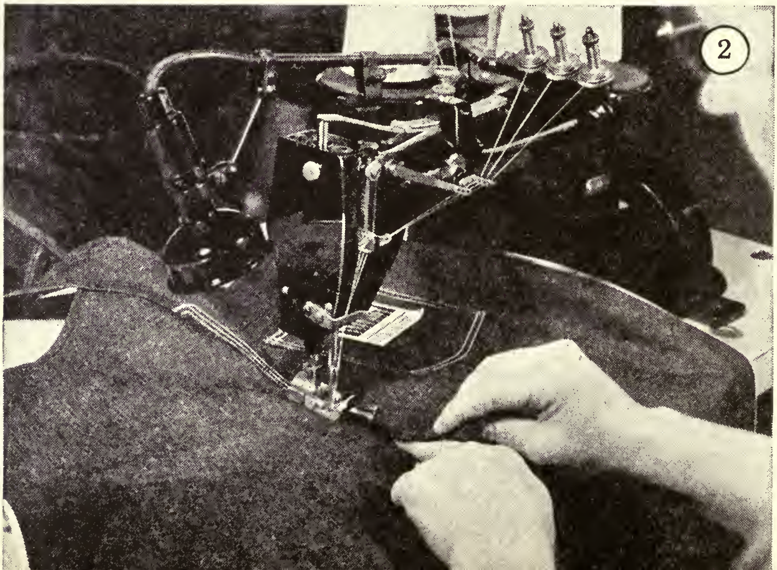
When the material was cut, there were enough pieces for many pairs of overalls. Then the pieces had to be sewed together. Women made the seams on big sewing machines.

Whir whir! Whir whir! Whir whir went the machines. Each woman sat at her machine, and the overalls came to her.

Which picture shows several women making seams with heavy machines?

Which picture shows a machine sewing one seam?



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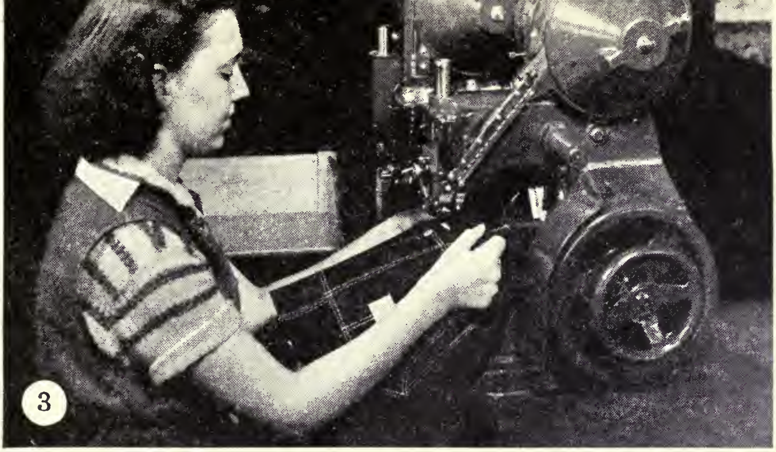
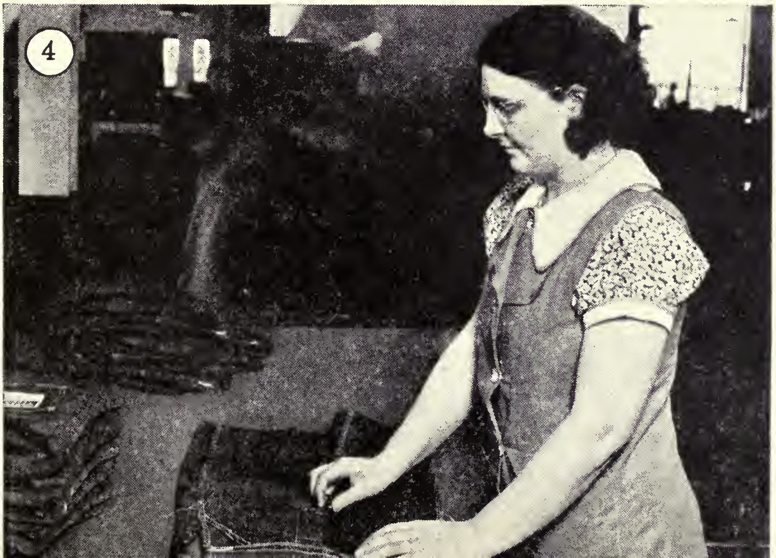
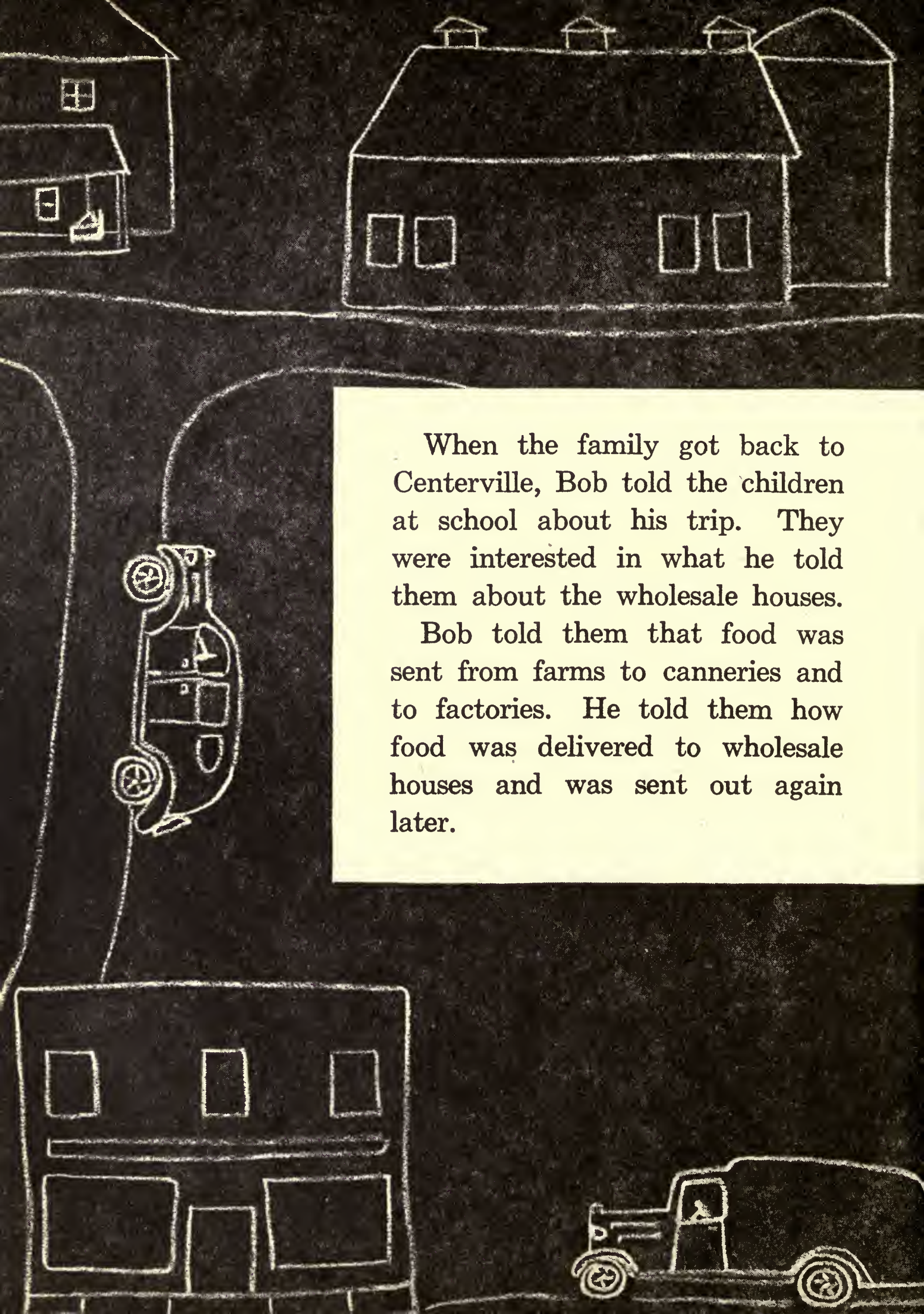


One woman ran a machine that fastened buttons on the overalls. When the seams were sewed, buttons were tapped on. Tap! Tap! Tap! Buttonholes were made by another machine.

Which picture shows a machine tapping buttons on overalls?

When the overalls were made, the woman in Picture 4 looked at them carefully. She had to be sure that each seam was just right. Then the overalls were ready for the shipping room.





When the family got back to Centerville, Bob told the children at school about his trip. They were interested in what he told them about the wholesale houses.

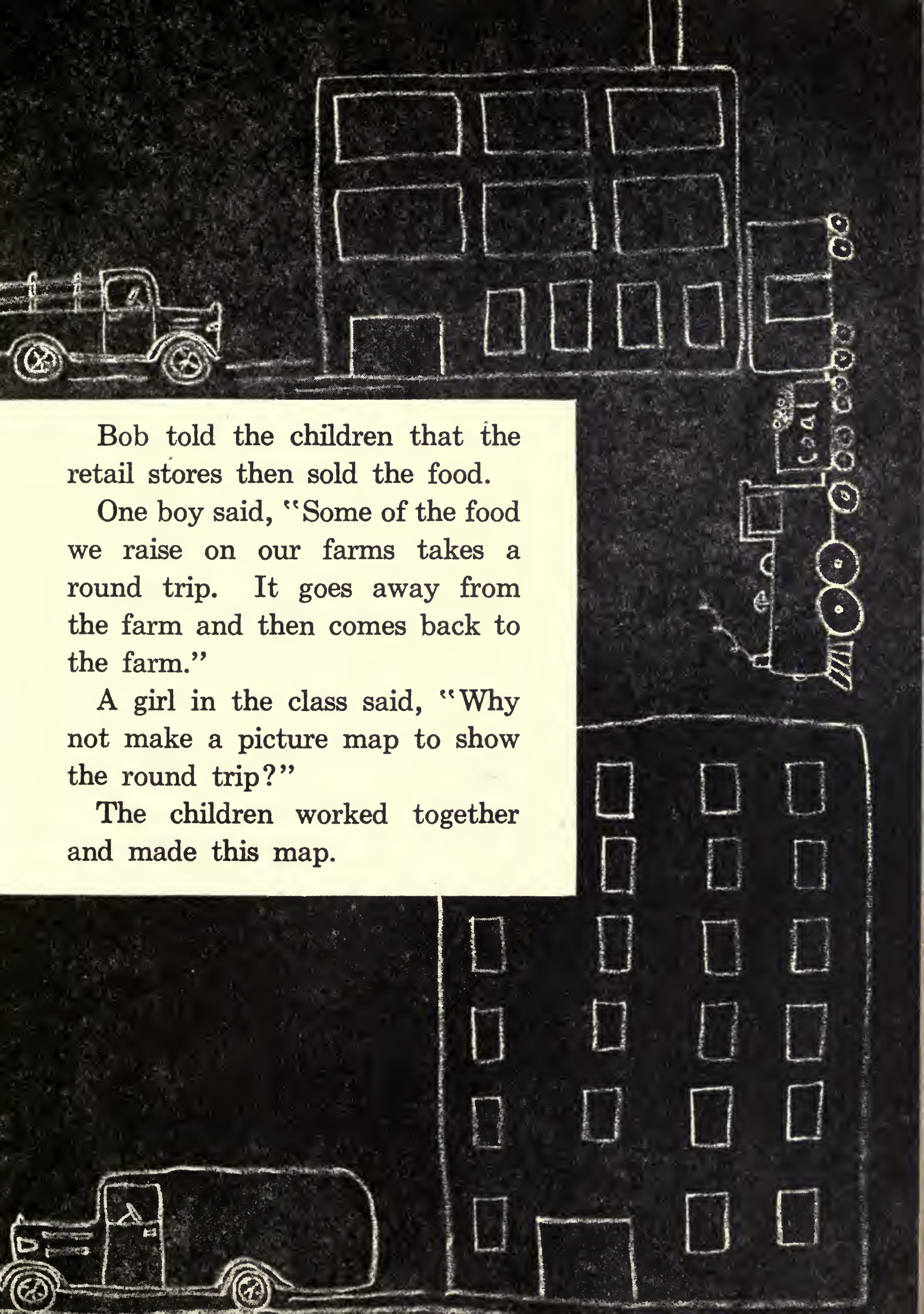
Bob told them that food was sent from farms to canneries and to factories. He told them how food was delivered to wholesale houses and was sent out again later.

Bob told the children that the retail stores then sold the food.

One boy said, "Some of the food we raise on our farms takes a round trip. It goes away from the farm and then comes back to the farm."

A girl in the class said, "Why not make a picture map to show the round trip?"

The children worked together and made this map.



Emily talked to the children in her room at school about the visit to Grand City. She told them about the different parts of the city. She told them what she had seen at the big wholesale houses. And she told about the kinds of work she had seen people doing.

"Everything in Grand City is different from Centerville, isn't it?" said one of the children.

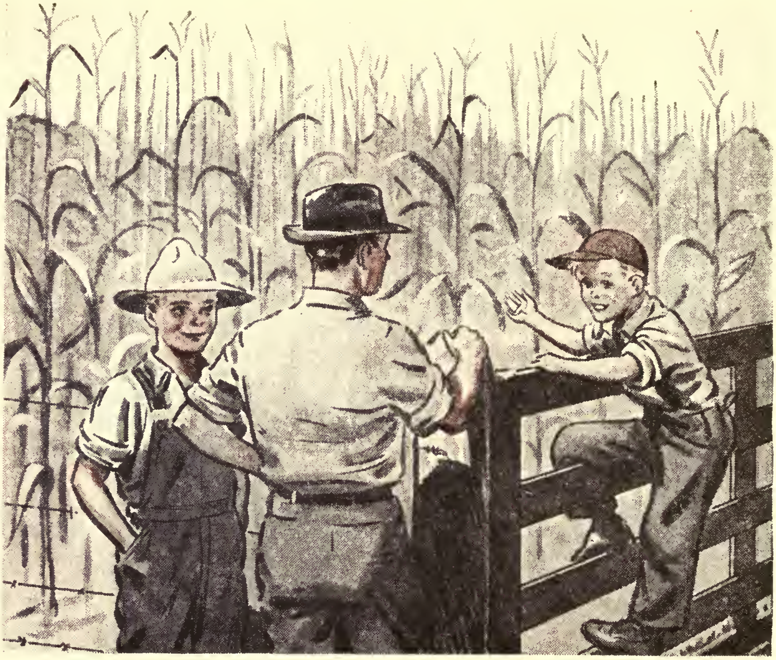
Emily said, "At first everything looks different. But Grand City is like Centerville in many ways."

Then the children talked about people's homes in both places. They talked about the trains and trucks that Emily had seen. They talked about the kinds of work that people did in both places.

Emily told the children that she had gone to a restaurant for lunch. She told them about the trip in the taxi and about the traffic in the street. She told them that Mr. Barnes ate lunch at noon. He and his family ate dinner in the evening.

"We would, too," she said, "if our fathers worked downtown in a big city."

Centerville Farming



Farm Crops

"Crops look good this year," said Mr. Hand. "There will be more corn than all the animals on our farm can eat this winter."

Mr. Hand raised corn every year. He fed some of it to his horses and to his cattle. And he fed corn to his chickens.

Mr. Hand fed all the corn that was left to his hogs. When the hogs were big and fat, he took them to Grand City and sold them.

"I am going to buy some calves this year," Mr. Hand told Fred and John. "I have always kept milk cows. This year I will also feed the kind of calves that are raised for meat."

"All the farmers around here keep milk cows," said John. "Where will you get the kind of calves that are raised for meat?"

"I will buy beef cattle from a ranch," answered his father. "If we feed them corn all winter, they will get fat. When our corn is nearly gone, we will sell the cattle."

"Is corn all they need to make them fat?" asked Fred.

"No," said his father. "We will give them hay and other kinds of feed."

The Hand farm was a good place to fatten calves because Mr. Hand did not have to buy any feed. He raised corn and hay.

Farmers who raise corn do many kinds of work. Picture 1 shows what the farmer does first.

Mr. Hand planted his corn with a corn planter. Picture 2 shows how this work was done.

All summer the corn grew. Mr. Hand often worked in the field. He used a machine to cut out the weeds. Picture 3 shows this machine. What does the machine do to the ground?

When the corn was tall, Mr. Hand cut down some of it. He used the machine in Picture 4.

The machine in Picture 5 cuts up the plants. These corn plants made good feed for Mr. Hand's cattle.

This kind of feed is called silage. Farmers store silage in big round bins called silos. There is a silo in Picture 5.

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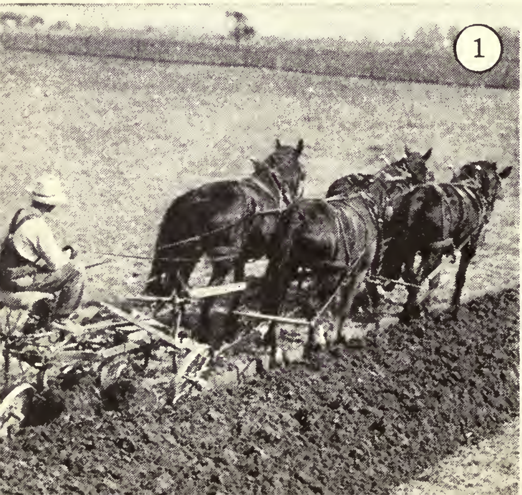

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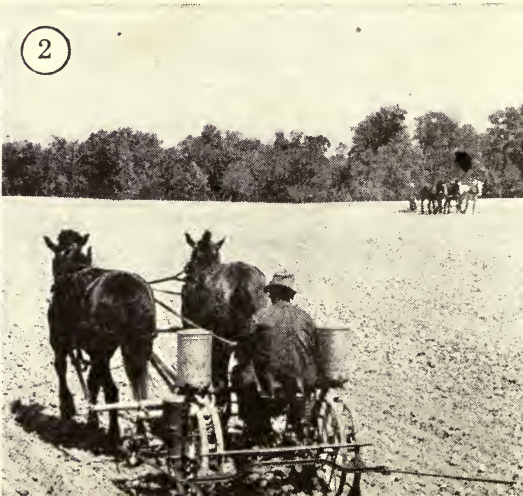

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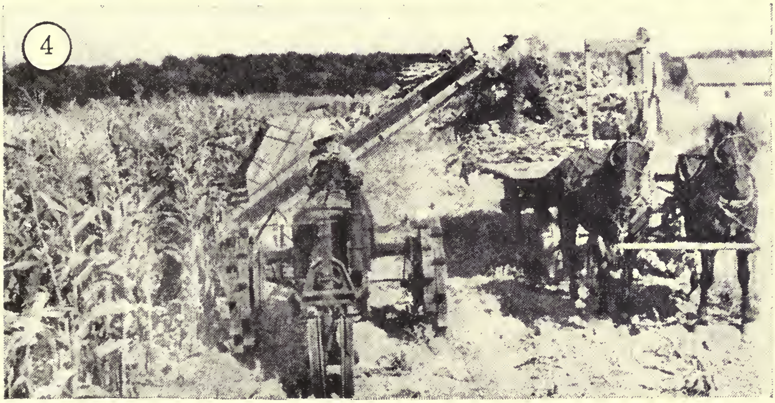

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A farmer who feeds cattle needs hay in the winter. So Mr. Hand raised hay on his farm. Hay is good for cattle.

Picture 1 shows how Mr. Hand cut the hay. After the hay was cut, it lay in the field and got brown and dry.

What are the workmen in Picture 2 doing with the hay?

Hay must be kept dry; so Mr. Hand put it in his barn. Which picture shows how the hay was stored?

Mr. Hand had a field of oats on his farm. Late in the summer men came with a threshing machine. They threshed the oats. Mr. Hand stored the oats in his barn. The threshing machine left a big stack of straw on the ground. Which picture shows the threshing machine and the straw stack?

A farmer who fattens cattle likes to have a big straw stack. The cattle eat some of the straw. On cold days the cattle stand close to the straw stack and keep warm.

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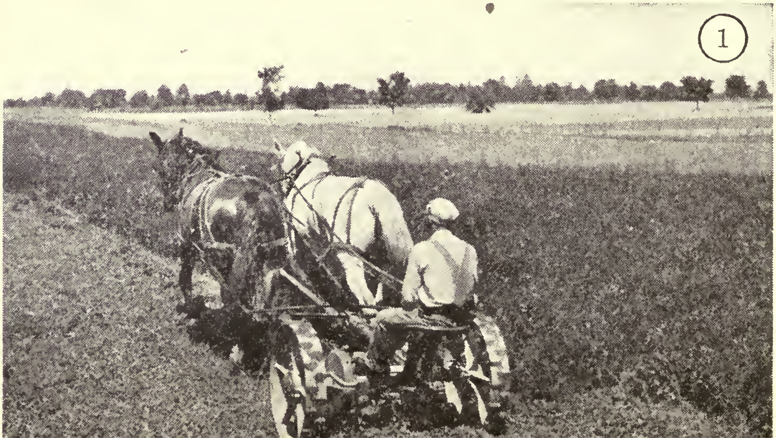

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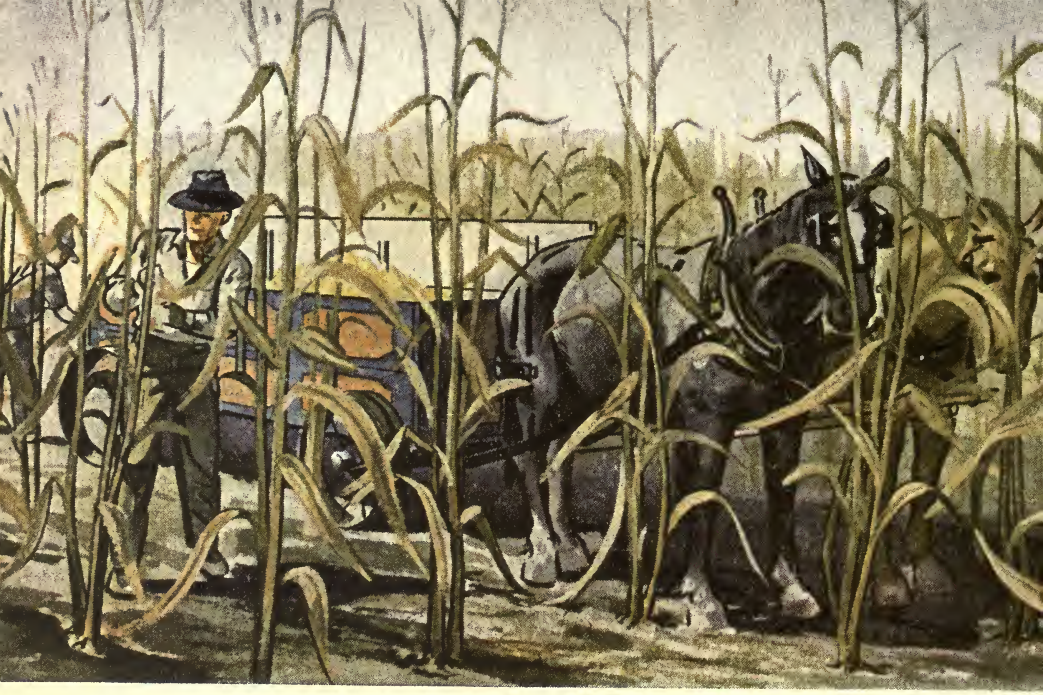
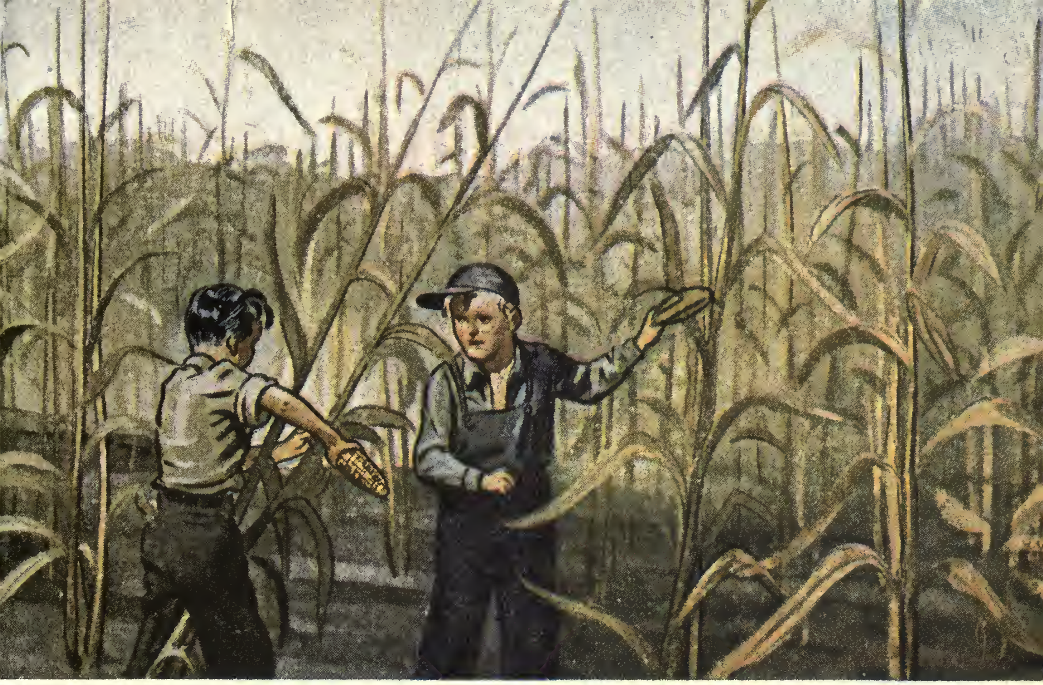


Corn Picking

One morning in the fall Bob Adams came to the farm to help pick the ears of corn. Mr. Hand and both of his sons were working in the cornfield. Mr. Hand had other men to help, also.

Each worker would pull the husks from an ear of corn. Snap! Next he would pull off the ear of corn. Snap! Then he would toss the ear into the wagon. Thump!

"Get up, Brownie! Get up, Polly!" called John Hand. Brownie and Polly pulled the farm wagon across the cornfield.



John Hand could husk and pick corn very fast. Snap! Thump! Snap! Thump!

Bob and Fred husked corn, too. But they could not do it as well as the men could.

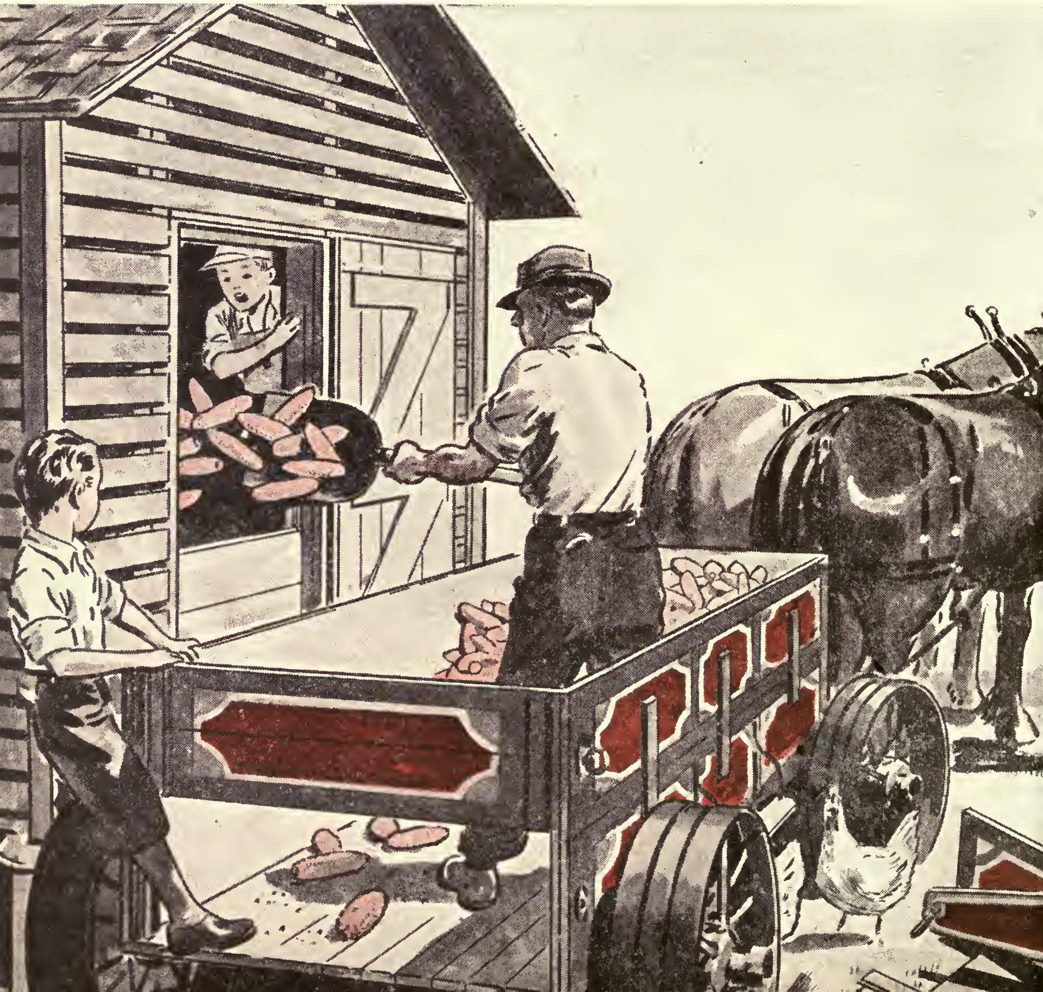
It often took Fred some time to get an ear of corn out of the husks. Bob said, "I'm not a very fast husker."

"That's all right, Bob!" called Mr. Hand. "When you are big and strong, you will get corn out of the husk as fast as any of us. Now we must haul this wagon load of corn to the corn-crib. Do you want to drive the horses?"

Bob liked to drive horses.

The boys and Mr. Hand climbed up on the load of corn. Bob picked up the lines and called to the horses, "Get up, Polly! Get up, Brownie!"

The horses pulled the loaded wagon across the fields to the corn-crib. Mr. Hand stood in the wagon and shoveled corn into the corn-crib. John stood in the corn-crib and moved the corn away from the door.



When the last of the load was in the corn-crib, Mr. Hand said, "The corn-crib will soon be full. We have a good crop this year."

"Are you going to sell part of the crop, Mr. Hand?" Bob asked.

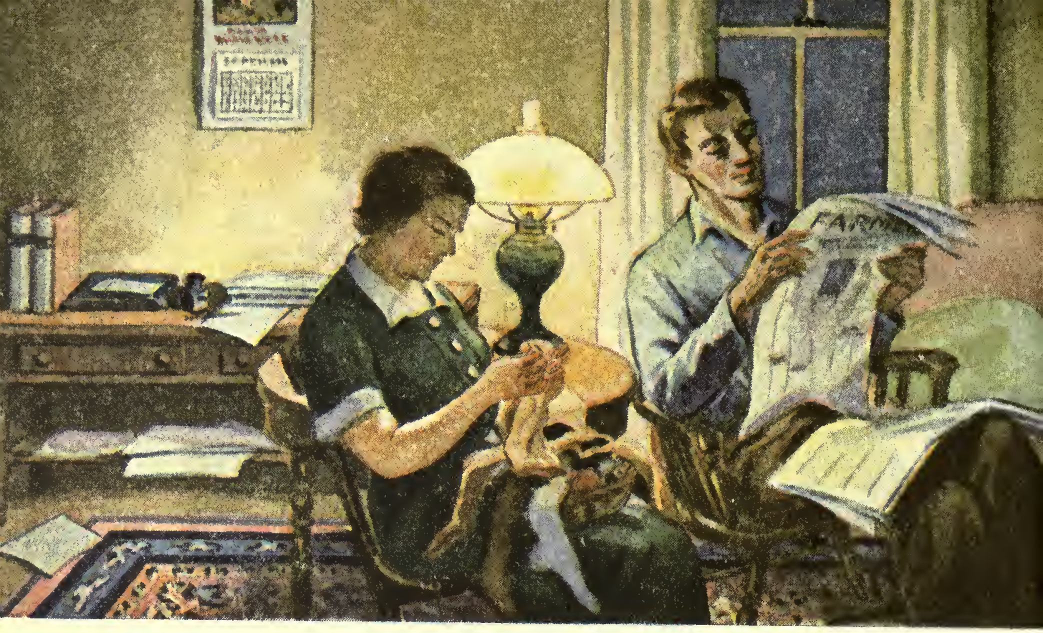
"No," Mr. Hand said. "I am going to feed it to calves. I have already ordered them from a cattle ranch."

"The calves are coming from the ranch to Centerville on the railroad," said Fred. "The man at the station will phone to us when the cattle come. We are going to drive them from Centerville to our farm. Dad and John will ride horses, and I'll ride my pony."

"I wish I had a pony," Bob said. "If I had one, I could help drive the calves to the farm. It would be fun."

"We will need help," Mr. Hand said. "Driving the calves will be hard work, because there is so much traffic on the highway. We can ask Jane to let you ride her pony so that you can help us. Let's go back to the corn picking now."

All day Bob and Fred picked corn. Snap! Thump! Snap! Thump! All day they talked about ranches and about the calves that were coming. Fred had taken care of milk cows, but he had never seen any beef cattle.



The Cattle Shed

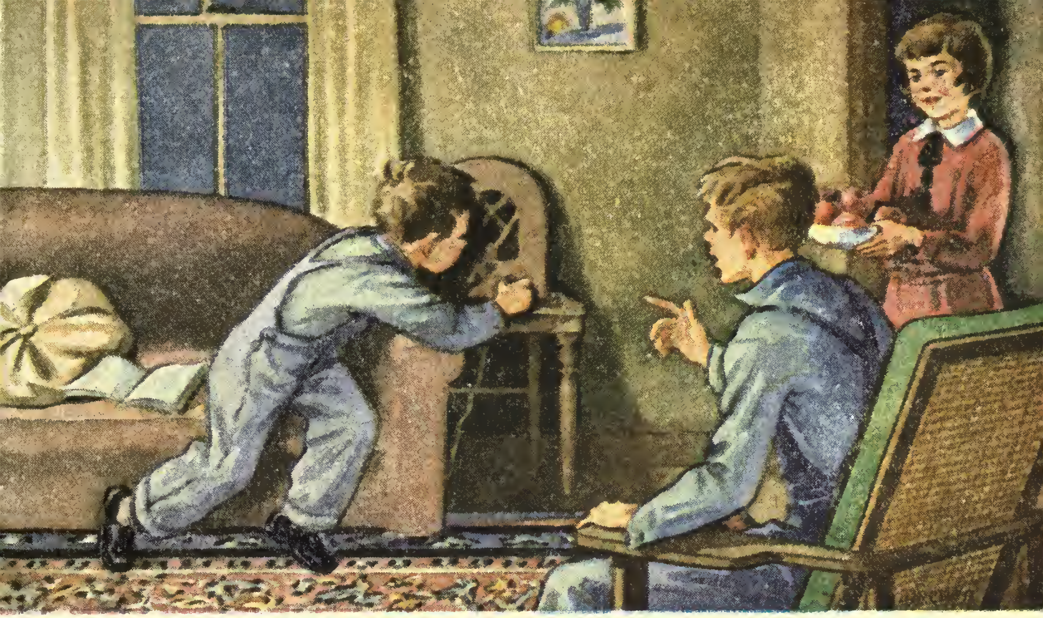
There was extra work to be done before the beef cattle came. For many days everyone at the Hand farm was busy. Every evening the family sat in the living room and talked about their work.

One evening Mr. Hand said, "We will not keep the calves in the barn. We will build a shed for them. They can be fed outdoors."

"Will they be warm enough?" asked Fred.

"Oh, yes," answered his father. "On the ranch the beef cattle are outdoors all the time."

Then the Hand family talked about building the shed. Mr. Hand had never built a shed for beef cattle.



"I think you can help," he said to John. "You can draw a plan for this shed. Ask your teacher to help you with it."

One of John's teachers knew a good way to build a cattle shed. He helped John draw a plan. It was so good that Mr. Hand said that he would use it.

Mr. Hand laughed and said, "You can draw all the plans we need from now on, John."

Then the Hands talked about a place for the shed.

"The shed should be near the barn," said John.

"And near the corn-crib," said Fred.

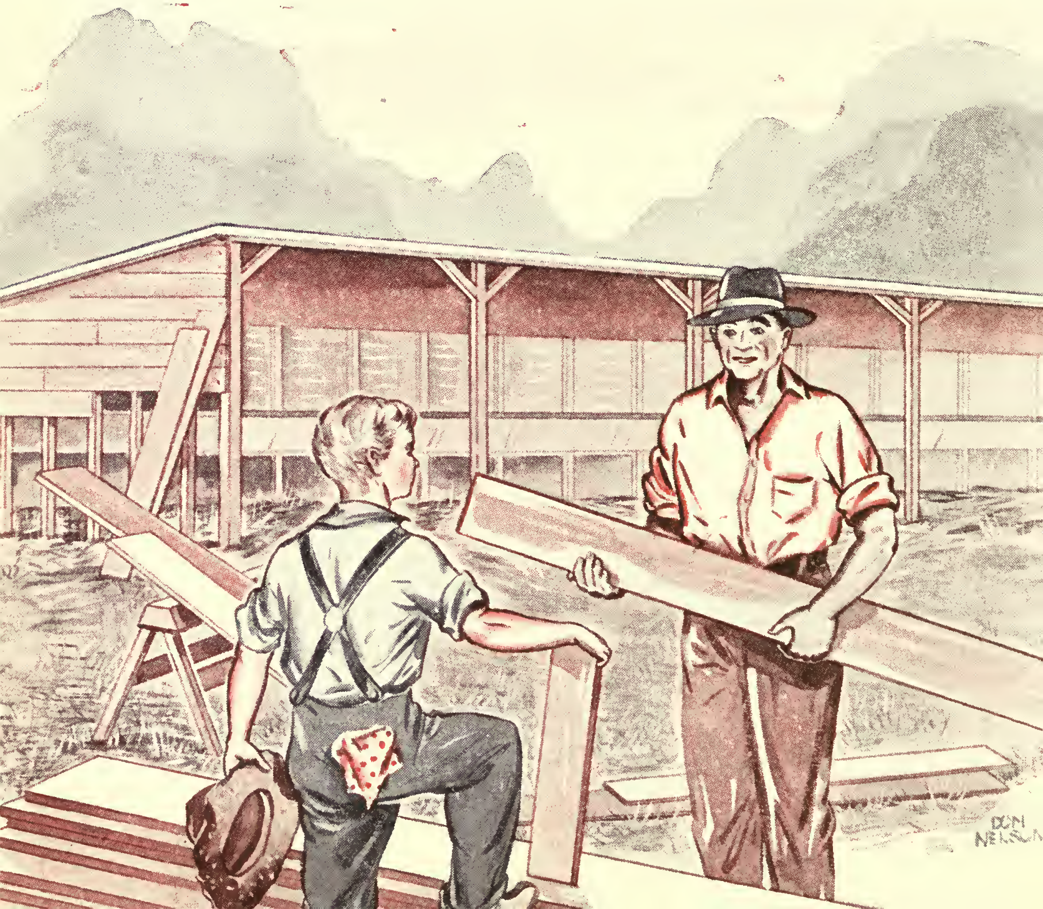
"And near the silo," said Mr. Hand.

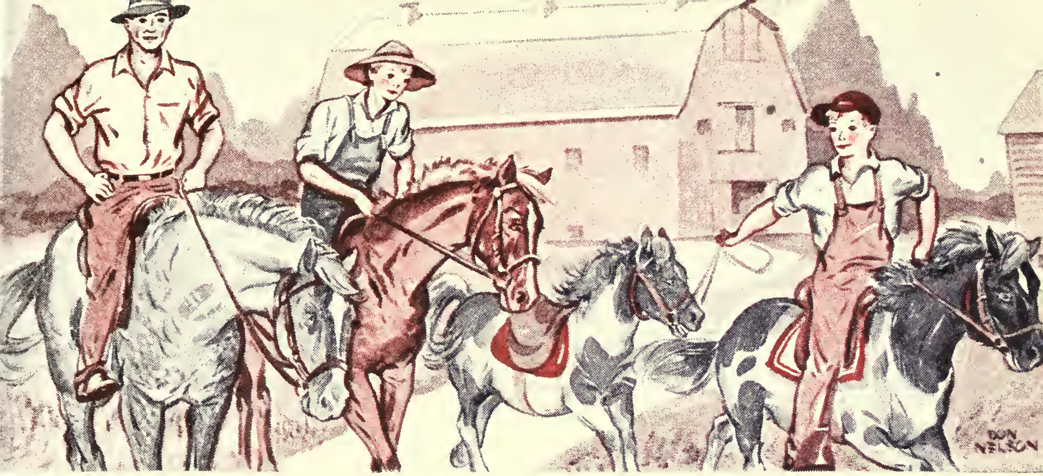
"And far from the house," laughed Mrs. Hand.

"We will build it on the lot back of the barn," said Mr. Hand. "That lot has a good strong fence. And there is enough room for the cattle."

Two carpenters came from Centerville to build the shed. Mr. Hand had bought lumber for it in Centerville.

When the shed was finished, it was just as John had planned it. Everything was ready for the calves.





Driving the Cattle to the Farm

One day the telephone rang and Mrs. Hand answered.

"Your calves are here," said the man at the railroad station.

"Not in the station, I hope!" said Mrs. Hand.

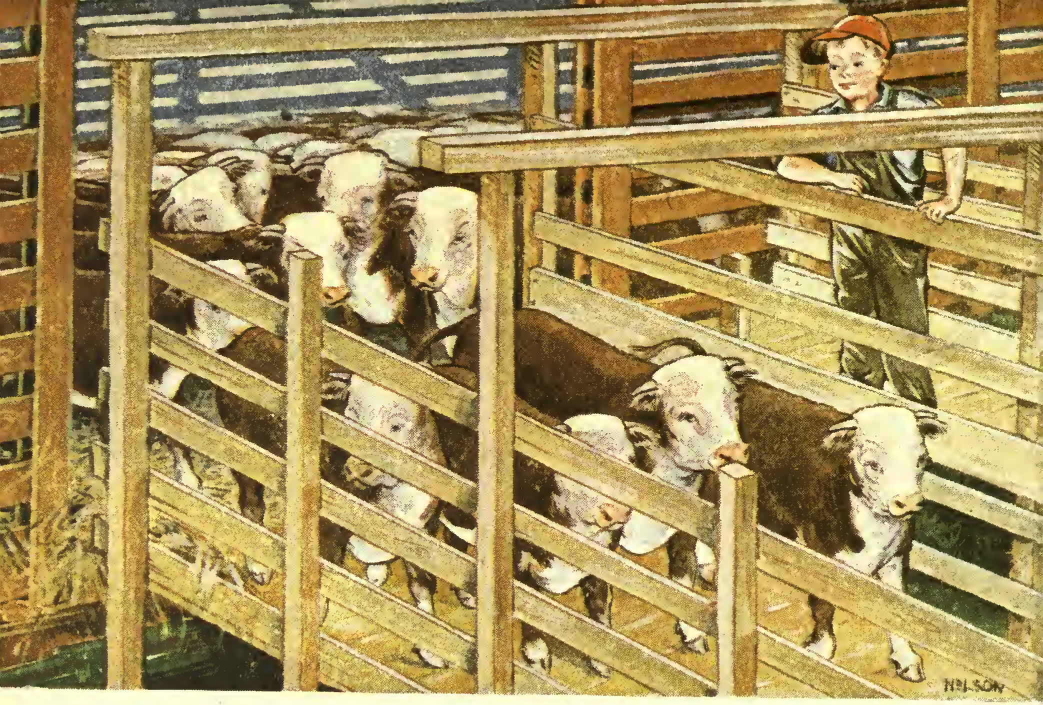
"Oh, no," laughed the man. "I haven't opened the cattle car yet."

"Thank you for calling," said Mrs. Hand. "The men will come for them."

Fred and John could hardly wait to see the calves. They rode their horses into town with Mr. Hand and took Jane's pony with them for Bob to ride.

"Come on, Bob," they shouted when they came to his house. "The calves have come."

Then all four of them went to get the calves.



The man at the railroad station was waiting for them. He opened the car, and the calves ran straight into a pen. Mr. Hand counted the calves.

There were forty calves. They looked very much alike. All of them were about six months old. All of them were brownish red and had white heads.

"Ready, boys," called Mr. Hand. "Now we will drive them home."

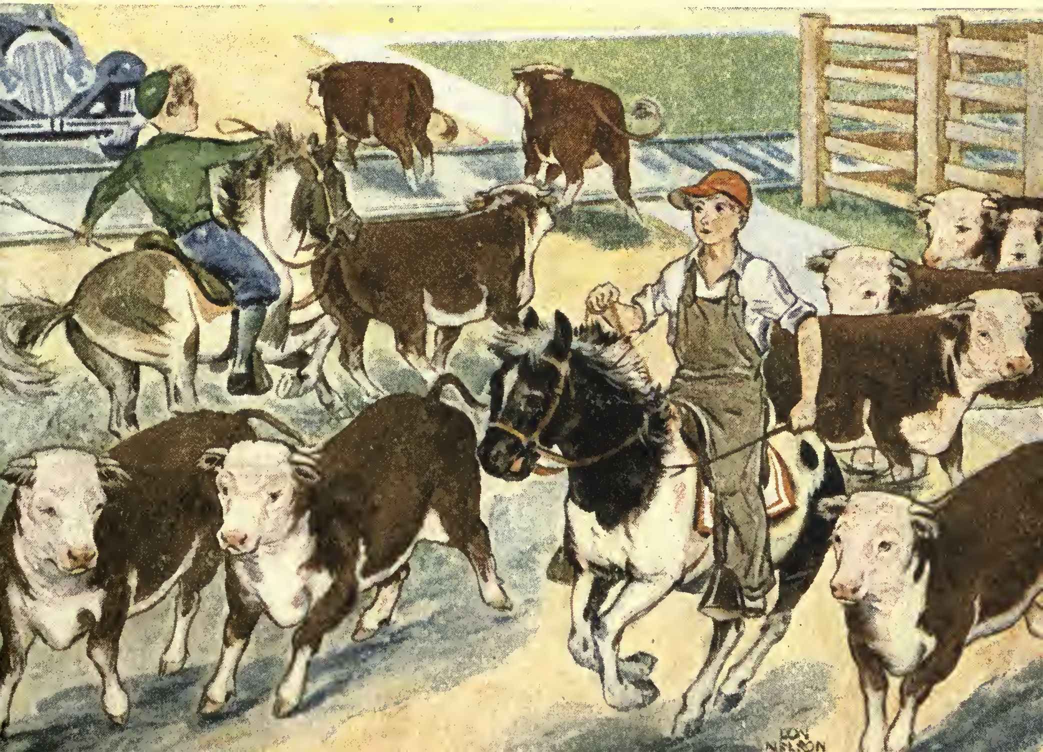
John and his father got on their horses. Fred and Bob jumped on their ponies. They felt like cowboys.

The gate of the pen was opened, and the calves ran into the road. Some ran up the road, and some ran down the road.

The boys on their ponies did not know what to do. Fred started in one direction. Bob rode in the opposite direction.

"Come back, boys," called Mr. Hand. "Help John keep the calves in the road. I will chase them in the right direction."

So John stayed on one side of the road. Bob and Fred stayed on the opposite side. Mr. Hand drove back the calves that were not going the right way. Then he chased the forty calves in the right direction.

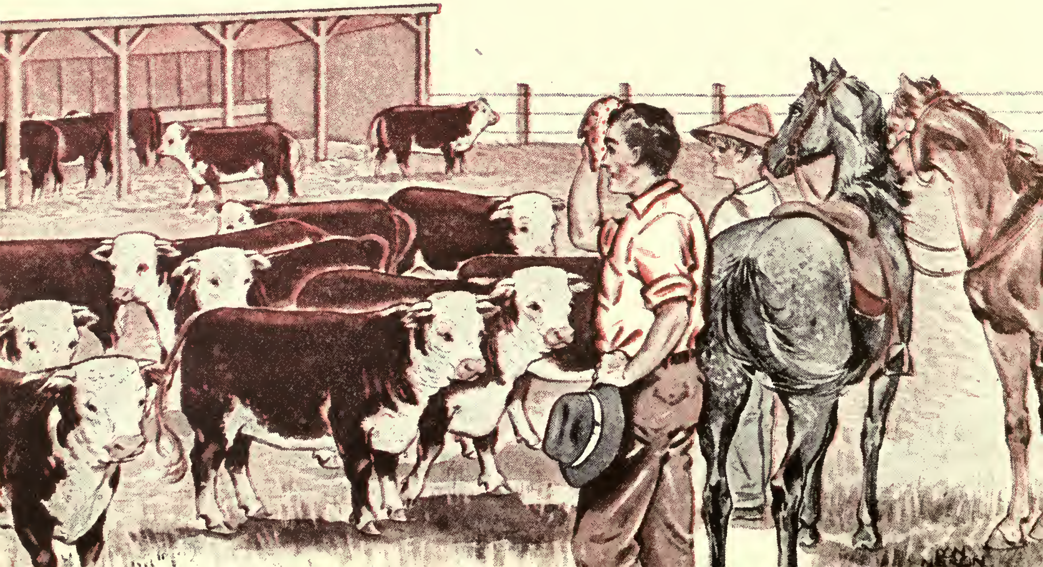


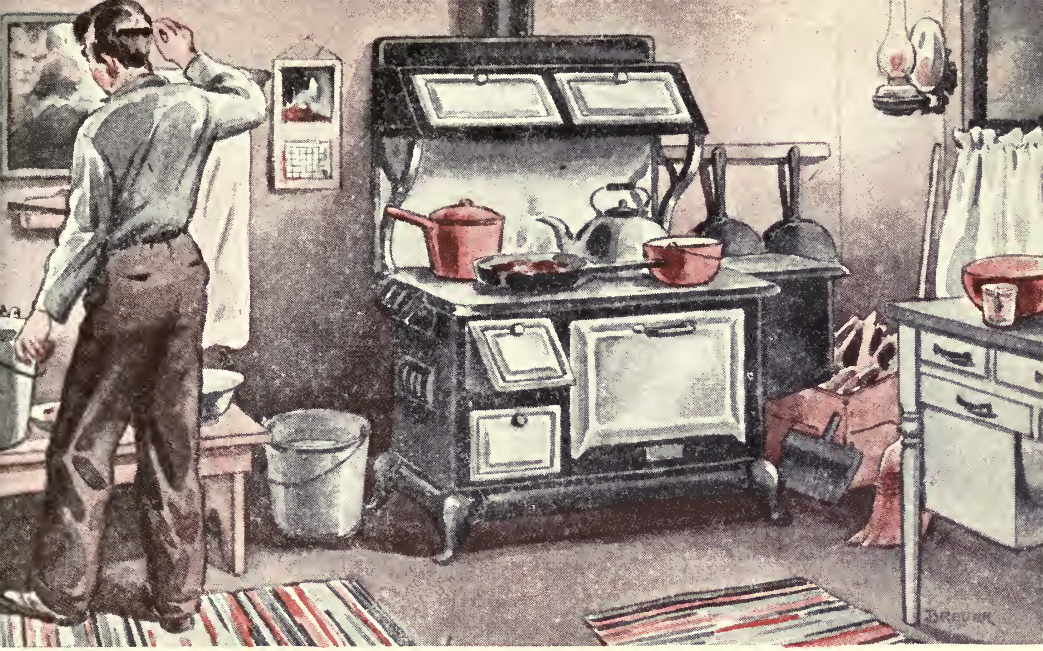
What a hard time they had keeping the calves together! Cars that came along could not pass them. Some calves stopped right in front of cars. And some tried to run back the way they had come. Then Mr. Hand had to get them together again.

When they came to an old school, some calves got away from the herd. They went through the schoolyard gate and Fred went after them. Bob stayed in the road to keep other calves from following them. At last Fred got them out of the schoolyard.

When the herd reached the farm, Mr. Hand chased the calves into the lot back of the barn.

Bob closed the gate and said, "Oh, boy! That was hard work, but it was fun."



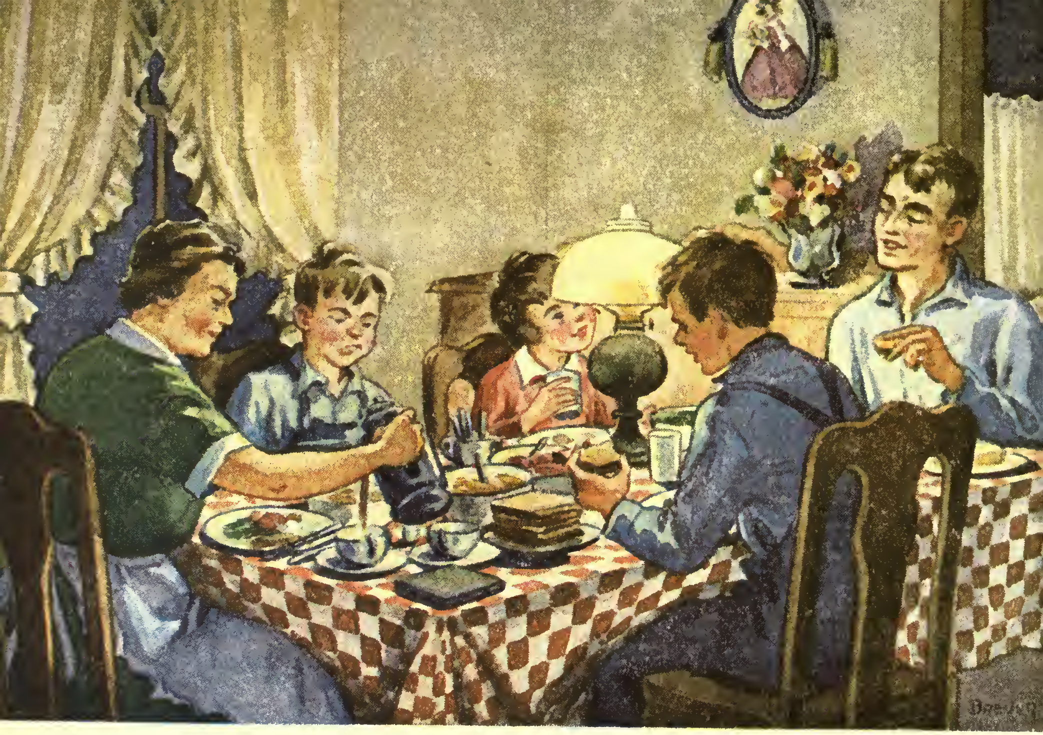


The Boys' Farm Work

At supper Mr. Hand said, "Those are fine calves. They will grow fat on our corn this winter. When we sell them in the spring, we can get a good price for them."

"I hope you make money when you sell them," said Mrs. Hand. "If you do, we can have the house painted at last."

"I'd like to have electric lights and an electric pump," Mr. Hand said. "Maybe there will be enough money for all those things after we sell the calves and pay the expenses. We will work hard this winter to fatten them."



"I'll help," said Fred. "I'll work before I go to school every morning. And I'll work every day after school."

"I'm going to help, too," John said. "Cattle need good care. I know something about them."

John had learned at school that some kinds of cattle are good for meat. He was learning how to take care of cattle so that their meat would be very good.

He told his father what he had learned at school. He talked about everything he would do to take care of the cattle.

"I would watch each calf every day," said John. "If a new kind of feed made a calf sick at first, I would give him just a little of it. And I would clean the feed boxes every day."

Mr. Hand said, "What a lot of extra work! I do all those things when I take care of cattle. But I don't do the work so carefully. I don't make pets of my animals."

But John talked for a long time about the best way to take care of cattle.

At last Mrs. Hand said to Mr. Hand, "Why don't you let John have two calves? He could take extra care of them himself. Let him try his plan."

"That's a good idea, Mother," said John. "May I have two calves, Dad?"

"Yes, son," said Mr. Hand. "You pick out two calves you like, and I'll sell them to you."

"I haven't any money to pay you," said John.

Mr. Hand laughed and said, "When you sell the cattle next spring, you can pay me. You must pay me for their feed and other expenses, too."

"May I have the money that is left after I pay for the calves and their feed?" John asked.

"Yes," answered his father. "You may have any money that is left. You will earn it."

"I know it," John said. "But I'm strong."

Fred had listened to all that his father and John had said. He knew that John would have to work very hard all winter long.

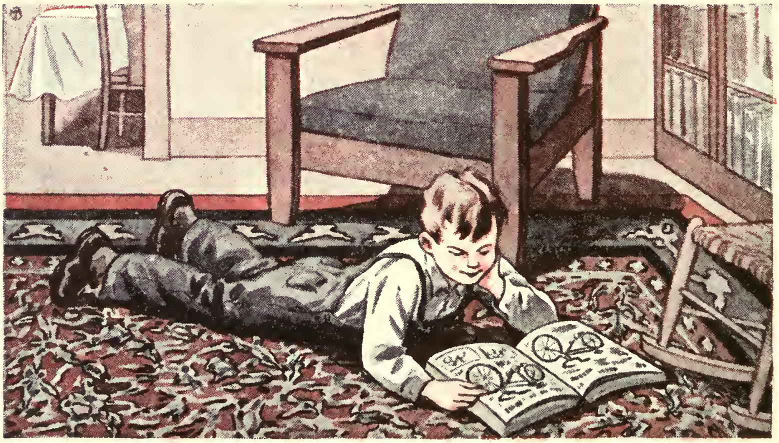
Of course John would help feed his father's herd of cattle. Then he would take care of his own two calves besides.

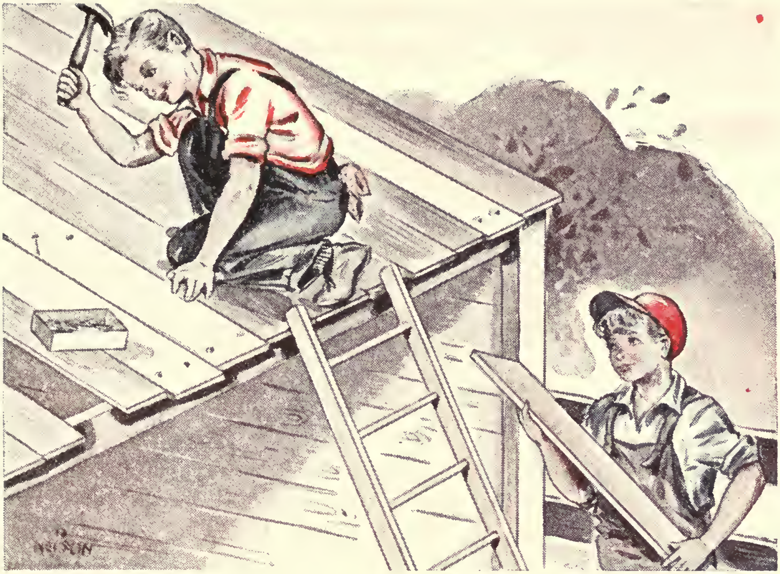
Fred had work to do in the winter, too. There is always work on a farm for a boy to do.

Fred wanted a bicycle, but he did not have any money. So he said to John, "I'm strong, too. I'll help you take care of your calves if you'll give me some of the money you make."

"All right," said John. "I'll need help. If you help me every day, I'll give you part of the money when the cattle are sold."

"I'll do it!" said Fred.





Picking Out the Calves

The next Saturday Fred and John were busy almost all day.

Near the silo was a small lot and an old shed. Mr. Hand told the boys that they might keep their two calves in this shed. There was an old machine in the shed.

John moved the machine. Fred cleaned the shed and John repaired the roof. They repaired the fence and the gate so that the calves could not get out. They cleaned an old tank and filled it with water for the calves.

Many times that day the boys looked at the calves in their father's herd.

"Look at that one by the tank," John said. "I think he would get very fat. He has a big body and a straight back."

Then Fred asked, "Will the one by the fence get fat, John? See how wide his back is."

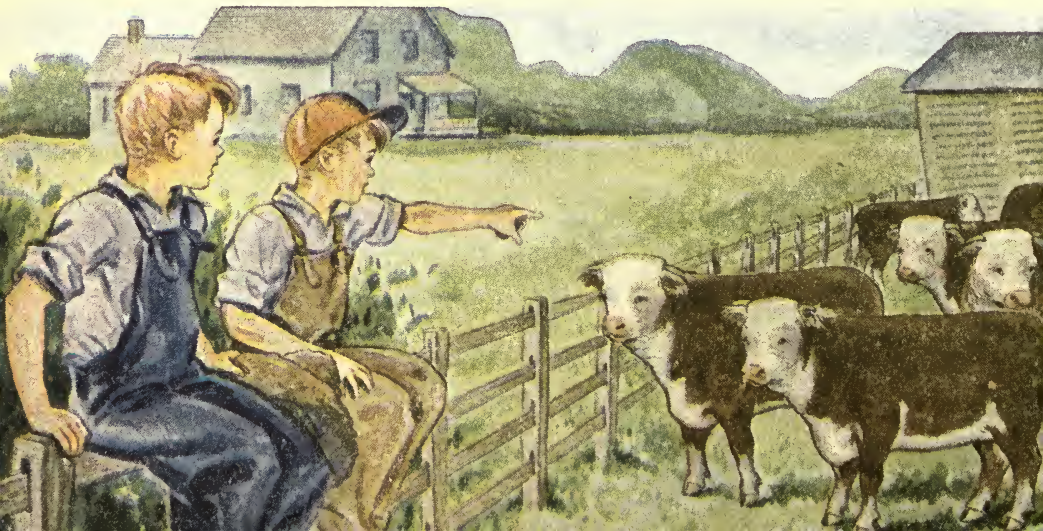
"Yes," answered John. "A calf with a wide, straight back can grow very fat."

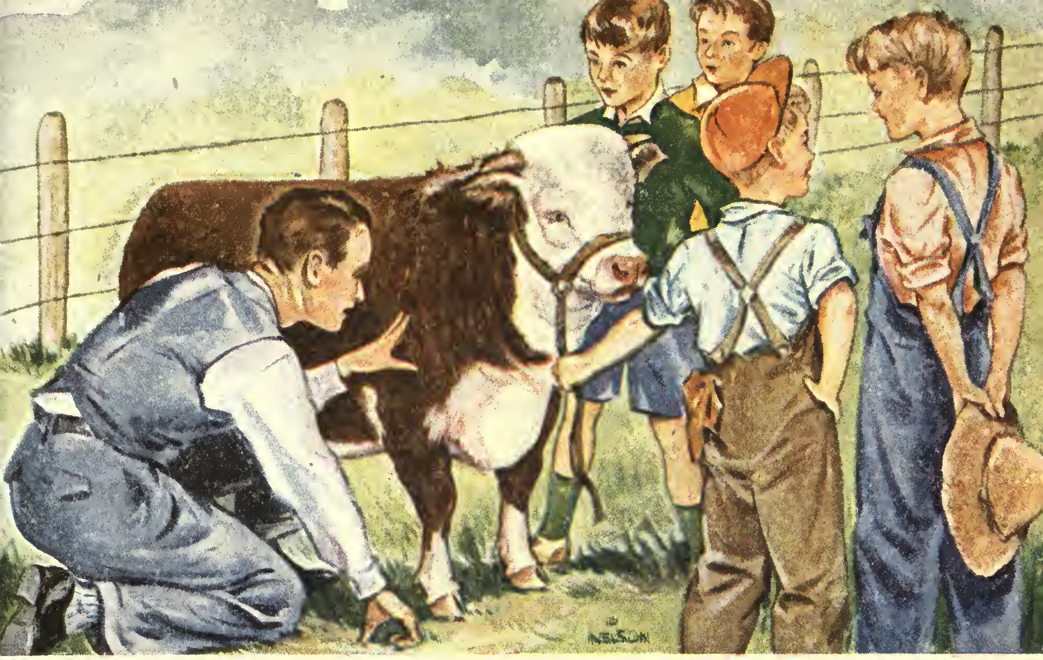
The boys wanted to be sure that they selected good calves.

At last they picked out four that they liked. But it was hard to decide which two were the best.

"All four look alike to me," said Mr. Hand. "You will have to decide soon, or the calves will get fat before you start to take care of them."

"I'll ask Mr. Camp to come and look at them," said John. "If he helps us, we will be sure to select very fine calves."





Mr. Camp was one of John's teachers at the high school. He knew about cattle and had helped with the plan for the shed.

Mr. Camp came to the farm after school one day to help the boys. Several other boys came to watch Mr. Camp select the calves.

"We have already picked four that we think are nice ones," John said. "We'll show them to you."

Fred and John drove the four calves into a corner of the feeding lot. Then Mr. Camp climbed over the fence into the feeding lot.

Mr. Camp looked at the calves. He looked at their bodies, and he felt their hair.

At last he said, "All four of them have big bodies. They weigh about the same. They have wide, straight backs. All four are nice calves. Just select the two you like best."

John said, "I like this one best. Isn't his hair soft and smooth? And I like this other one next best."

"I've already named them, John," said Fred. "Let's call this one Tim and that one Tom."

"I'll call the other two Jack and Jerry," laughed Mr. Hand.

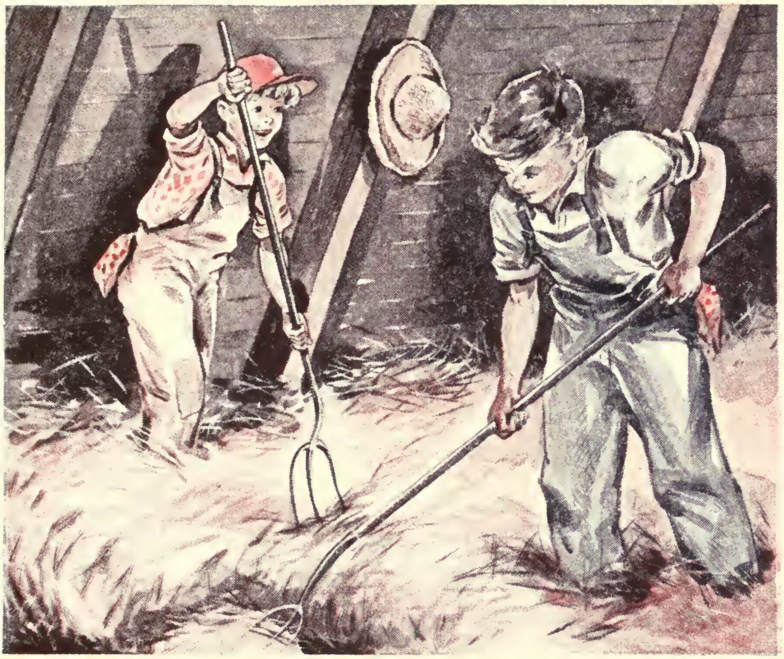
"You ought to weigh your calves," said Mr. Camp to John.

"They don't know us yet," said John. "I can't make them stand on the scales now. But maybe I can weigh them next week."

Next Saturday the boys weighed Tim on the scales. John wrote in a little book how much this calf weighed.

Next they found out how much Tom weighed, and John wrote that down. Then Jack and Jerry were weighed on the farm scales, and John wrote what each of them weighed.

"Now," said Mr. Hand, "we will feed them this winter. You take care of your own calves just the way you think best. We will see which calves weigh the most next spring."

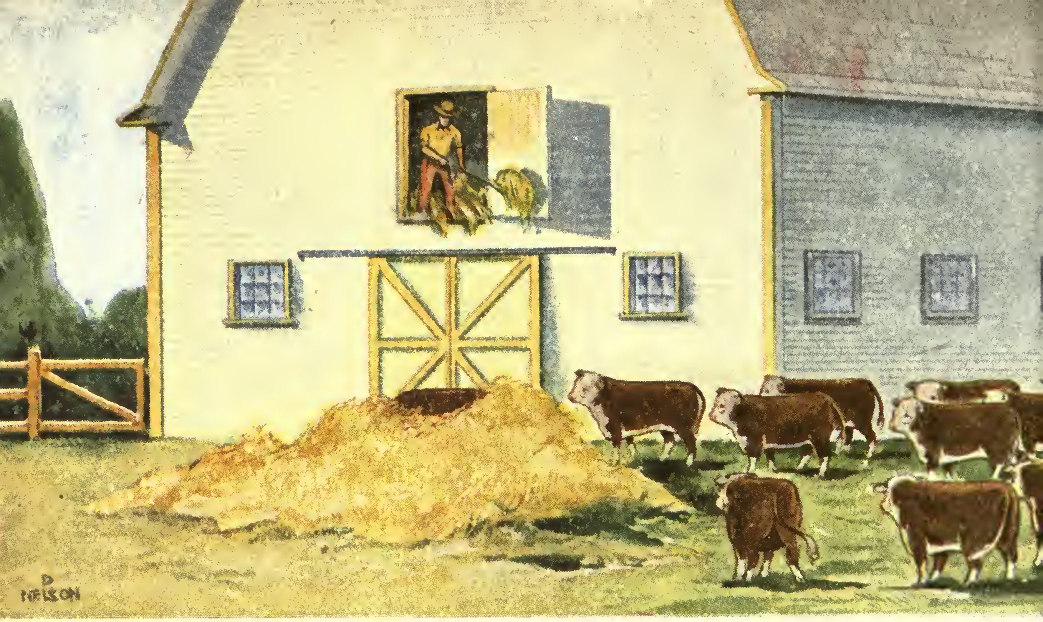


Helping Mr. Hand Feed His Cattle

Every day at school Fred talked about Tim and Tom. He said, "You should see how fat they are already!"

One day Bob went home from school with Fred Hand. When Mr. Hand saw him, he said, "Hello, Bob! We need some help with these cattle. I'm glad you came."

Bob and Fred climbed up into the barn. They threw hay down to Mr. Hand. That was fun.



Mr. Hand threw the hay out of the barn window. It made a big pile in the lot. When the calves saw the hay, they came to get it. Mr. Hand could not tell how much hay each calf ate.

"The calves are getting big," said Bob.

"Wait until you see Tom and Tim," said Fred. "They are the finest calves in the country."

"Now we must get the corn," said Mr. Hand.

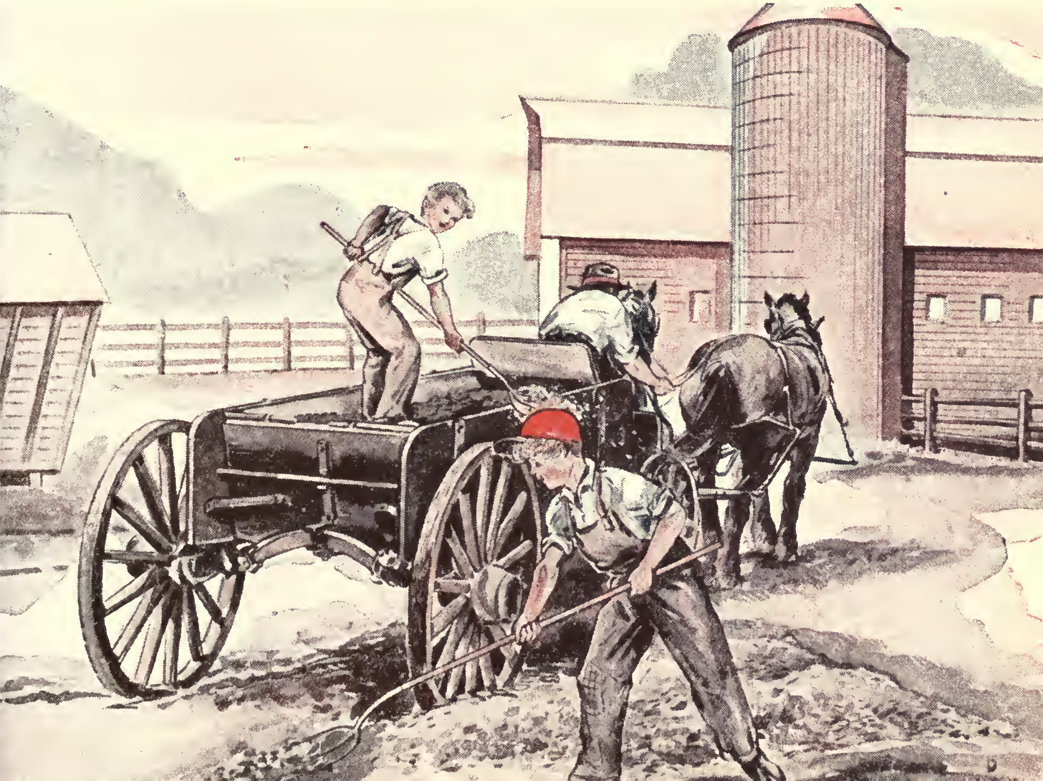
Brownie and Polly pulled the wagon up to a corn-crib. The boys helped fill the wagon with many bushels of corn.

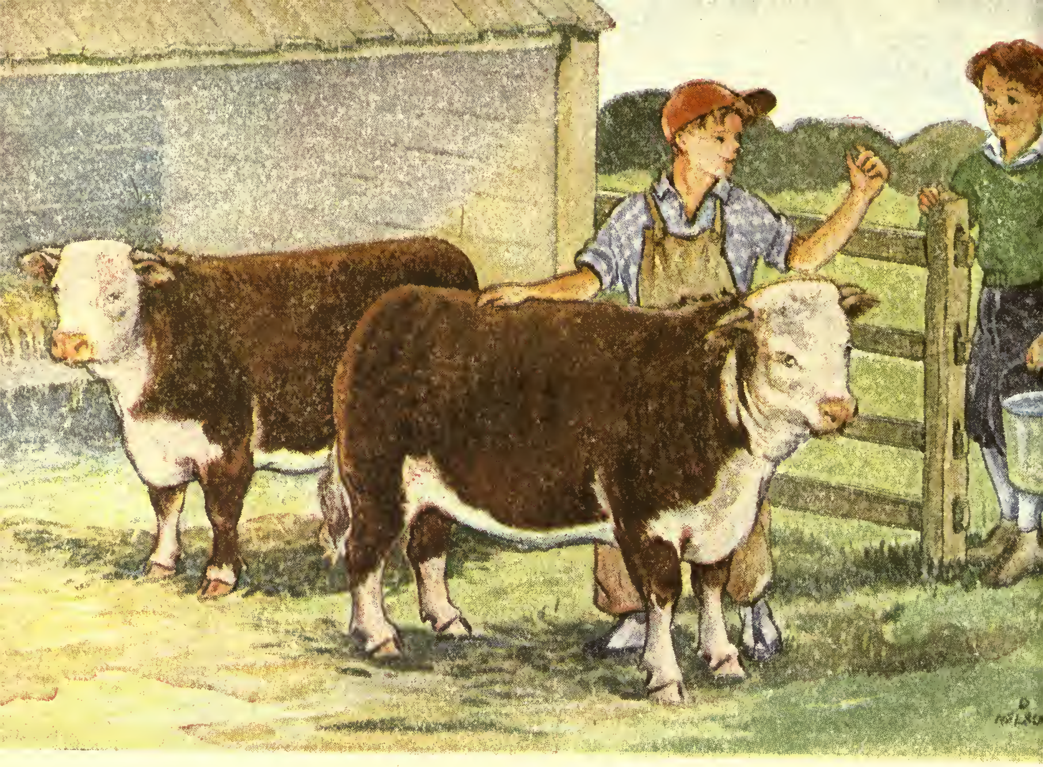
The horses pulled the wagon into the feeding lot. John threw the corn into a bin in the shed. The other boys helped with this work. Some of the calves came to get their corn.

"The wagon can be left here in the feeding lot," John said. "There is enough corn in it to last two or three days. You drive the horses to the silo, Bob. Dad will hook them to the other wagon. It is almost loaded."

Mr. Hand had been loading another wagon with silage. The horses hauled the wagon into the lot. Fred and Bob helped Mr. Hand shovel the silage on to the ground so that the cattle could eat it.

"There," said Mr. Hand when they had finished the work. "The calves have had some hay, some corn, and some silage. I think that's just about enough."





Taking Care of Tim and Tom

"When are you going to feed Tim and Tom?" asked Bob.

"Right away," answered Fred.

Then Bob and Fred went into the lot where the boys kept Tim and Tom. The calves came to meet them.

"The calves know you," said Bob.

"Yes," said Fred. "They are used to boys. You can go into their shed, too. You can help me clean the feed boxes."

Calves do not eat very much hay if they are fed corn and silage. But John and Fred gave the calves fresh hay every day. John said that the calves should be given as much of it as they would eat. Bob and Fred threw the old hay out of the feed boxes.

"How much silage should we give them today, John?" asked Fred.

"Give Tom as much as he had yesterday," answered John. "Measure half as much for Tim."

"How does John know how much to feed the calves?" asked Bob.

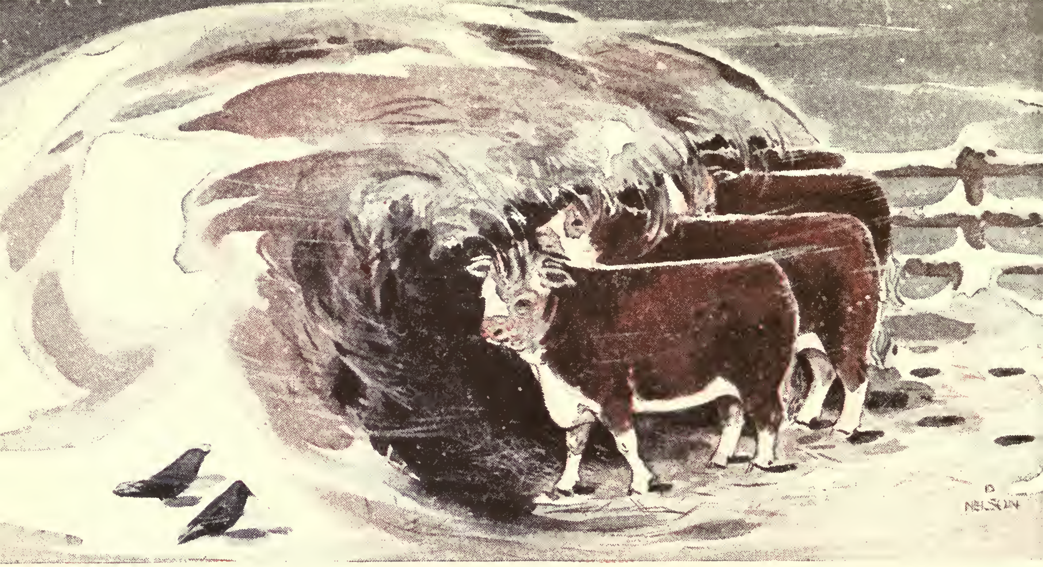
"He watches to see what each calf eats," Fred explained. "Tim did not eat all the silage we threw on the ground for him yesterday. We think that he is not used to it yet.

"We bought a bag of special feed at the store. We will give the calves only a little of the special feed until they are used to it."

John was filling the water tank. He said to Bob, "Our calves must not go without water even for half a day. One cold morning there was ice in the tank. Fred cracked the ice so that the calves could get water."

"Your calves make a lot of work," said Bob.

"They surely do," said John. "But they are the best calves you ever saw."



Every day Mr. Hand's calves ate some straw. When winter came there was a hole in the straw stack. The calves crowded into this hole and got away from the cold. Their soft, smooth hair grew long and kept them from getting too cold.

Sometimes Mr. Hand and the boys got very cold when they took care of the calves. But they kept at their work, because cattle must have good care every day.

One day Mr. Hand said, "Tom and Tim look fine. And so do Jack and Jerry. Let's weigh them all and see which calf weighs the most."

"We know how much our calves weigh," said John.

"We weigh them on the scales every month and write their weights in a book," said Fred.

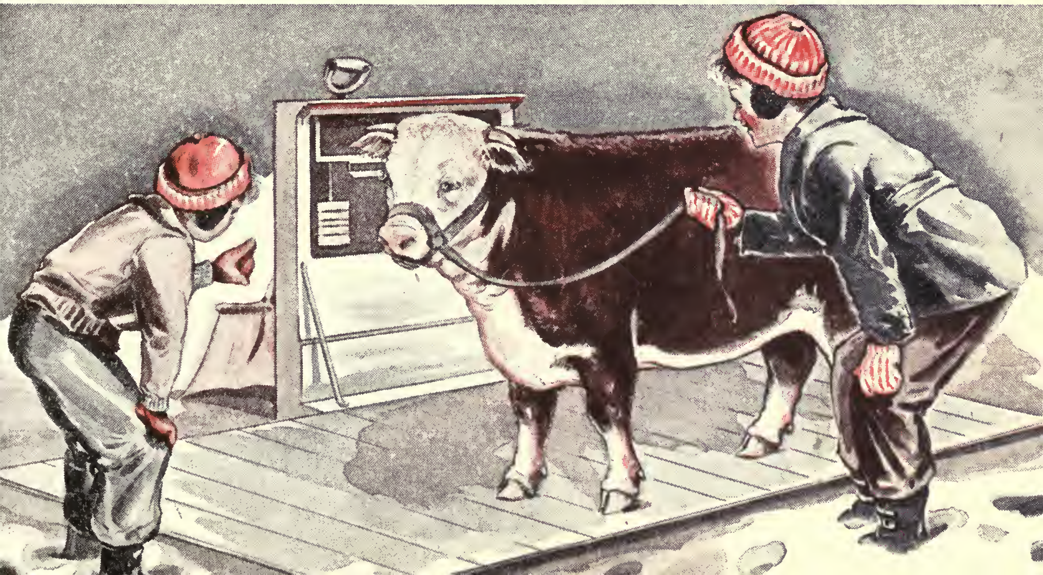
They weighed Jack first and then Jerry. John wrote down how much each calf weighed. Then he looked to see how much they had weighed in the fall.

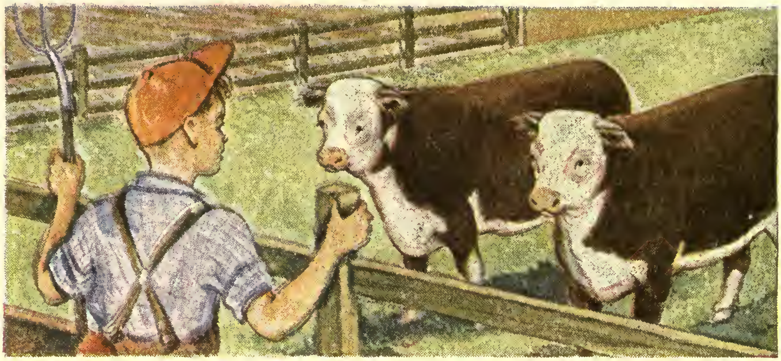
John said, "Jack weighs one hundred ten pounds more than he did when you bought him. And Jerry is almost as heavy. Now let's see how much our calves weigh this month."

The boys took Tom to the scales and then Tim. Tom had put on more weight than either Jack or Jerry. So had Tim.

"Our calves are fatter than yours," said Fred to his father.

"Yes," said Mr. Hand. "Your calves have had extra care. You have cleaned their feed boxes every day. You have been careful to give them plenty of water. And you have measured their feed. You boys have worked hard."





The Cattle Buyer

Spring came, and the cattle were fat. It would soon be time to sell them. Fred would look at Tom and Tim and say, "I wish we knew how much money we will get for our calves."

"They aren't calves any more," John said one day. "They are more than a year old. We can call them yearlings now."

Dan Bridges was a cattle buyer. He bought fattened cattle for a packing house in Grand City. The packing house sold meat to stores. One day Dan Bridges stopped at Mr. Hand's farm.

Dan had been at the Hand farm often, and the boys knew him. He had said that he would buy Tom and Tim when he came to buy the other yearlings. Now all the calves were yearlings and Dan had come to the farm to buy them.

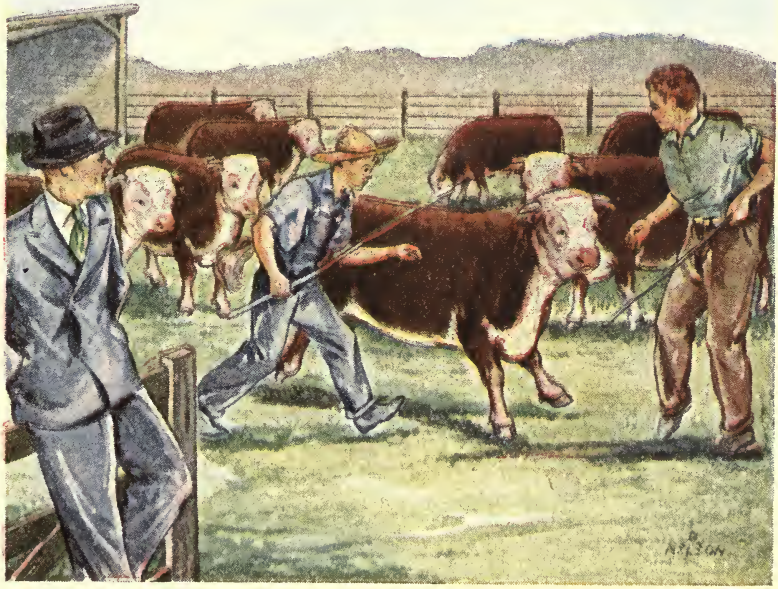
"Hello," called Dan as he got out of his car. "How are your yearlings?"

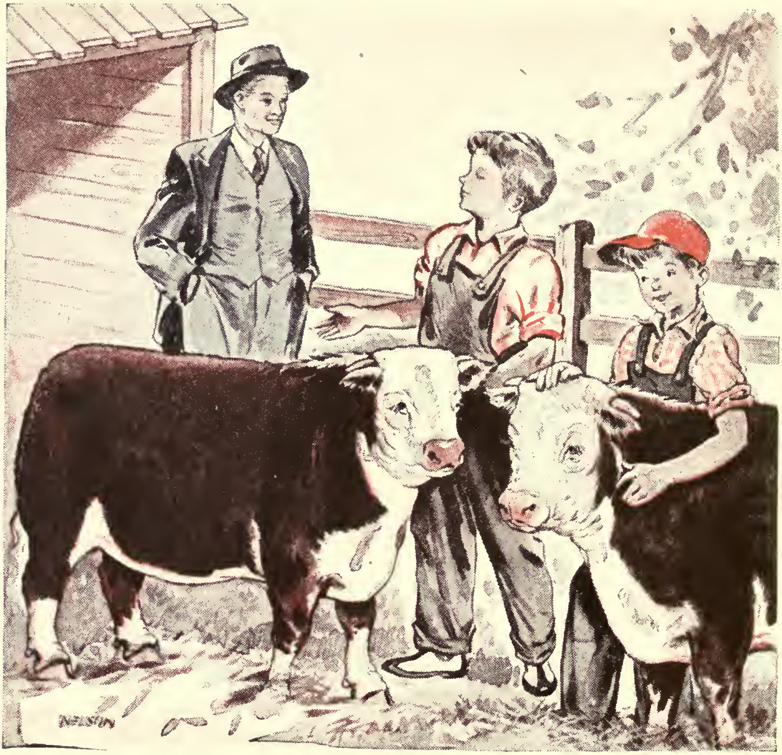
"Fine!" said Mr. Hand. "Come along and see them."

Dan Bridges looked at Mr. Hand's yearlings. He felt their soft hair. He felt their backs and sides. He looked at their bodies.

Then he said, "They are good, fat yearlings. And this is the time to sell them. They will bring a good price this spring."

He told Mr. Hand how much the packing house would pay. Mr. Hand decided to sell them.



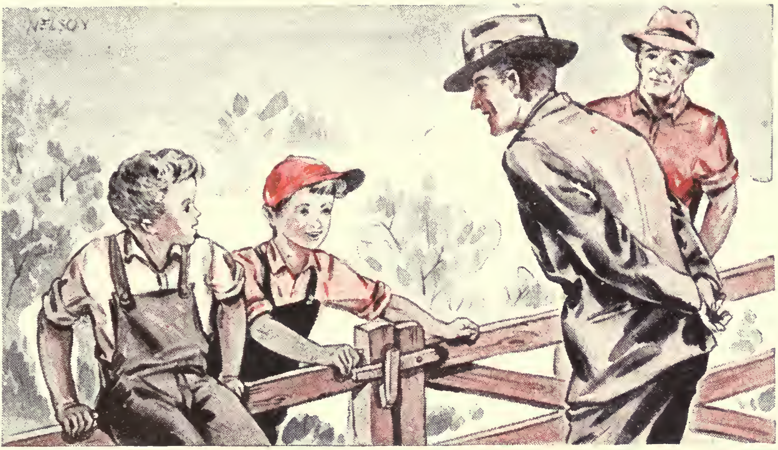


"Now, what about Tom and Tim?" asked Dan. "Are they fat enough to be sold, too?"

John and Fred looked at each other.

"We will show them to you," said John. They took Dan Bridges to their little lot.

As soon as Dan saw the two yearlings, he said, "They are the best yearlings I have seen for a long time. The packing house will pay you a good price for them."

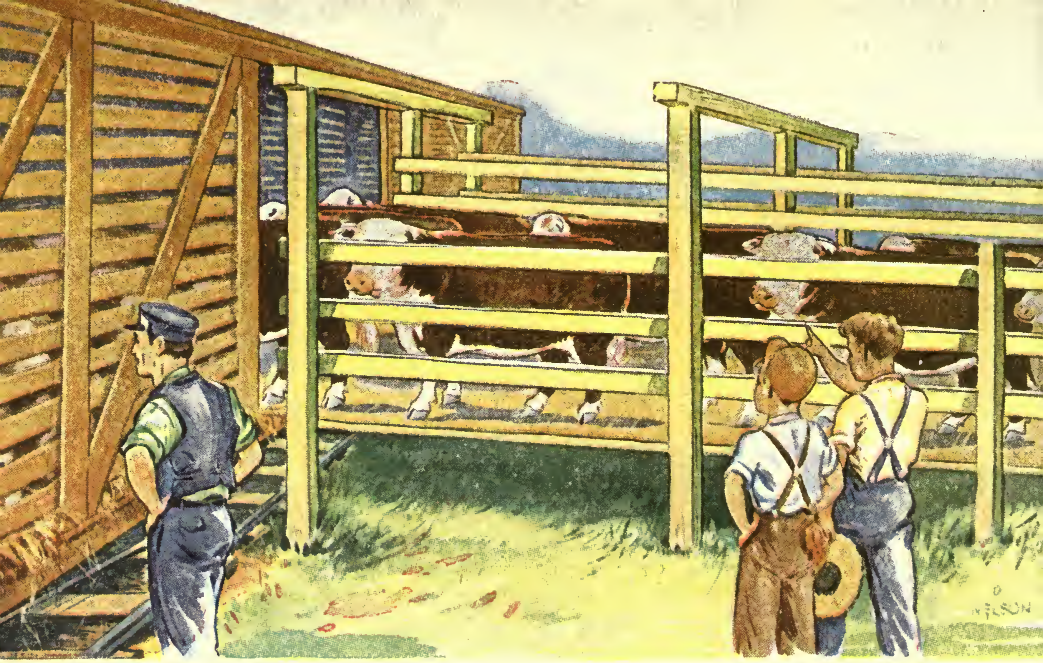


"We need the money," said John. "We haven't paid Dad yet for Tim and Tom. And we haven't paid him for the corn and hay and silage that we have fed to our calves, either."

"Perhaps your father will wait until fall for his money," said Dan. "The cattle will be heavier and you can get more money then."

"You boys need not pay your debt for the feed now," said Mr. Hand. "We have enough feed left for two calves. I think you should keep your yearlings until fall. The farmers are going to have a cattle show. You can put your cattle in the show. What do you think about it, Dan?"

"One of these yearlings might even take first place," said Dan Bridges. "The boys can sell them when the cattle show is over."



A Ride on a Cattle Train

Some farmers took their cattle to the city in trucks. But Mr. Hand had too many yearlings to haul in his truck. So he decided to ship them by railroad.

One day Mr. Hand and the boys drove Mr. Hand's herd to Centerville. They loaded the yearlings into two cattle cars that were on the sidetrack.

Then a freight train stopped at the station. The train was switched to the sidetrack. The two cattle cars were hooked on to the freight train.

"Our cars are part of the train now," said Fred.

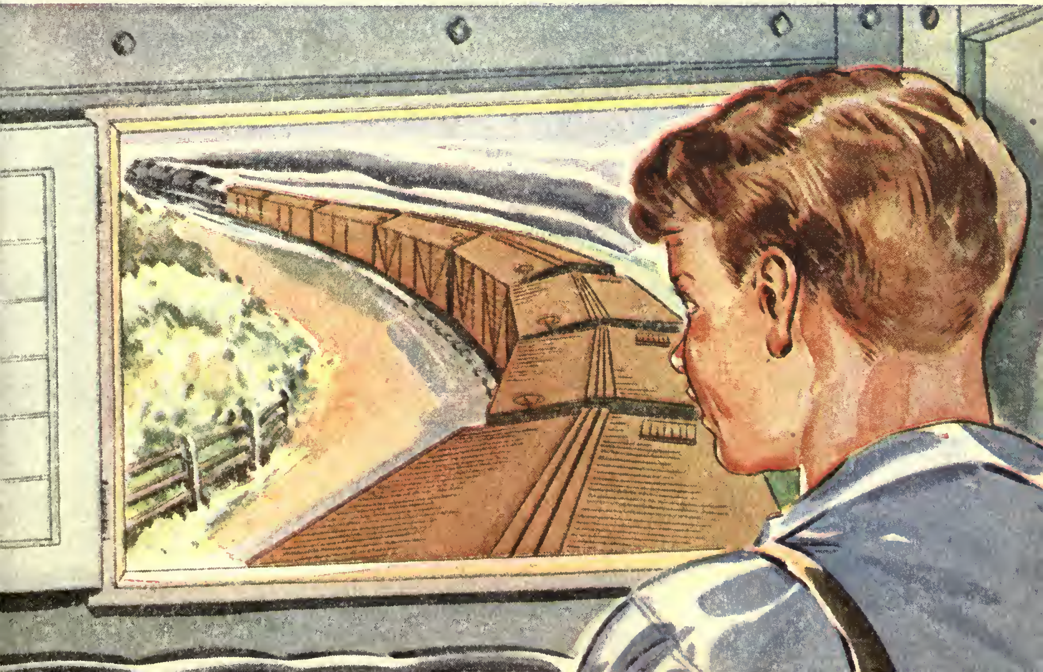
Mr. Hand was going on the train to deliver his yearlings to the packing house. Fred was going to the city with his father. They climbed into the caboose at the end of the train.

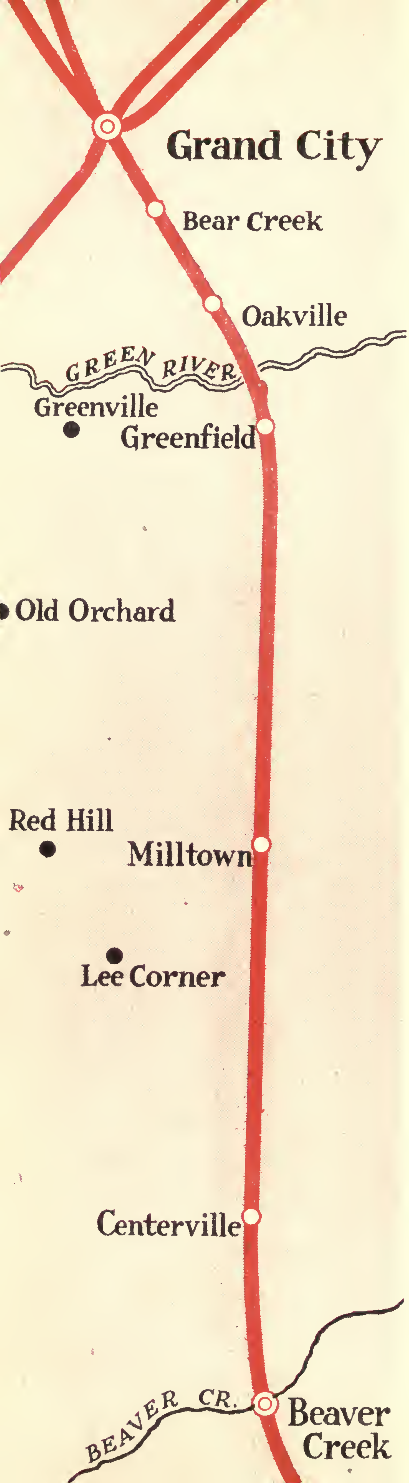
"Good-by," John called to them. "Take good care of those yearlings, Fred."

"Take good care of Tom and Tim," shouted Fred.

The engine whistled and the cars were switched off the sidetrack. The train pulled out of Centerville.

The conductor let Fred look out one of the little windows in the caboose. It was fun to be looking down on the tops of freight cars. Far down the track Fred could see the engine that was pulling the train.




Grand City
Bear Creek
Oakville
GREEN RIVER
Greenville
Greenfield
Old Orchard
Red Hill
Milltown
Lee Corner
Centerville
BEAVER CR.
Beaver Creek

One time Fred had gone to Grand City over the new highway. He had seen Lee Corner and Red Hill and Old Orchard.

But the railroad went to Grand City by a different route. So Fred had not seen the towns along the railroad. His father told him the name of each town as they came to it.

This map shows the route of the railroad.

Two more cars were switched on the train at Milltown. Find Milltown on the map.

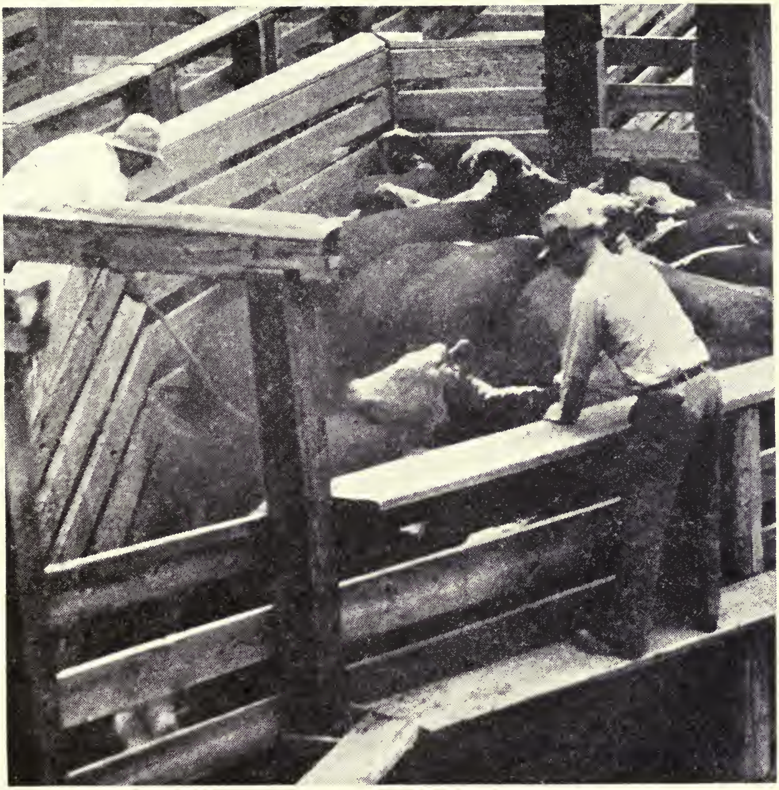
The train stopped at every town. What was the next stop after Milltown?

What river did the railroad cross?

What town did Fred see soon after the train crossed the river?

Which town was nearest Grand City?

Riding to the city in a caboose was more interesting than anything Fred had ever done.



At last the train reached the packing house in Grand City. Mr. Hand and Fred got off the caboose at the packing house.

The cattle cars were switched to a sidetrack. There were cattle pens beside the track.

Workmen opened the doors of the cattle cars and unloaded the cattle. One by one the yearlings from the Hand farm went into the cattle pens.

At the Packing House

The packing house was a busy place. On the railroad tracks there were other cars loaded with animals. Trucks also were hauling animals to the packing house.

Men were unloading the trucks and the cars. Fred heard the sounds of cattle, sheep, and hogs.

"Look, Dad!" said Fred. "See that man who is looking carefully at each animal. Why does he do that?"

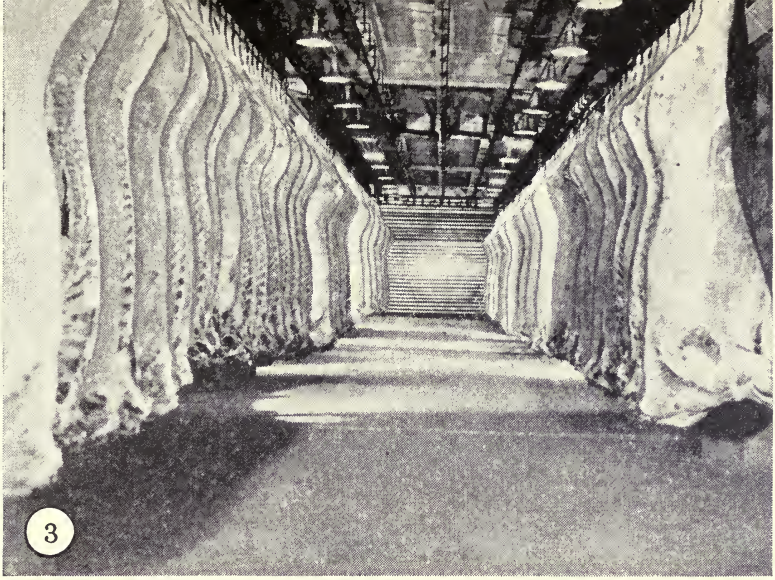
"He is a veterinary," Mr. Hand answered. "He inspects every animal to be sure that it is not sick. Meat from sick animals is not good for people. Packing houses must sell only good meat. So all the animals are inspected."

Then Fred and his father went inside the packing house and saw people doing many different kinds of work. Each worker had a place to work and just one kind of work to do.

Many kinds of work must be done inside the packing house before the meat is ready to be sold. The pictures show some of the work that Fred saw people doing.

Picture 1 shows one of the things Fred saw the men do. Each animal is cut into two big pieces.

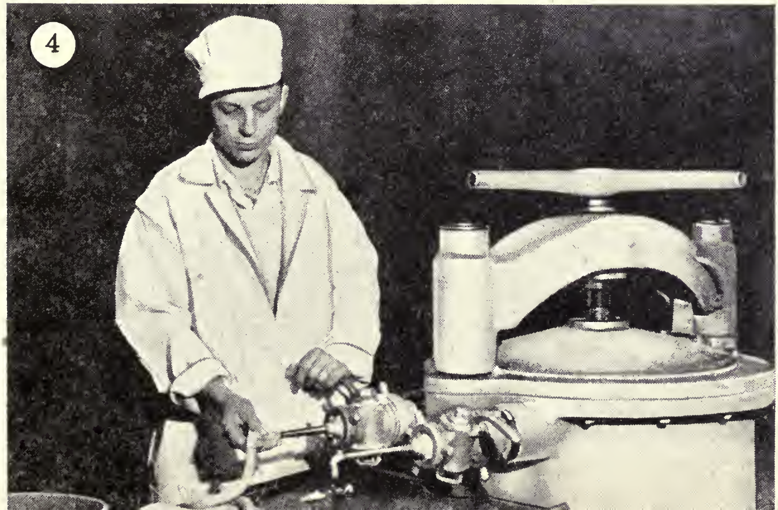
Picture 2 shows the man who inspects meat after it is cut. He must be sure that the meat is good.

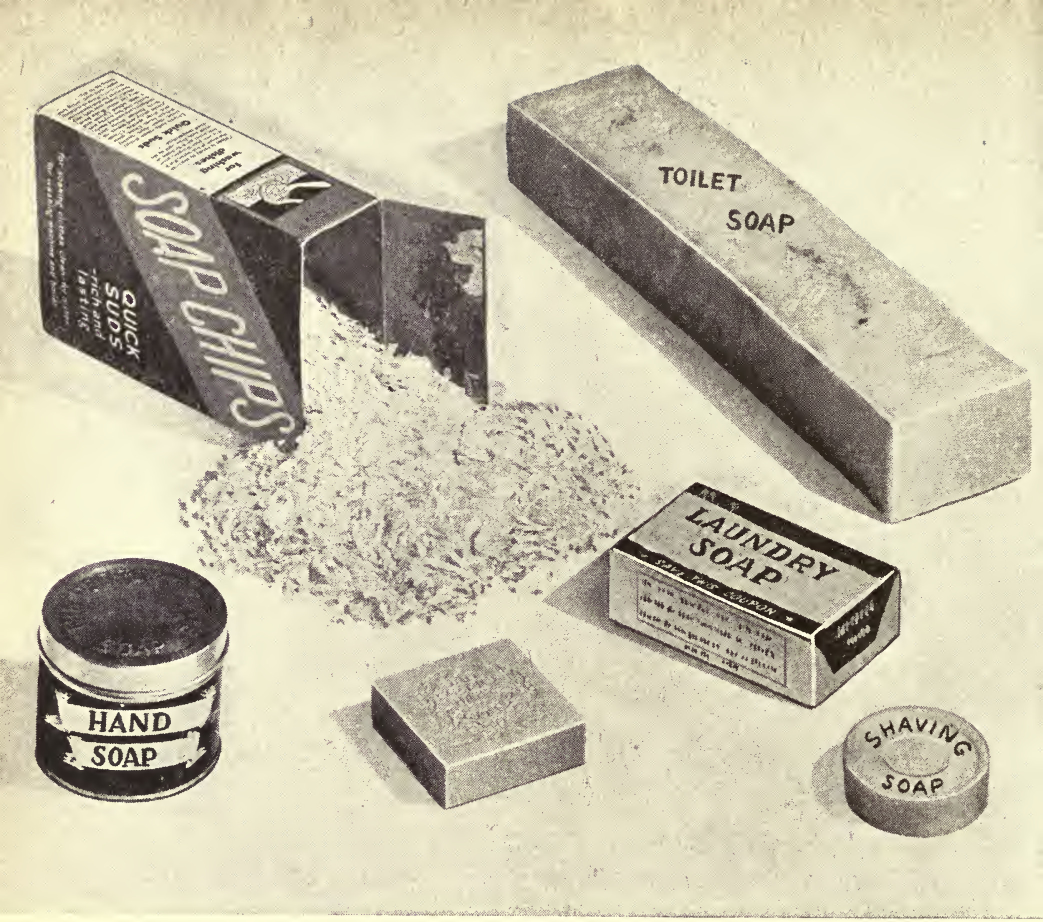


After the meat is cut and inspected, it is stored in a very cold room. Picture 3 shows the cold room.

Look in the picture for the pipes that keep the room cold.

There is ground-up meat in the machine in Picture 4. It is meat from hogs. What is the man in the picture making with this machine?




SOAP CHIPS
QUICK SUDS
rich and lasting
TOILET SOAP
LAUNDRY SOAP
HAND SOAP
SHAVING SOAP

Fred was interested in a very large tank in one room. In the tank something was steaming.

"Guess what it is!" said his father.

"It smells like wash day," said Fred. Then his father said there was soap in the tank.

Some of the fat in animals is not good for food. But it makes good soap. The kinds of soap in the picture are made from animal fat.

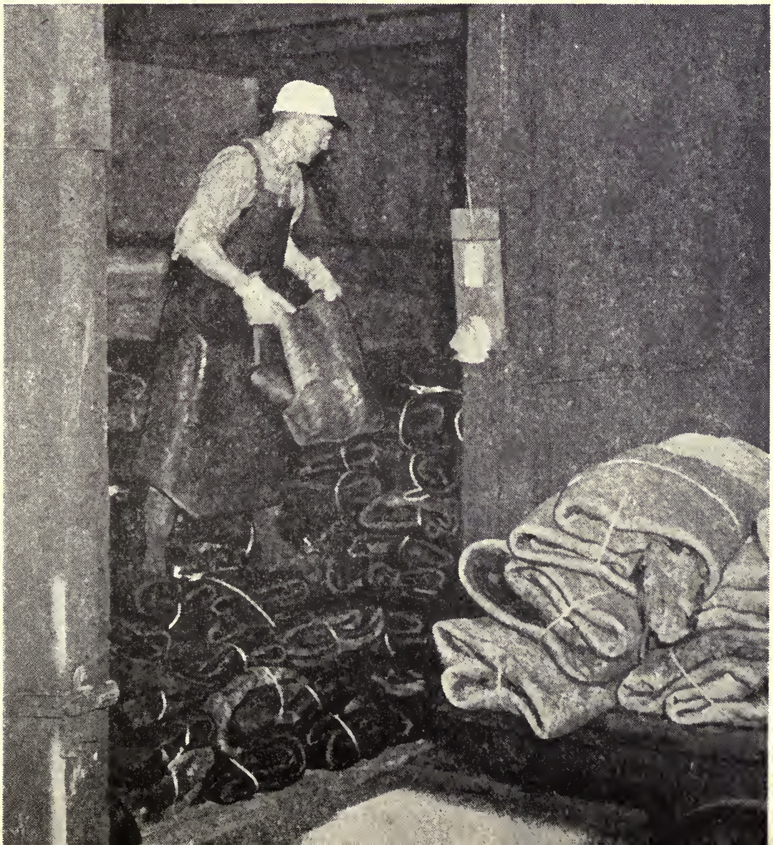
In another place Fred saw men putting hides into a freight car.

"Where do the hides go?" he asked.

"They go to factories where they are made into leather," answered one of the workmen. "We pack meat here, and we make soap, but we do not make leather. We sell the hides."

"My shoes are made of leather," said Fred. "Was the leather made from hides like these?"

"I don't know," said the workman. "There are several different kinds of leather."



Last of all Fred saw men loading freight cars that carried meat to other cities and towns. The cars were kept very cold with ice.

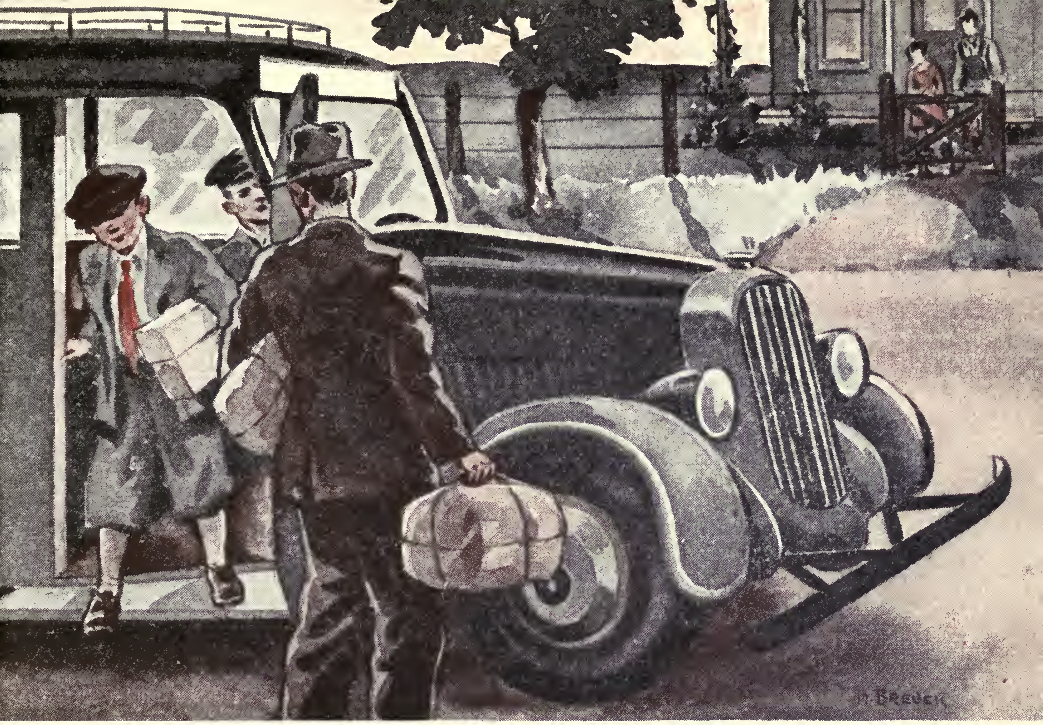
"I have seen these cars on the railroad," Fred said. "And I have wondered what they were like inside."

"Now you can find out," said his father.

Fred looked in the car and saw where the ice was stored. He saw meat loaded into a car. As soon as the iced car was loaded, the doors were fastened. A switch engine pulled the car away.

"Perhaps we will buy some of that meat at the Adams General Store," said Fred.

"Perhaps we will," said his father. "And perhaps we will buy some ice cream before we start home."



How the Money Was Spent

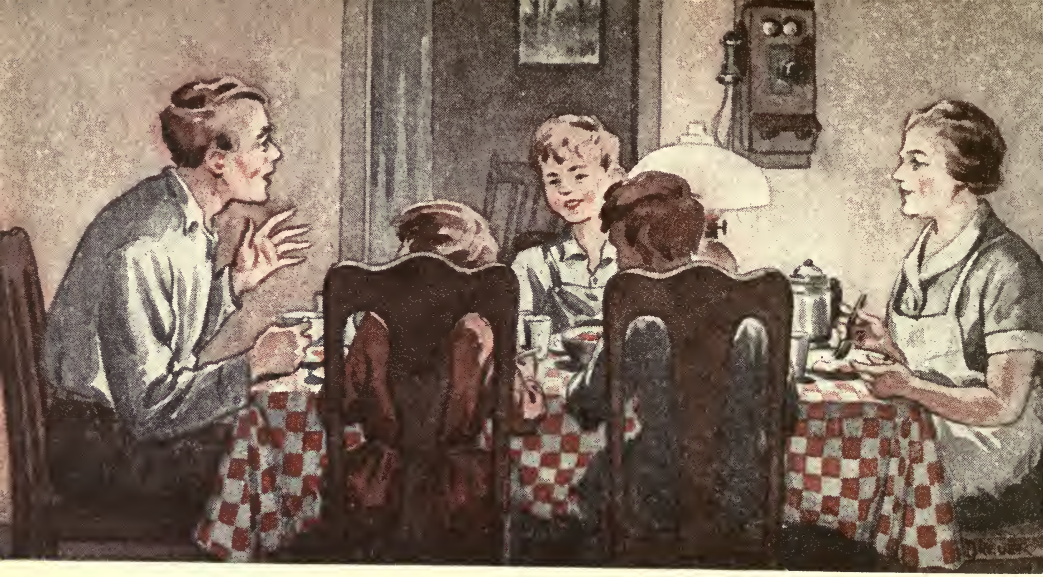
Fred and his father rode home in a bus. It stopped at the farm to let them off.

John and Jane were waiting at the gate. John wanted to know if his father had made money on the cattle.

Mr. Hand said, "The yearlings sold for a good price. I made money this year."

"Oh, Daddy!" cried Jane. "Now may we have electric lights in our house?"

"Yes," said her father. "Tomorrow I will see about having electricity put in."



That night at supper Mr. Hand said, "I think we can have the house painted right away. Have you decided on a color?"

Mrs. Hand said, "I want the house white."

"Why not buy a washing machine and a new stove?" asked Jane. "The electric lights and the painting won't take all the money, will they?"

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Hand. "Don't forget that we must have money for living expenses. We have to buy shoes and clothing and groceries and meat. When we have electricity in the house and the barn, there will be bills for that, too."

Then Mr. Hand said, "And I must buy corn to plant next year. We can't have a washing machine this year."

"And we want to buy more calves," said John.

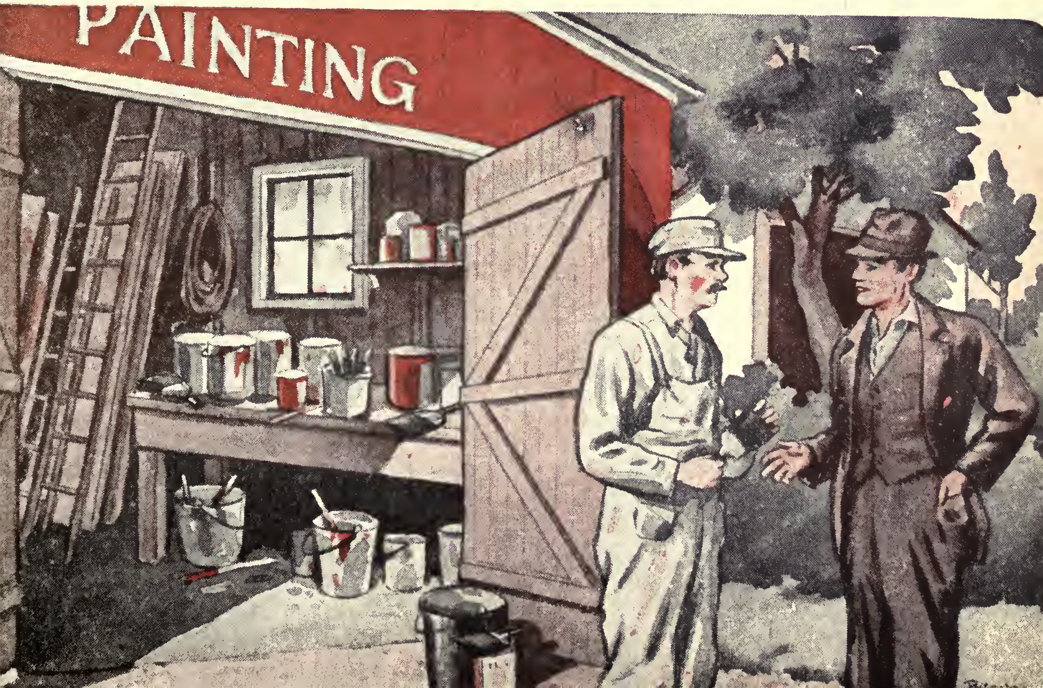
Next day Mr. Hand drove to Centerville to see about the painting. The painter told Mr. Hand that he could not do the work just then. He was too busy.

"I have to paint Mrs. Jones's house," said the painter. "And I have to paper two rooms for Mrs. Adams next week."

Mr. Hand said, "It will be all right if you come the week after that."

Then Mr. Hand went to see the electrician. The electrician told Mr. Hand that he would come the next week.

"Many people are putting in electricity," said the electrician. "Mr. Banks is having electricity put in. So is Mr. Bell."



Earning a Living in Centerville

Here are some of the different ways people in the Centerville community earned a living.

Mr. Hand raised strawberries and sold them to the cannery. He raised dairy cows and sold the milk. Mrs. Hand made butter and sold it to the Adams General Store. Mr. Hand also fattened beef cattle and sold them to the packing house.

Mr. Banks's son raised corn. He fed his corn to hogs and then sold them to the packing house.

Mr. Banks was traffic policeman for Centerville.

Some farmers raised vegetables and sold them to Mr. Adams. Some farmers raised grain and sold it. Others fed cattle and hogs to sell to packing houses.

Mr. Bell raised wheat and sold it to the flour mill. He also sold eggs to the Adams General Store.

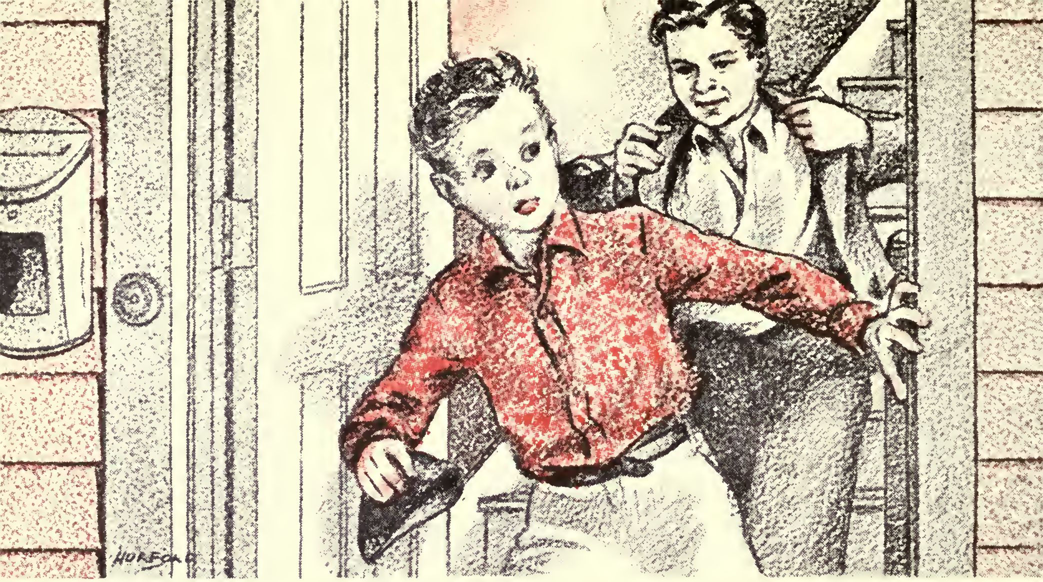
Mr. Adams sold things in his store to the people of the Centerville community.

Mrs. Owen worked for the telephone company.

The painter, the electricians, the blacksmith, and the carpenters did work for people in the Centerville community.

And there were people who had other ways of earning a living.

The Community School



A Fire in Centerville

"Oh, Bob!" called Mr. Adams. "Get out of bed!"

Bob looked around. It was dark outside, but he could hear people running and calling.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted some boys across the street.

"Fire! Fire!" he heard some other boys shout.

Bob jumped out of bed and put on some clothes. His father was dressing in the next room.

"Are you up?" called Mr. Adams.

"I'll be dressed first," said Bob. "I'm not going to wash this time."

Bob had never dressed so fast. He ran downstairs and got his cap. He opened the front door and hurried out with his father.

Over the trees they saw a red light. Then they saw smoke and flames.

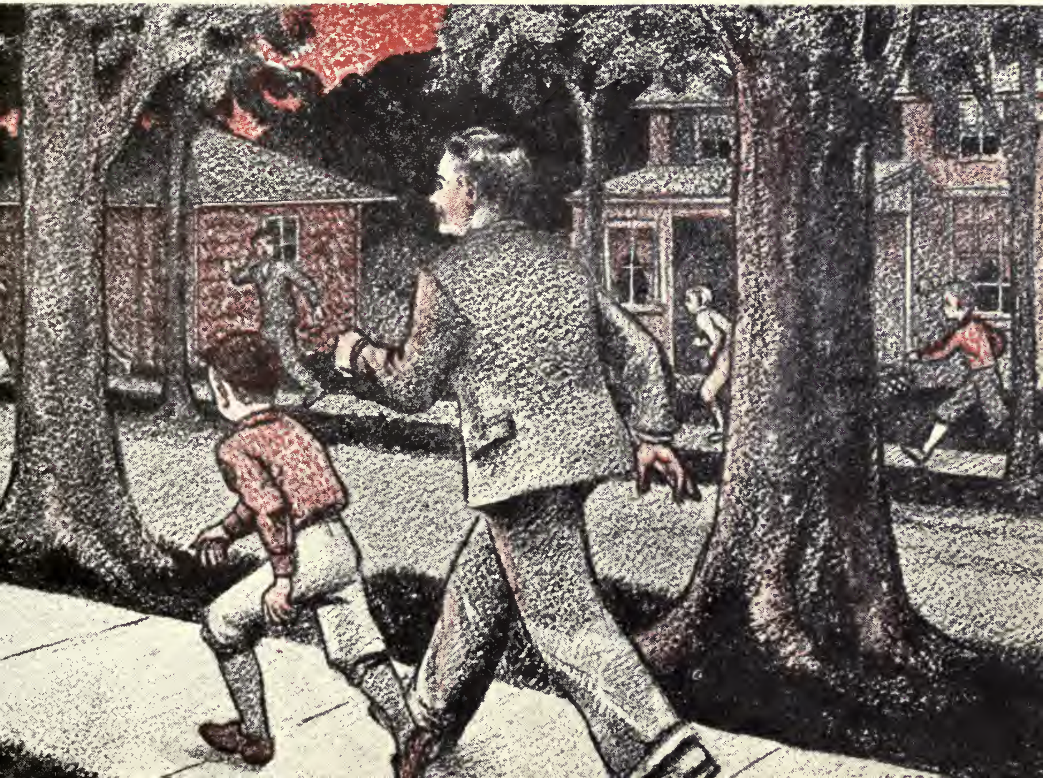
"What is burning?" asked Bob.

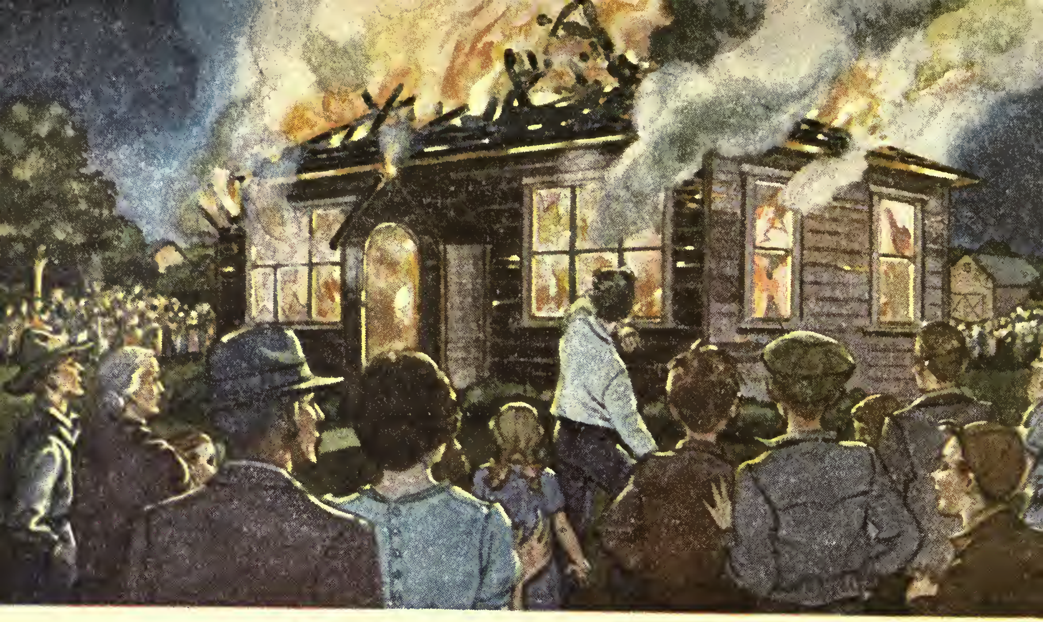
"I don't know," said Mr. Adams. "Let's run and find out."

They ran to the corner and down the next street. Other people were running, too. Mr. Adams kept asking people what building was on fire, but no one answered him.

They ran on and on. They could see more flames. They stopped and looked.

"It's the school!" Bob shouted. "The school is burning."





When Bob and his father reached the school, the whole building was in flames.

"No one can save it now," said Mr. Adams.

"All the men in the Fire Department are here," said a man who was standing near by. "They have done all they can. No one could save the school."

More people came to watch the fire. Bob thought that almost everyone in Centerville was there.

"There goes the roof!" someone shouted.

Bob heard a cracking sound. The roof was falling in. Flames jumped higher. Sparks came down on the people. Men who lived near the school hurried home. They wanted to put out the sparks that were falling on the roofs of their homes.

Bob heard someone crying. He turned around and saw that it was Sally Goodman.

"Why are you crying?" asked Bob. "Last week I heard you say that you wished the old school would burn down."

"I don't wish it, now that the school is burning," said Sally.

The fire burned for hours. At last Mr. Adams said that it was time to go home.

"You can come back in the morning," he said.

In the morning Bob could hardly wait for breakfast to be over. Emily was excited, too. They wanted to see what was left of the school.

Mr. Adams said, "We will have to build a new school."

"Will it be finished by the end of summer?" asked Emily.

"No," answered Bob. "It takes months and months to build a school."

"Won't we have school next fall?" asked Emily.

Mr. Adams laughed and said, "Of course you will have school."

Emily asked, "Where will we have school?"

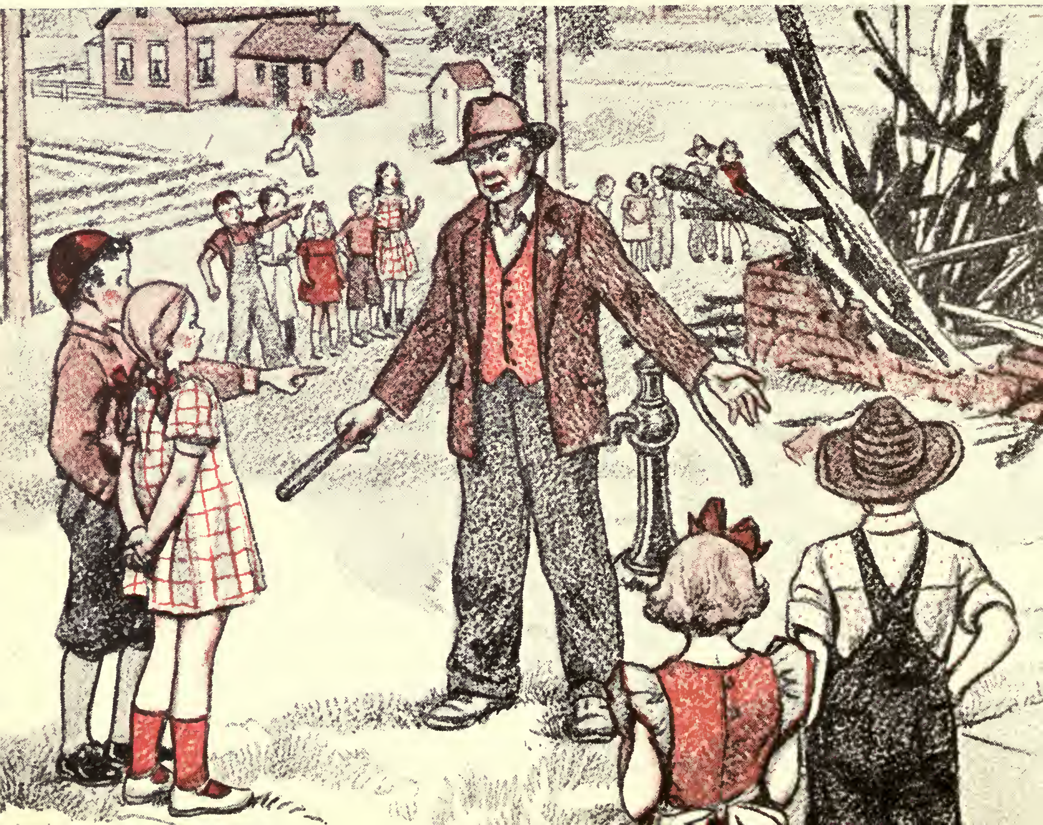
"Mrs. Snow and Mr. Hart and I will find a place," answered her father. "We are members of the Centerville school board and we must see that a school is ready in the fall."

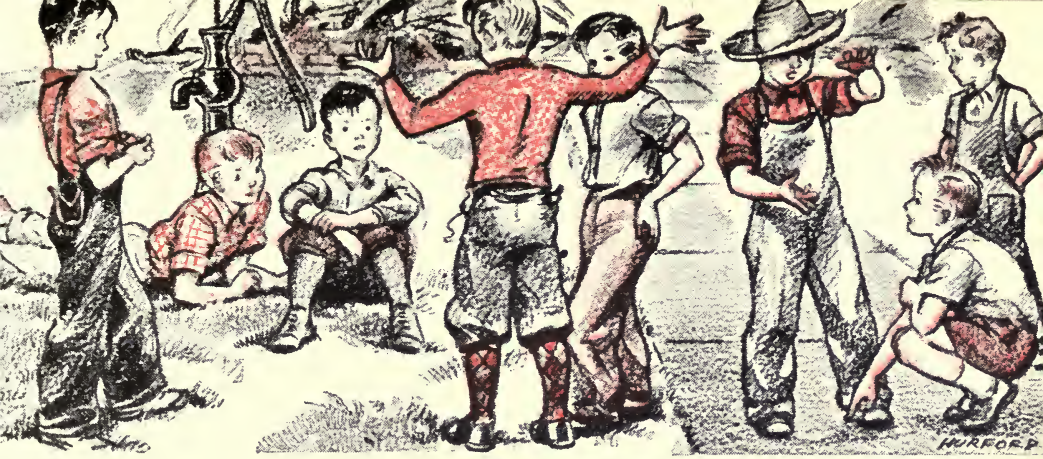
Bob and Emily finished breakfast and ran out of the house. At the school grounds they saw a crowd of boys and girls. Nothing was left of the building except a few bricks and some old lumber. Nothing had been saved.

Mr. Banks was there. When Bob and Emily came close, he stopped them.

"Look out for sparks!" said Mr. Banks. "It isn't safe to get too near."

Everyone who passed stopped and talked about the fire. All the farmers who came to Centerville that day stopped to look at the burned school.





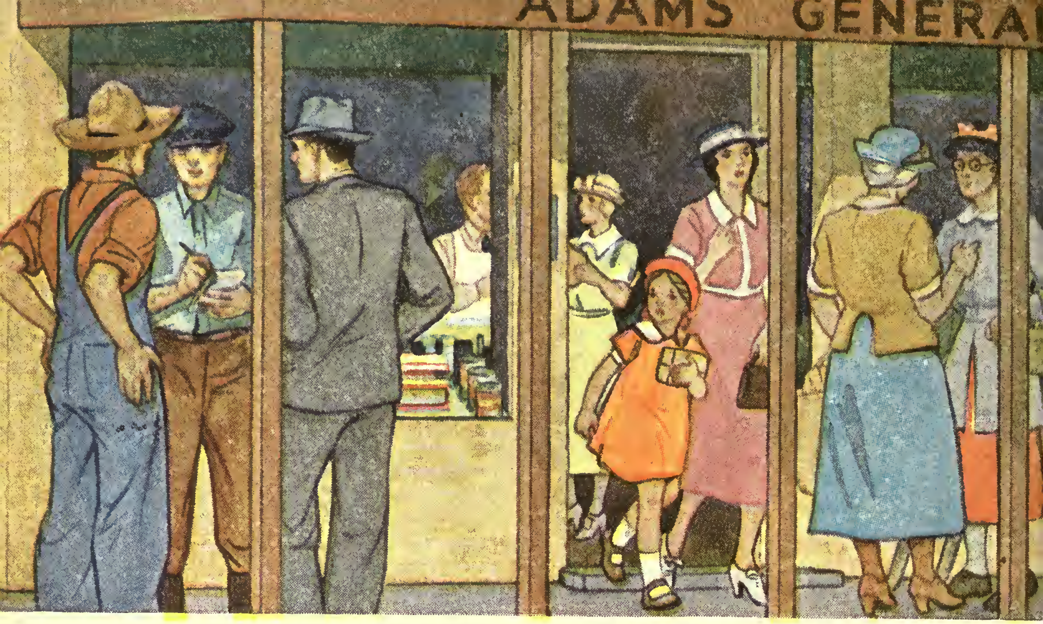
Most of the boys stayed and talked about the fire. They were excited. Bob told them that his father woke him up and he saw the flames. One of the boys hadn't seen the fire. He had been in bed all the time the school was burning.

Many people went to the Adams store that day. Mr. Bell went early in the morning to talk with Mr. Adams.

"When is the Centerville school board going to build a new school?" he asked Mr. Adams.

"Just as soon as we can," answered Mr. Adams. "I think it would be a good idea to build a big school now."

"That is what I want to talk about," said Mr. Bell. "I am a member of the school board out in our rural neighborhood. Our school building is very old. It needs painting. We must repair the roof and buy a new stove. It will cost a lot of money to make all the repairs the building needs."



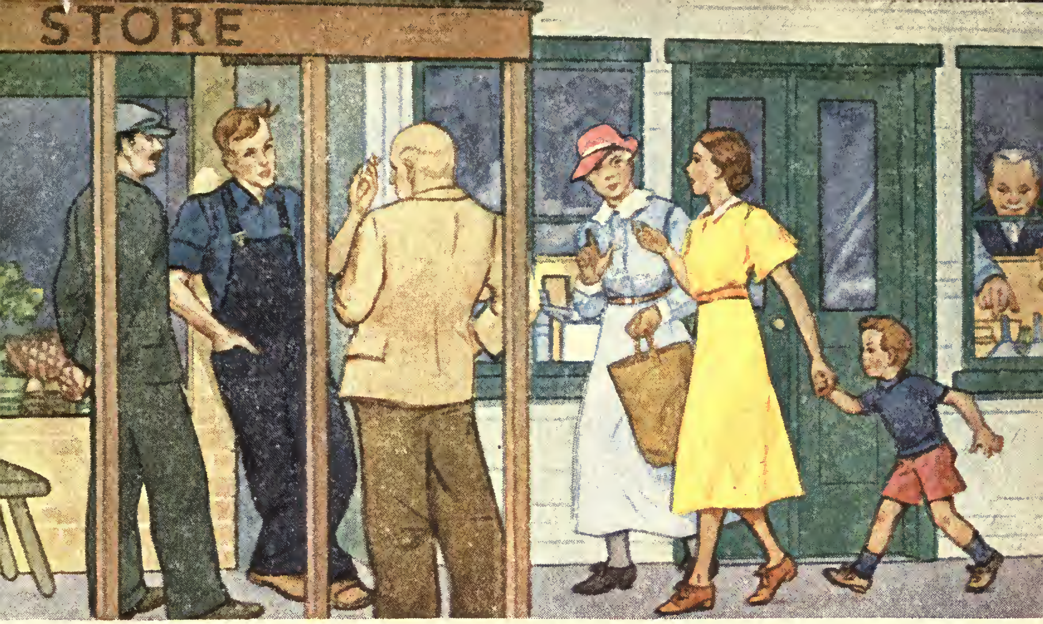
People kept coming and going. Soon Mr. Hand came to the store to talk.

"I have an idea," he said to Mr. Adams. "If you build a big school in town, we can close the rural school in our neighborhood. Then our children can go to school in town by bus."

"We were just talking about that," said Mr. Bell.

Mr. Hand said, "One big school will surely be best for the whole community. We shouldn't have a small town school and many rural schools."

"Yes," said Mr. Adams. "All the schools in the Centerville community ought to get together. We ought to have just one school board and one building for the whole community. This is a good time to do it."

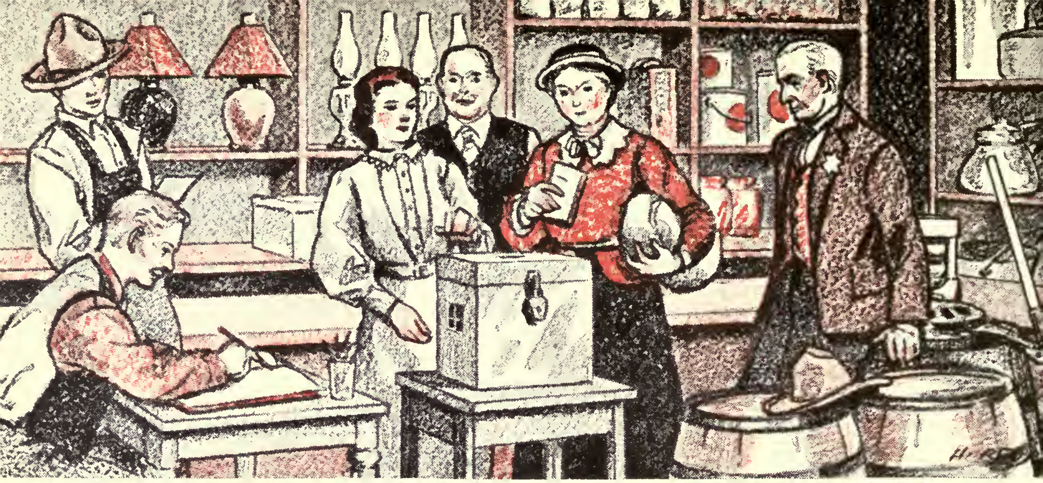


"The people must decide," said Mr. Hand. "We can have just one school board and one building if the people vote for it."

People kept coming and going. All of them talked about the fire and about a new school. In a few days most of the people had decided how they would vote.

Some people did not think it was a good idea to have just one school. They said that one big school would cost too much.

One woman said that she did not want her children to ride to school on a bus. She thought there might be accidents. One father said, "It is dangerous for children to wait on the highway for a school bus."



Plans for a New School

When the time came to vote, more than half the people voted to have one school board and one big school.

The people selected three men and two women to be members of the new school board. Some of them lived in Centerville, and some of them lived on farms.

The new school board had a meeting.

Mrs. Snow said, "Where can the town children go to school until a new school is ready?"

Mr. Bell answered, "Let's see if we can rent the basement of the church. There is plenty of room and enough tables and chairs."

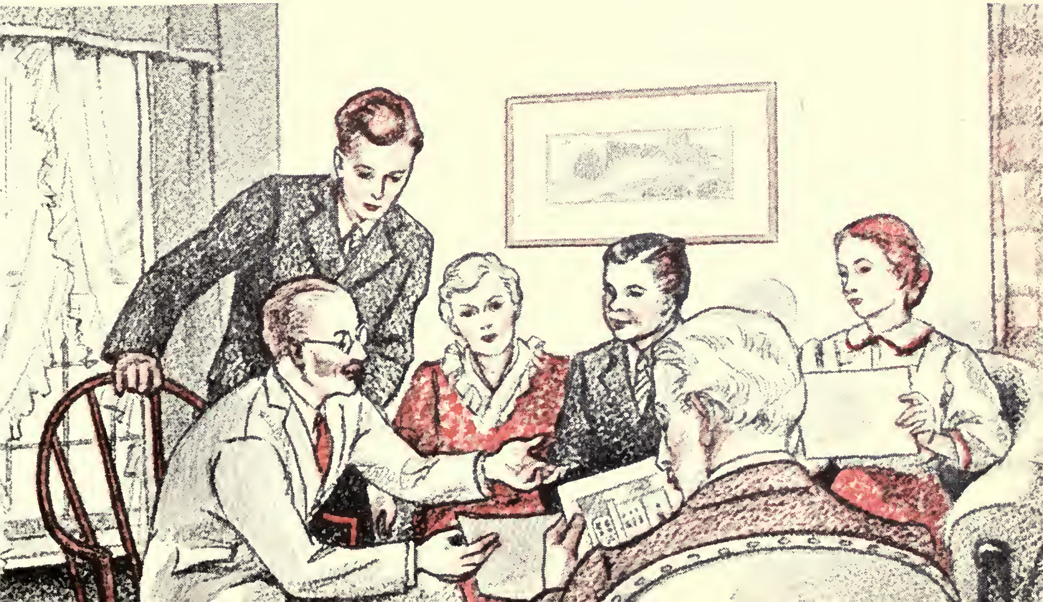
Then Mr. Adams said, "I have already found out about that. We can rent the church basement and have school there in the fall."

Mr. Bell said, "Now we must find out how much a new school will cost. Mr. Potter in Grand City plans buildings. He is a good architect. We can ask him."

A few days later Mr. Potter came to Centerville. He looked at the school grounds. He found out how many children lived in the community. He showed the school board some pictures of schools that had been built in other towns.

The school board asked Mr. Potter how much these schools had cost. Then the board told Mr. Potter how much money could be spent for the new Centerville school. And Mr. Potter found out what kind of building the board wanted.

"I'll draw some plans for you," Mr. Potter said. "I'll come to Centerville and show them to you as soon as they are ready."



Next day the Adams family were talking about the new school.

"It will cost more than any building in Centerville," said Mrs. Adams. "Where will the school board get enough money?"

"We will borrow it at the bank," answered Mr. Adams. "Later we will use some of the tax money to pay the school debt. Every year we will pay back a part of the borrowed money. At the end of ten years the whole debt will be paid."

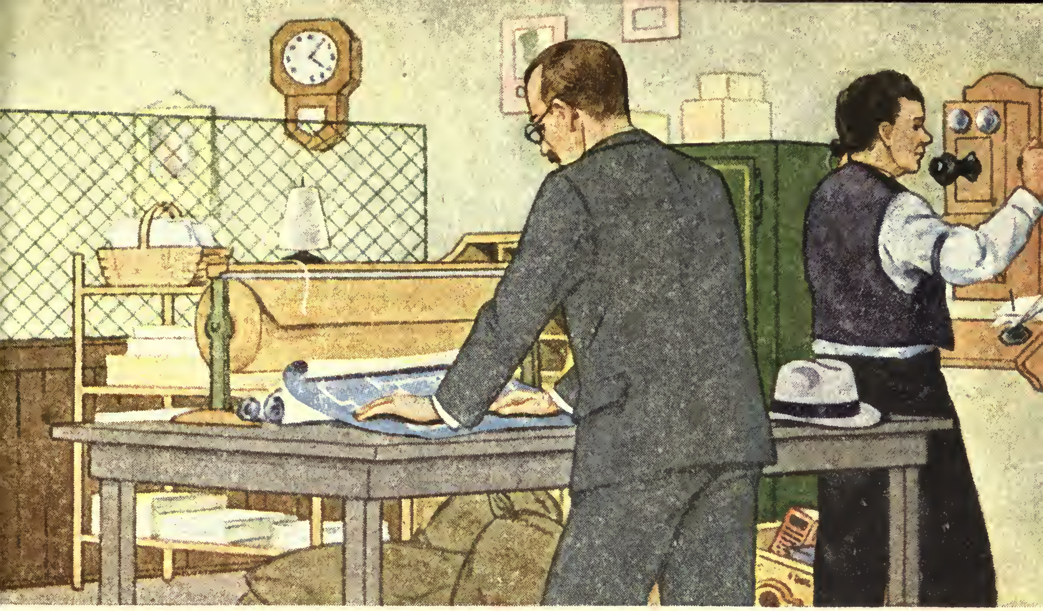
Emily asked, "Why doesn't the school board pay the debt faster?"

Mr. Adams answered, "We have to use some of the tax money for other expenses. We must pay for heating and lighting the school building. We buy books and paper. We pay the teachers and the other people who work at the school."

"I never thought about those expenses," said Emily. Then she asked, "How many teachers are we going to have in the new school?"

"Maybe ten or eleven," answered Mr. Adams. "We will need some new teachers when all the children in the community come to this school. All the Centerville teachers will come back."

"It's too bad the teachers went away this summer as soon as school closed. They all missed the fire," said Bob.



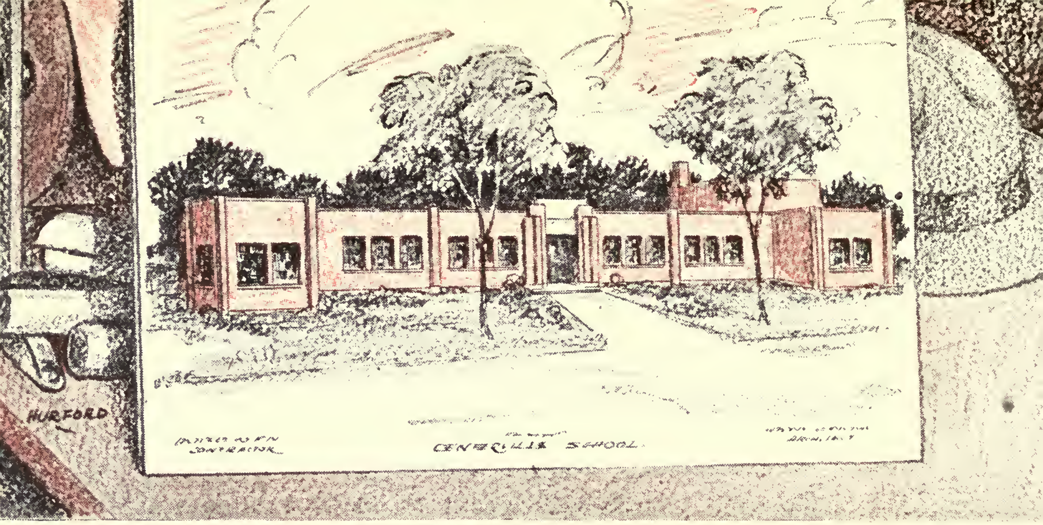
The New School on Paper

When the plans for the new school were drawn, Mr. Potter brought them to Centerville. He stopped at the general store. Mr. Adams wanted the other members of the school board to see them right away. He telephoned to each of them.

"Can you come to the store?" he asked. "Mr. Potter is here with the school plans."

Mr. Hand could not come, but all the others hurried to the store. Mr. Potter had spread out the plans on a table.

Bob Adams and Fred Hand were in the store. They listened to Mr. Potter when he explained the plans.



"Here is a drawing of the building," said Mr. Potter. "It shows how the school will look from the outside. It is all on one floor, you see."

"Some day we may want a high school in Centerville," said Mr. Bell. "Can this building be made larger if we decide to build a bigger school sometime?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Potter. "The school will be built on a good foundation. It will have strong walls."

"What will the inside of the school be like?" asked Mrs. Snow.

"Here is the plan," said Mr. Potter. "It shows where each room will be."

The school board looked at the plan and talked about it for a long time. At last Bob and Fred had to go home.

When Fred came into the house, the Hand family was at the supper table.

"The architect is at the store," Fred said. "Bob and I have been looking at the plans for the new school."

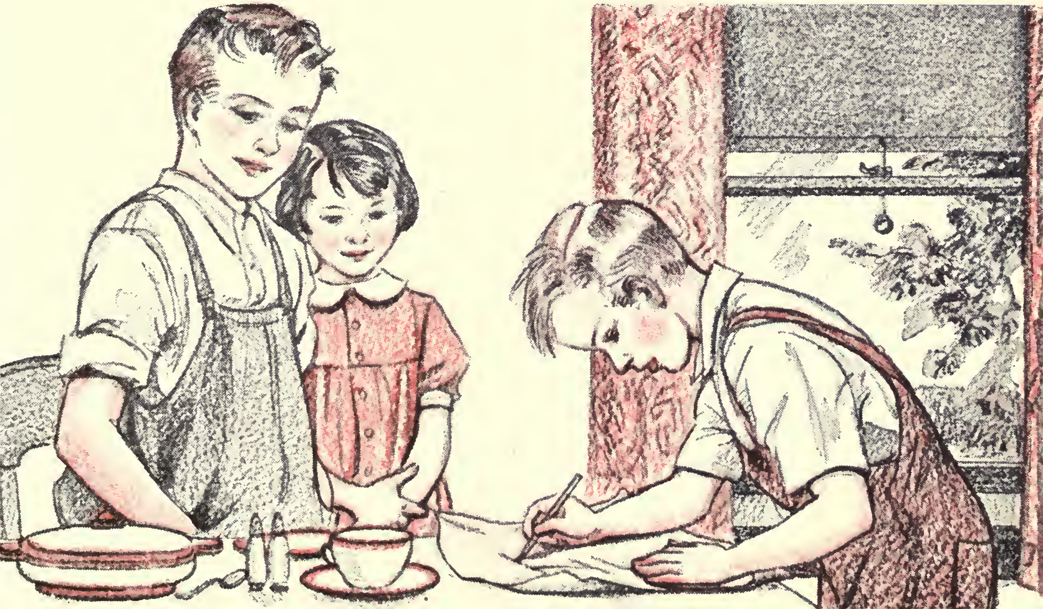
"I wish I could have been there," said Mr. Hand. "But when I got back from Beaver Creek, it was too late. I shall have to wait until tomorrow to see the plans."

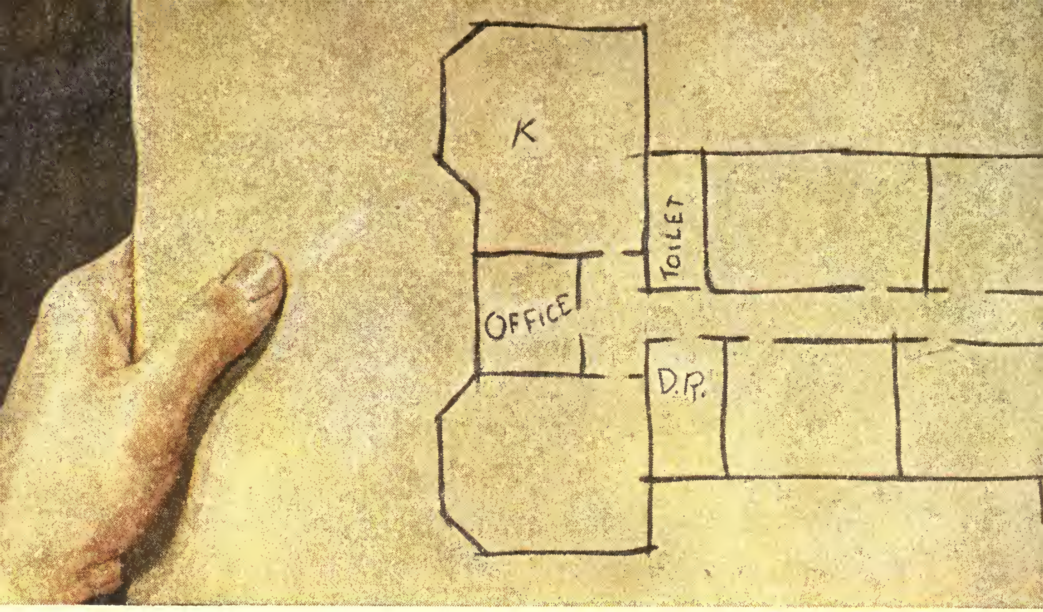
"I can show you what they are like," said Fred. "I can draw a plan of the new school."

John laughed. "You can't draw anything, Mr. Fred Architect," he said.

"Wait until I get a piece of paper," said Fred. "I'll show you that I can draw."

Fred made a plan of the school and showed it to the family.





"This plan is good enough to show us where the rooms will be," said Mr. Hand.

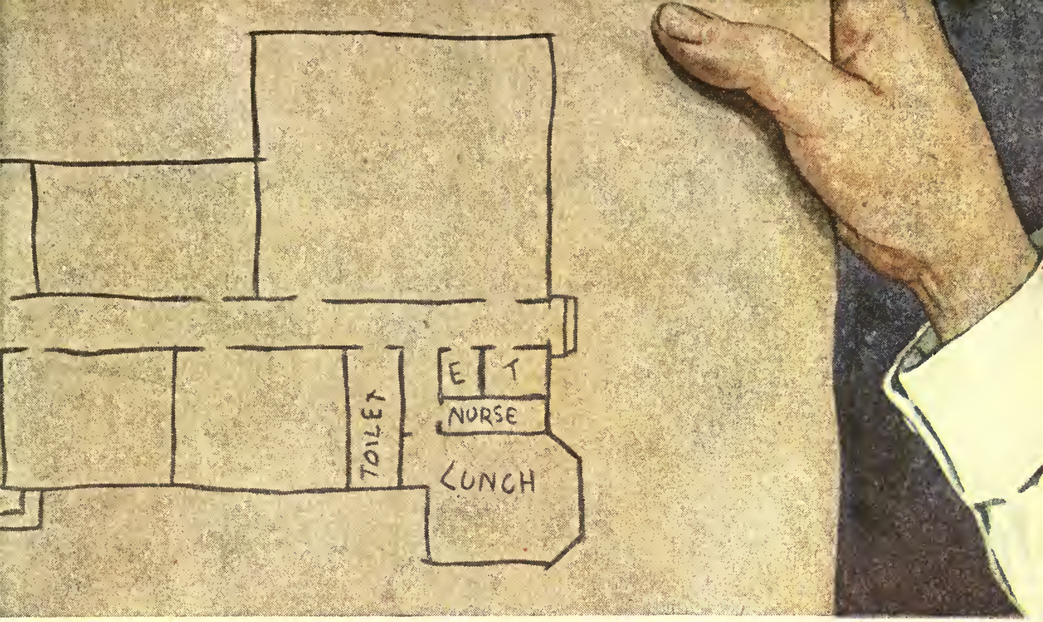
"Explain the plan to us, Fred," said Mrs. Hand. "We are all excited about it."

"I marked some of the rooms with letters," said Fred. "Most of the rooms that I didn't mark are for classes."

"What grade will have that big room at the end?" asked Jane.

"I don't know the name of that room," said Fred. "It is the room where all the grades will have meetings. And grown people can have meetings there at night."

"Tell us about the other rooms," said Mr. Hand.



"The room marked K is the kindergarten," said Fred. "Next to the kindergarten is the office. The library is on the other side of the office. Here is one toilet room, and there is another toilet room."

"Here is a lunchroom," said Jane. "And next to it is a room for the nurse."

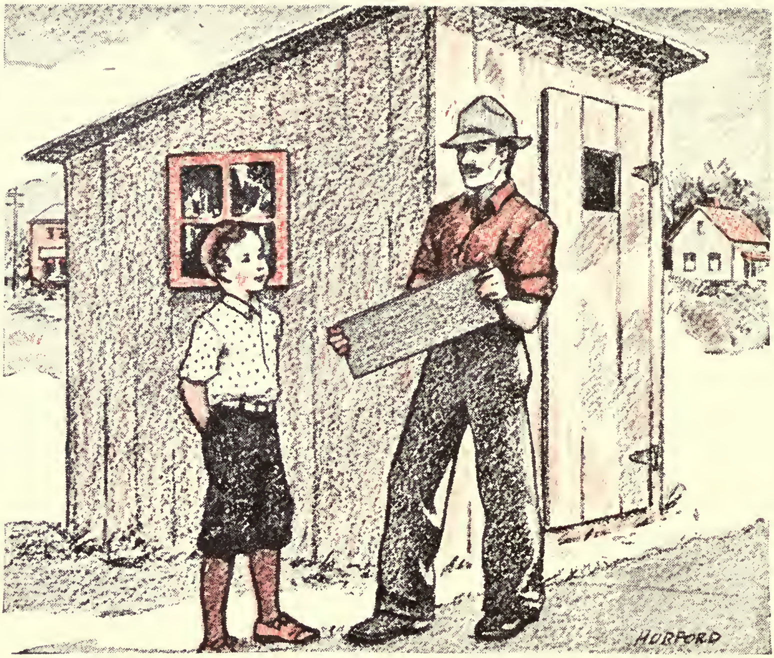
"The room marked T is for the teachers," explained Fred. "And the room marked E is for the school engineer."

"Does D R stand for dining room?" asked John.

"Maybe it's for the doctor," said Jane.

"No," said Fred. "The architect called it a dark room, but I don't know what it is for."

"Perhaps you will find out later," said his father.



Work on the New School Begins

Every day Bob walked past the school grounds. He hoped that he would see some workmen. Day after day passed and nothing happened at the school grounds. Bob wondered when work would start.

Then one day Bob noticed that there was a little building on the school grounds. It was nothing but a shed. It didn't look like the beginning of a new school.

A man was putting a sign on the little shed. Bob read the sign.

S. T. GREEN
CONTRACTOR

The man looked at Bob and said, "Where did you come from?"

"From my father's store," said Bob. "Say, what is a contractor?"

"A contractor is a man who buys materials for a new building. He hires workmen. He sees that each part of the job is done on time."

"Does he have to live here while the school is being built?" asked Bob.

"Mr. Green will live in Centerville but not in this little shed," said the man. "This is his office. There will be some furniture and a telephone inside."

"What do you do?" asked Bob.

"I am the foreman. I manage all the work carefully. I write down how many hours each man works so that Mr. Green will know how much to pay each of the workmen. Mr. Green orders all the materials, but I must see that the materials are delivered."

Next day the contractor came to Centerville. He went to the Adams store.

"I am going to begin work on the foundation for the new school," he said to Mr. Adams. "I want to hire men with teams of horses."

"How many men and teams do you need?" asked Mr. Adams.

"For digging I need three men with teams. And I need two men with teams and wagons to haul away the dirt."

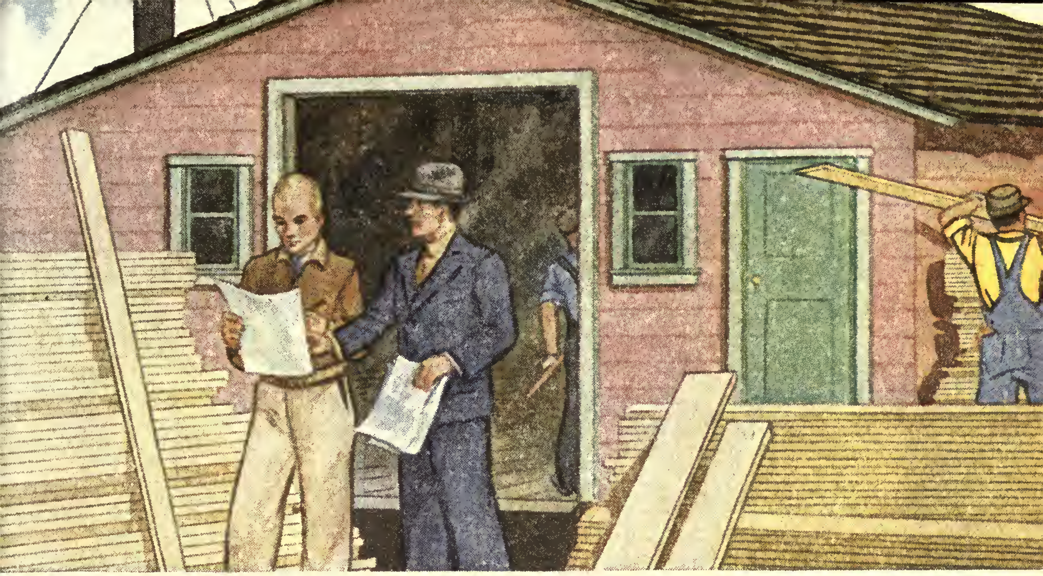
"I will tell the farmers who come into the store," said Mr. Adams. "And I will phone other farmers. I'll tell them to see you at the school grounds tomorrow if they want to be hired."

The next morning John Hand took his father's team to the school grounds. Other big boys and farmers were there. They had brought horses and wagons.

A surveyor had measured the lot. There were markers in the ground to show where the foundation would be. The foreman told the men with horses just what to do.

While the men were working, Mr. Green went to the Centerville lumber yard. He talked with Mr. Hart, who owned the lumber yard.

"I want to order some materials for the new school," said Mr. Green.



He gave Mr. Hart a list of the things he wanted. He needed lumber and cement. He needed sand and gravel. He needed materials for mortar.

"I haven't enough of these materials in the lumber yard just now," said Mr. Hart. "But I will get them for you. My truck will deliver the lumber and cement whenever you want it."

"Will you deliver the other materials to the school grounds, too?" asked Mr. Green.

"There is a Centerville man who has a trucking business. I will get him to haul the sand and gravel in his trucks," said Mr. Hart.

Then he said, "If you need brick to build the school, I can sell them to you."

"All right," said Mr. Green. "I'll buy all the brick I need from you."

Every day children came to watch the work at the school grounds. They watched men unload materials for the school.

Picture 1 shows lumber being unloaded. It was brought to Mr. Hart's lumber yard by train.

Picture 2 shows men unloading brick. The brick had been made in a brickyard at Lee Corner. The Centerville Trucking Company brought them to the school grounds.

In Picture 3 sand is being dumped from a truck. The sand came from a place on Mr. Bell's farm. Some loads of gravel were also brought from his farm.

The architect said that the floor and roof must be built on pieces of steel. Mr. Green bought these pieces of steel in Grand City. Each piece was made the right size to be used in the new school. Workmen put each piece in its right place.

The men in Picture 4 are unloading the steel from a truck.

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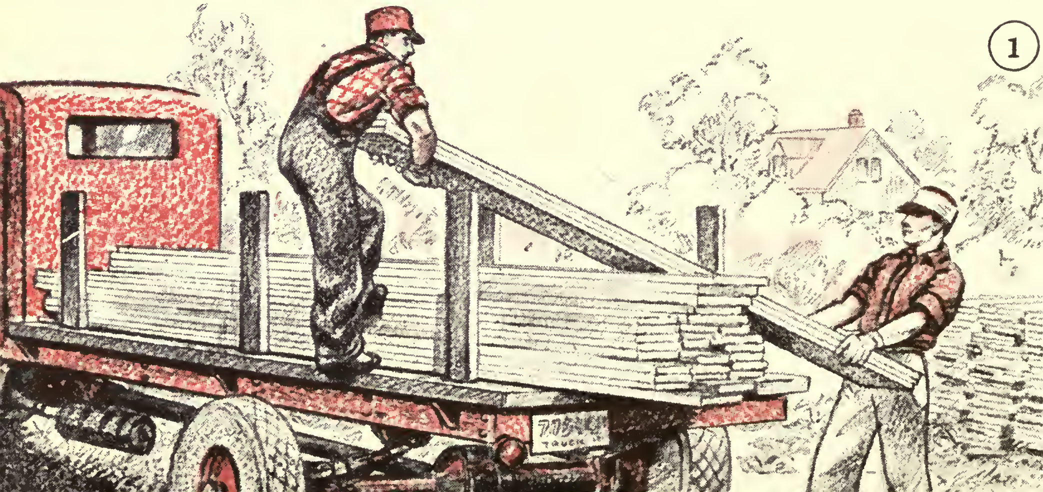

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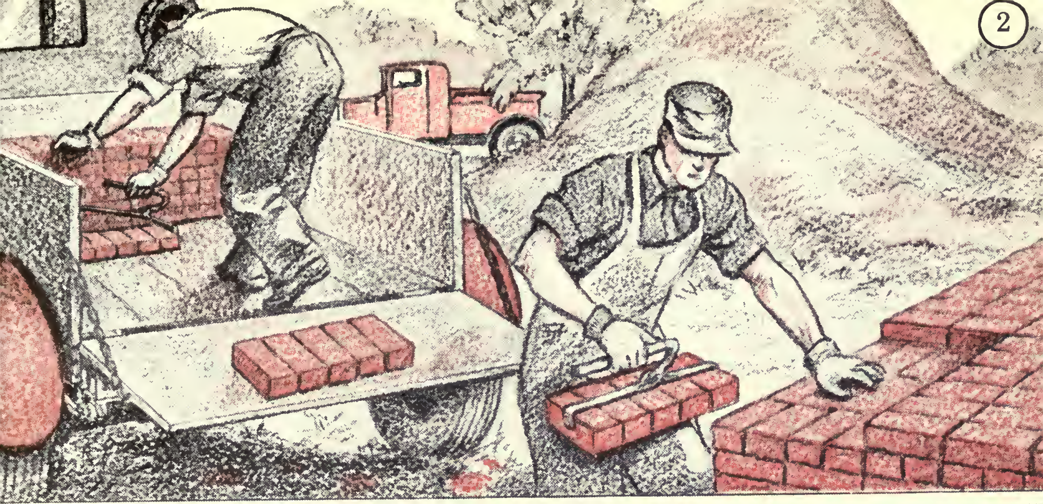

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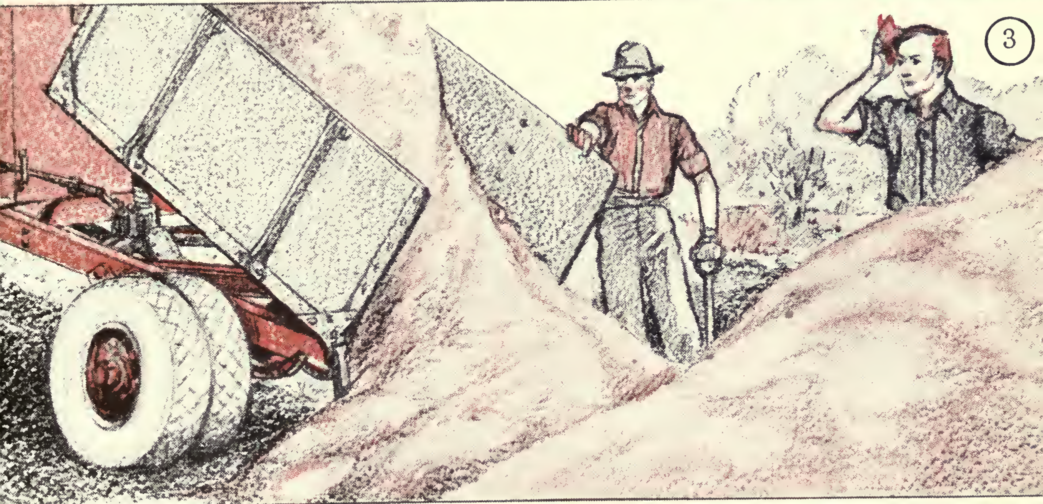

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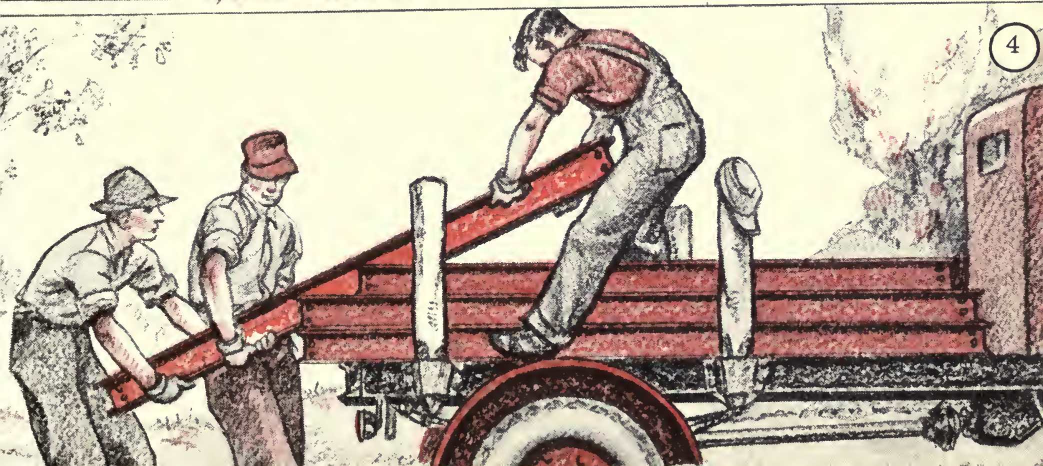
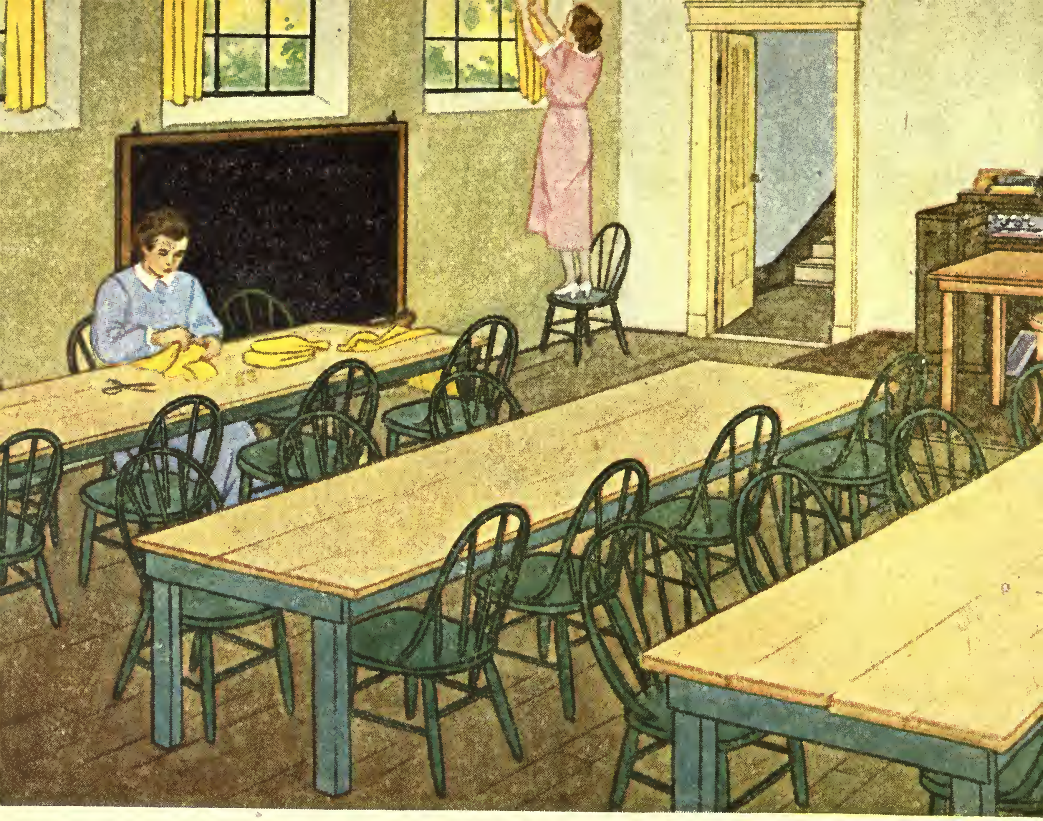




The Cornerstone

Some women got the basement of the church ready for school. The teachers put up some fresh curtains the day before school opened.

One day after school began, the children in Bob's room were talking about the new building. All of them had watched the workmen build the concrete foundation. The children wished that they could do some work on the new school.

"You can help with the cornerstone," said the teacher.

"I saw the cornerstone," said a boy. "A hole is cut in it. What is the hole for?"

"People put newspapers and other articles in the hole of a cornerstone," said the teacher. "Then the stone is used in a foundation. Perhaps people will take down the building years later and look at the things in the cornerstone."

"What can we do when the cornerstone is put in place?" asked one of the children.

"We will all go to the school grounds," said the teacher. "The children from the rural schools will come to our school when it is finished. They will go to the school grounds, too. We will have music and talks. Then the cornerstone will be put in place."

"What will be inside the stone?" asked Bob.

"The school board wants the children to decide what goes into the stone," said the teacher. "All the children in this school and in the rural schools will get things ready for it."

"May we put our names in the stone?" asked another child. "Everyone in all the schools could write his name on a paper."

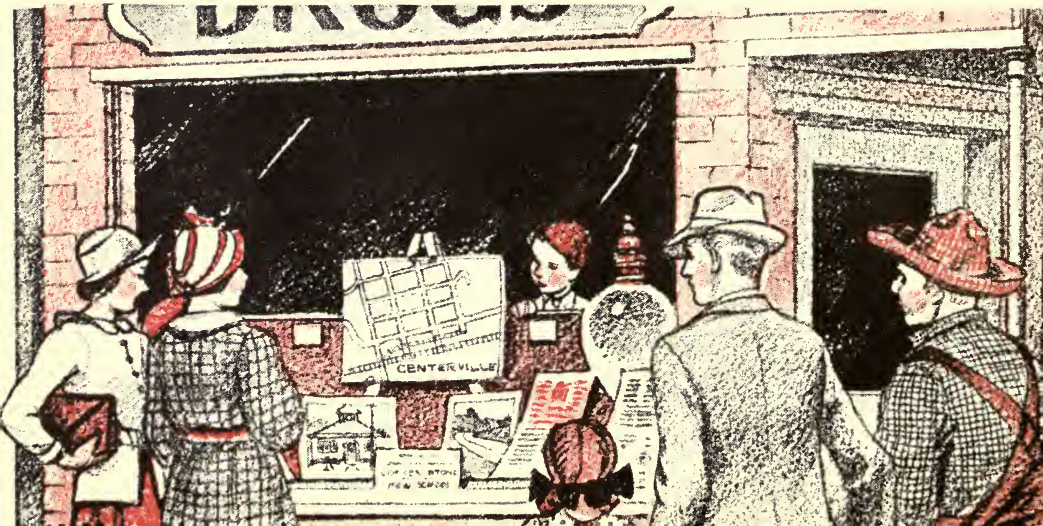
Bob said, "Then if the building is pulled down a long time from now, people will find our names."

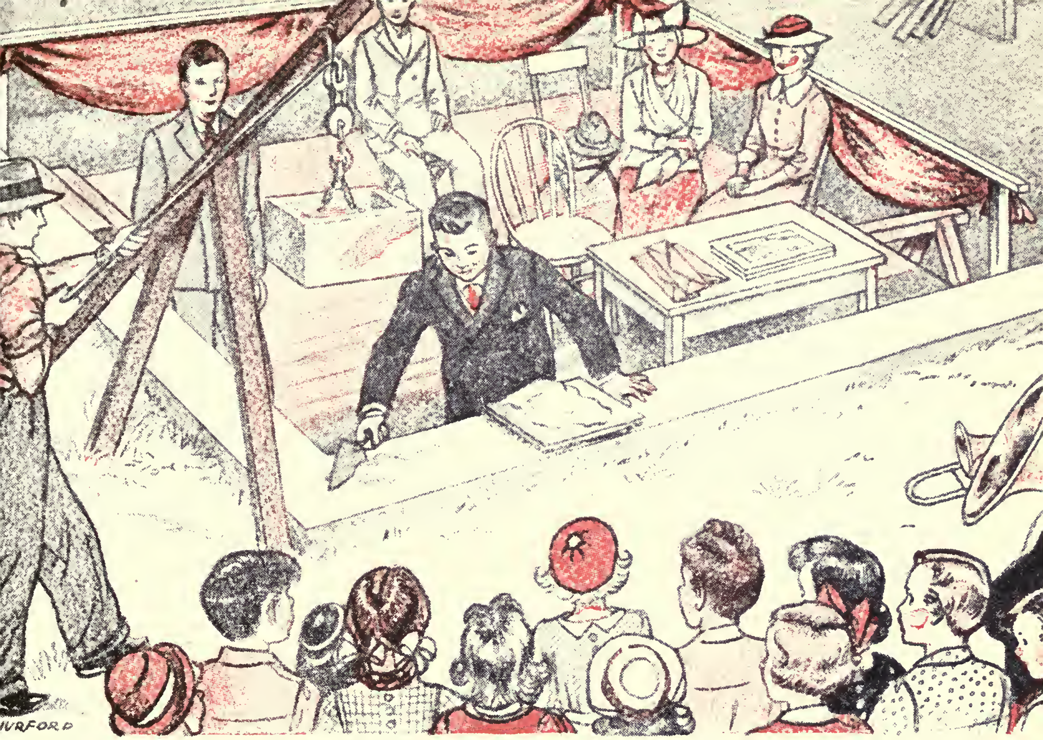
The children in Bob's room decided to put a list of children's names in the cornerstone. It was a long list. The names of the children and the teachers in the Centerville school and in the rural schools were on the list.

Each room got some things ready for the cornerstone. All the things were taken to the drug store. Mr. Snow let the children put them in his store window.

Many people stopped to look in the window. There was a map of Centerville. There was a picture of the old school. There was also a picture of the new highway.

There were two lists that told about different kinds of work that were done in the community. One rural school had made a list of all the crops that farmers raised around Centerville. And one room had made a list of all the kinds of work that were done in town.





One morning the children from the rural schools came to the church in Centerville. All the children went together to the school grounds. Hundreds of people were there.

First there was music, and then Mr. Adams made a talk. After that the stone was put in place. All the things for the cornerstone were put into the hole in the stone.

Then bricklayers began to build the wall. They had the bricks and mortar ready. They laid bricks over the cornerstone. Soon the things inside the cornerstone could not be seen.

The School Gets a Name

Every day on his way from school Bob stopped at the contractor's office. The foreman and Bob were good friends.

Day after day Bob watched the bricklayers. He saw the men bring bricks and mortar to them. He noticed how the bricklayers spread the mortar and laid the bricks in place. He liked the sound of the bricklayer's tool on the bricks. He liked the smell of the cement and mortar.

Each day the walls looked more and more like a building. The bricklayers left open places in the walls for the doors and windows. Bob watched the bricklayers measure each open place. He noticed how carefully they made the walls straight and even.

One Saturday Fred Hand and Bob came to the new school. Men were just putting a big stone over the doorway.

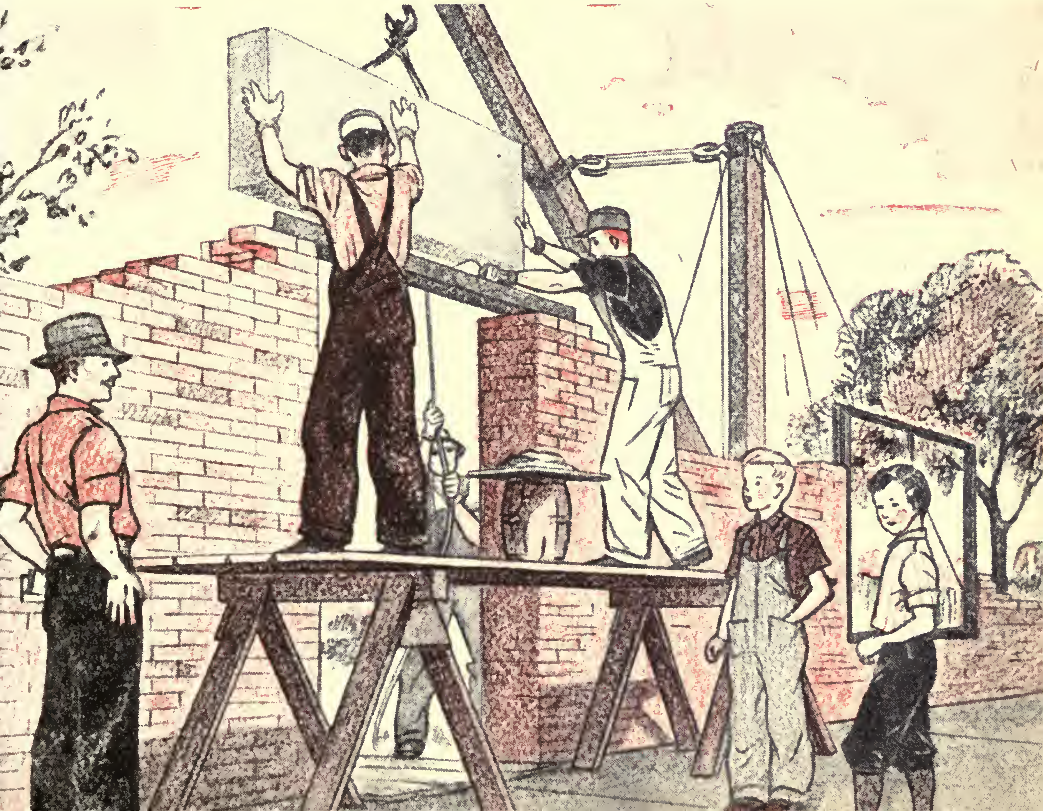
"Hello," said the foreman to Bob. "What's your friend's name?"

"Fred Hand," said Bob.

"Fred Hand!" said the foreman. "Is he the boy that owns the school?"

Both boys laughed. "Of course not," Bob answered.

Then the foreman said, "Well, his name is on the school. Go and read it."



The boys went to look.

"Fred Hand School," Bob read. Then he looked at Fred.

Fred laughed and said, "The school is named for my grandfather. His name was Fred Hand, too."

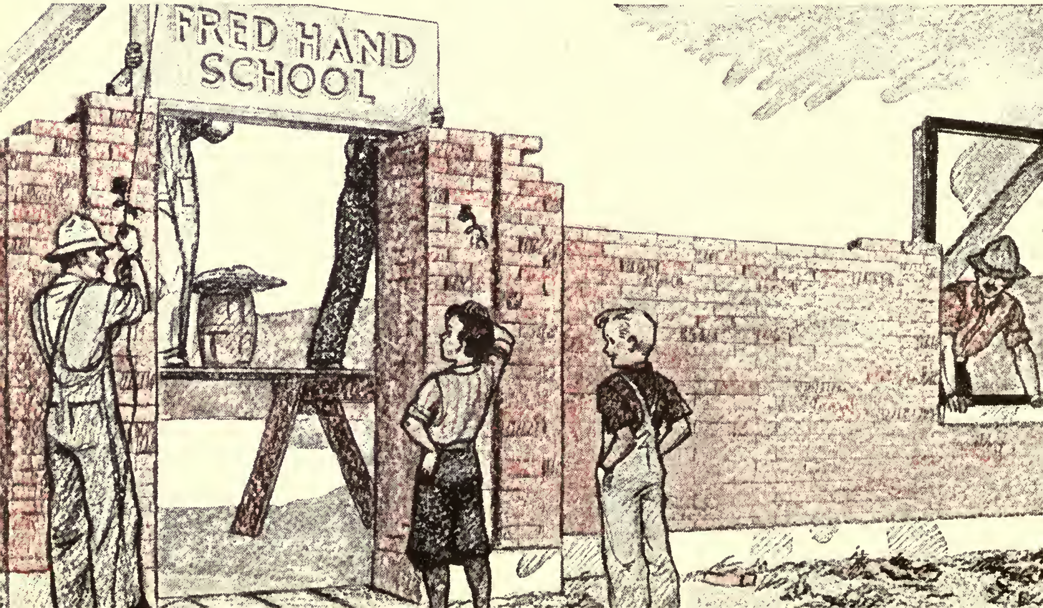
"Why is the school named for him?" asked Bob.

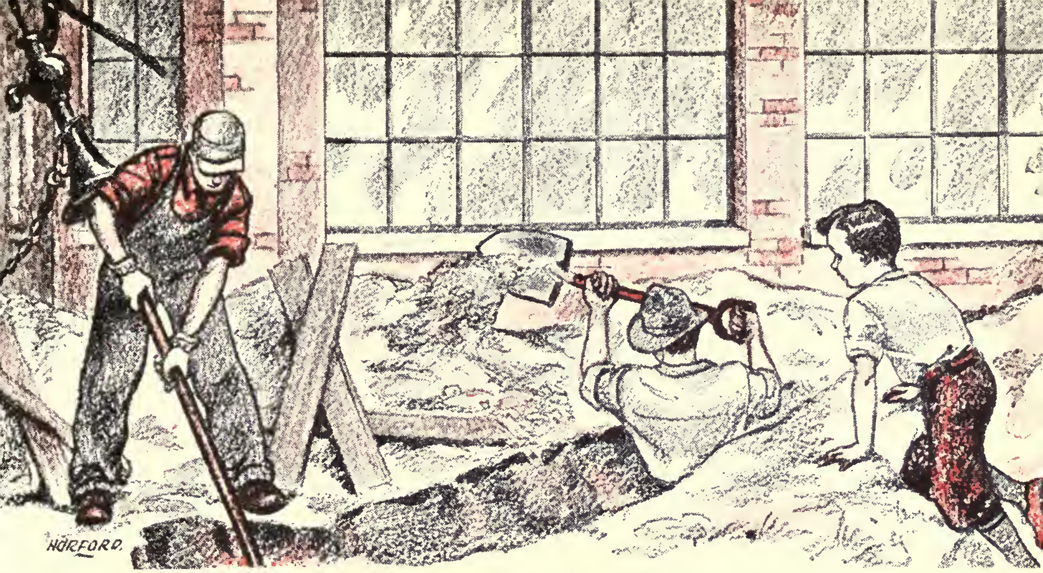
"Because he started the first school in Centerville," explained Fred.

"It will be fun if everybody thinks the school is named for you," said Bob. "Let's see if we can make Emily think so."

Both boys ran to the Adams house.

For half a minute Emily wondered why the school was named for Fred. Then she laughed hard. "You are not the first Fred Hand," she said.





More Work on the School

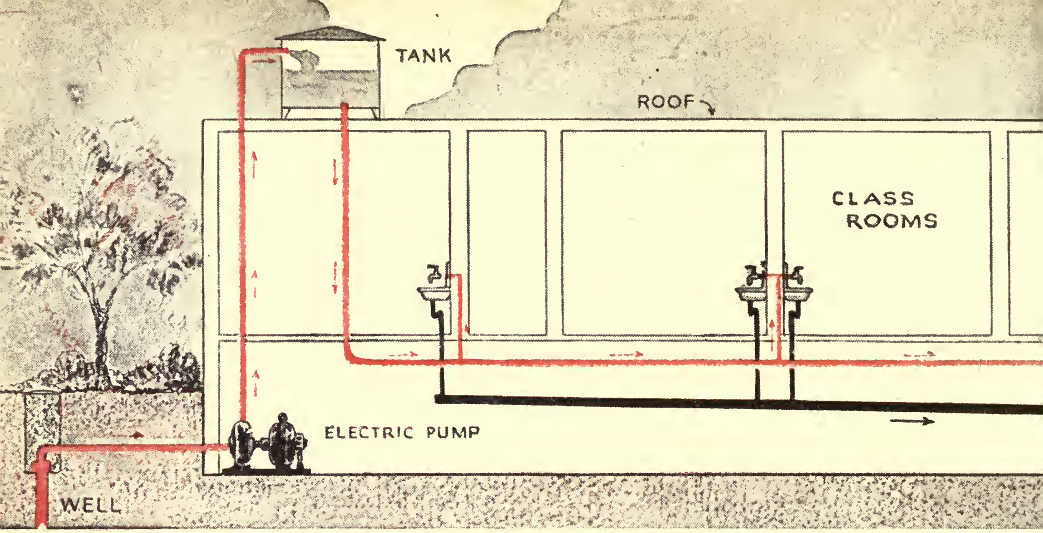
One afternoon Bob saw some workmen take out the old school pump. They dug a ditch that reached from the old well to the new basement.

"We used water from this well in our old school," said Bob to a workman. "Will we get water for the new school from the same well?"

"Yes," answered the workman. "We are going to make the well deeper. There will be plenty of water for the new school."

"We used to work the pump by hand," said Bob.

"In the new school you will turn on the water in your room," said the workman. "An electric pump in the basement will do the pumping for you."

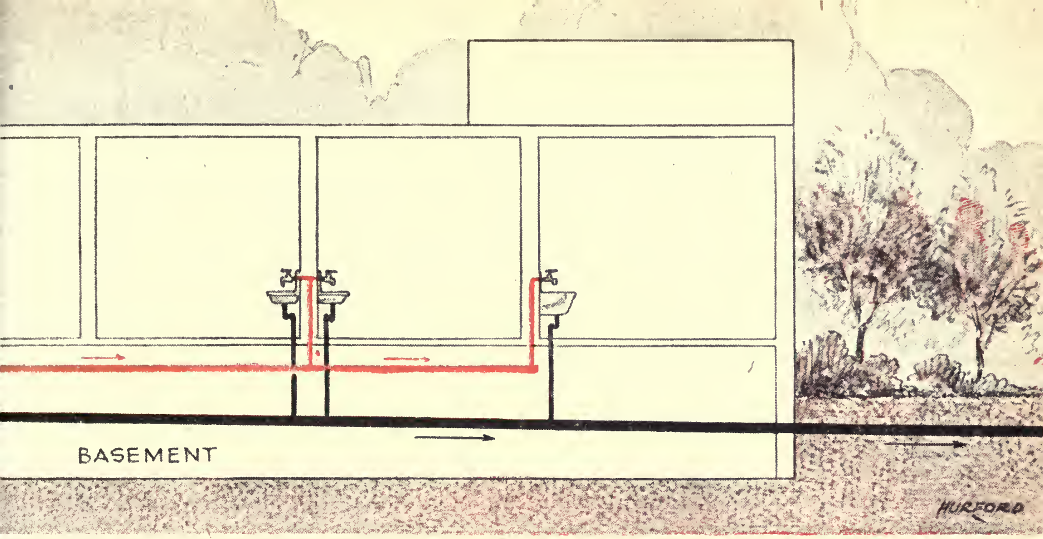


Then Bob saw that a big tank had been put on the school roof. He wished that he had seen the men deliver the tank and put it up there. And he wondered why the tank was there.

Bob went inside the building. He saw the end of an iron pipe coming out of a wall. Then he found the ends of other water pipes. He saw one in each schoolroom. He found two in the lunchroom. And several stuck out of the wall in each toilet room.

Then Bob met Mr. Green. He was glad, because he wanted to ask Mr. Green about the water pipes.

"Hello, Mr. Green," he said. "Will you tell me about the water for the school? I saw a big tank on the roof. And I saw ends of pipes in all the rooms. But I don't see how water can get to the schoolrooms."



"Did you watch the men when they dug a ditch from the old well to the school, Bob?" asked Mr. Green.

"Yes," answered Bob. "They took out the old pump, too. It was cracked."

"Well, an electric pump will do the work of the old pump," explained Mr. Green. "The electric pump is in the basement. There is a line of pipe from the well to the basement, and there is a pipe from the basement to the roof. The pump will send water all the way from the well to the tank on the roof."

"I see," said Bob. "And there are pipes from the tank down to each schoolroom. They were put in the walls. I saw the ends of them in places where we will turn on the water. Thank you, Mr. Green."

Bob went from room to room again. He noticed that there were some small black pipes in many places. He looked for others and found some in every room. Most of them were in the ceilings. Wires stuck out from the ends of the pipes. He knew that the wires were for electricity.

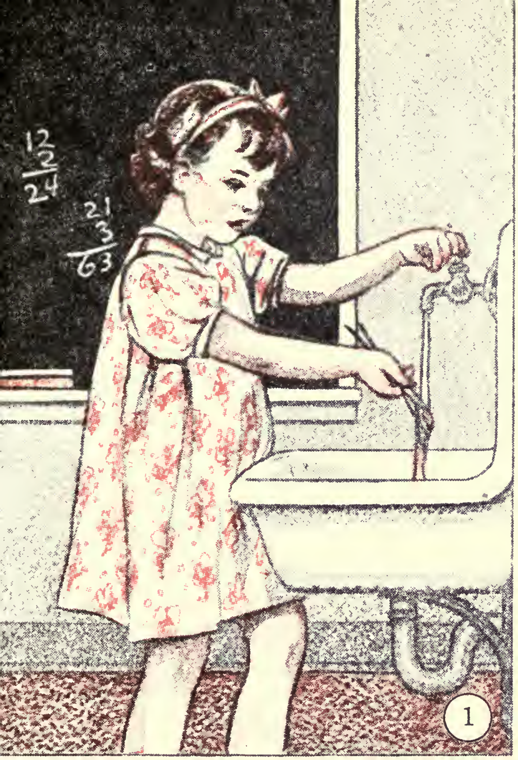
Bob counted all the places for lights. He saw six in some rooms and eight in the kindergarten. Bob saw places for lights in the hall and in the lunchroom. There were wires for more than a hundred lights in the new school. Even the dark room was going to have some electric lights in the ceiling!

At last Bob came to the principal's office. There he saw a man inspecting the wires. The man went from room to room. Bob followed the man about the building and watched him work.

"What are you doing?" asked Bob.

The man said, "I'm making sure that the wires in all the walls and ceilings are put in just right. If they aren't, they might make sparks. And the sparks might burn down this school. Or one of you children might be hurt."

Two pictures on the opposite page show some ways that water would be used in the new school. Two pictures show the ways electricity would be used.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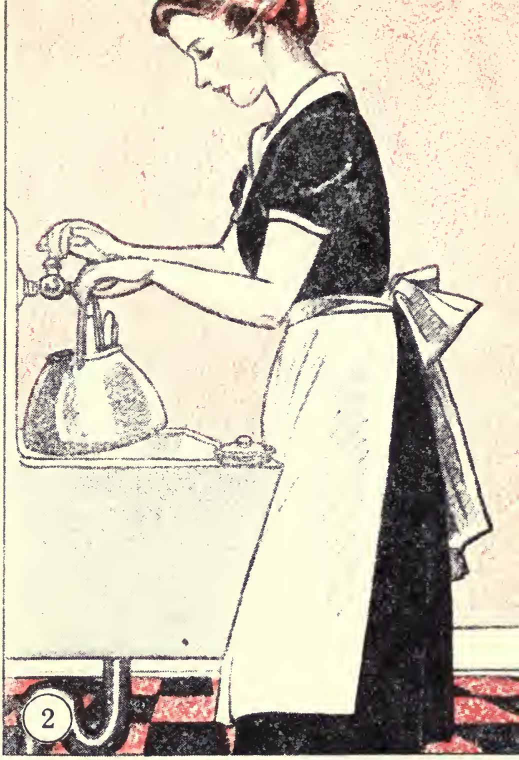

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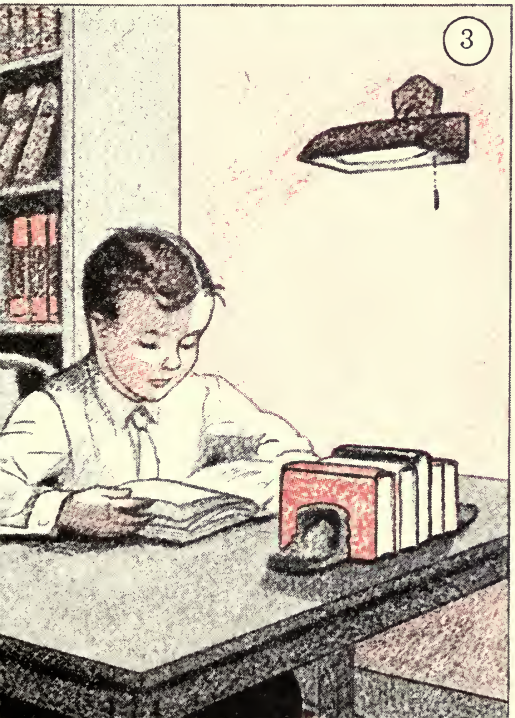

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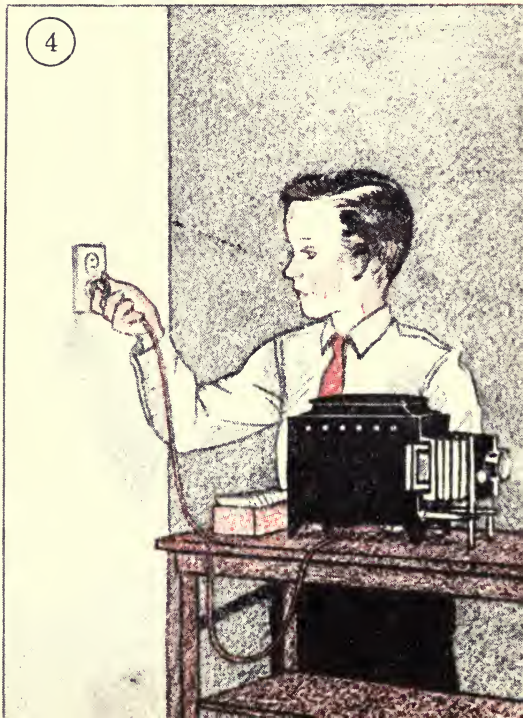

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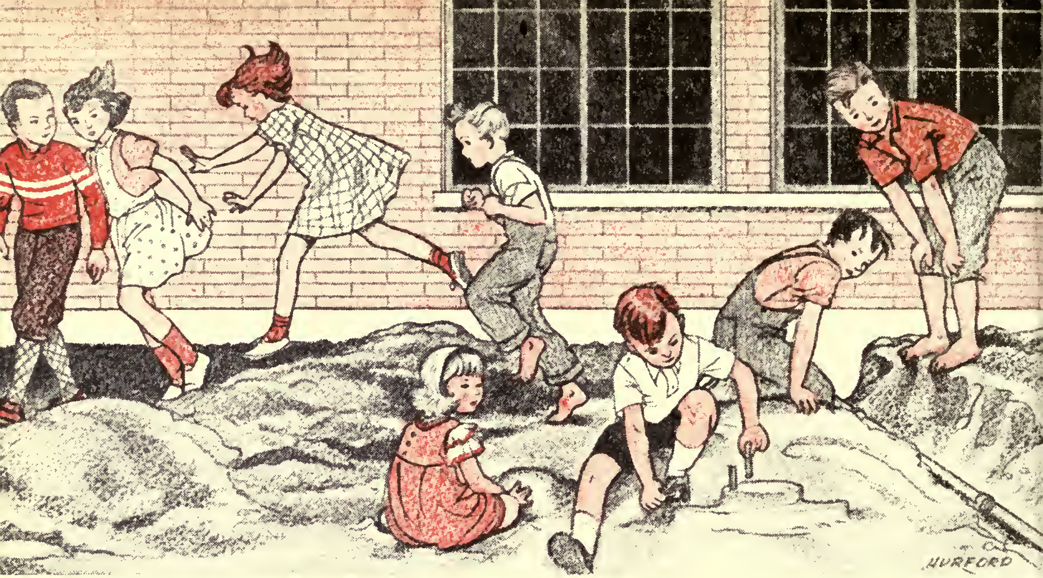


Heating the School

Workmen laid water pipes in the ditch and filled the ditch with dirt. Children jumped over the hill of soft dirt that was left and played games there.

Then one day workmen dug another ditch across the school grounds. This second ditch went from the school basement to a corner of the school grounds. A line of pipe in the ditch went into the basement. The children wondered what this pipe was for.

Workmen dug a deep hole at the end of the ditch. The hole was too wide for the children to jump across and too deep for them to play in.

The next day the children watched four or five men unload another iron tank from a truck. The men rolled it from the truck and lowered it into the deep hole. When the tank was laid in place, Mr. Green came to inspect it. The children watched him.

"What is that for?" asked one of the children.

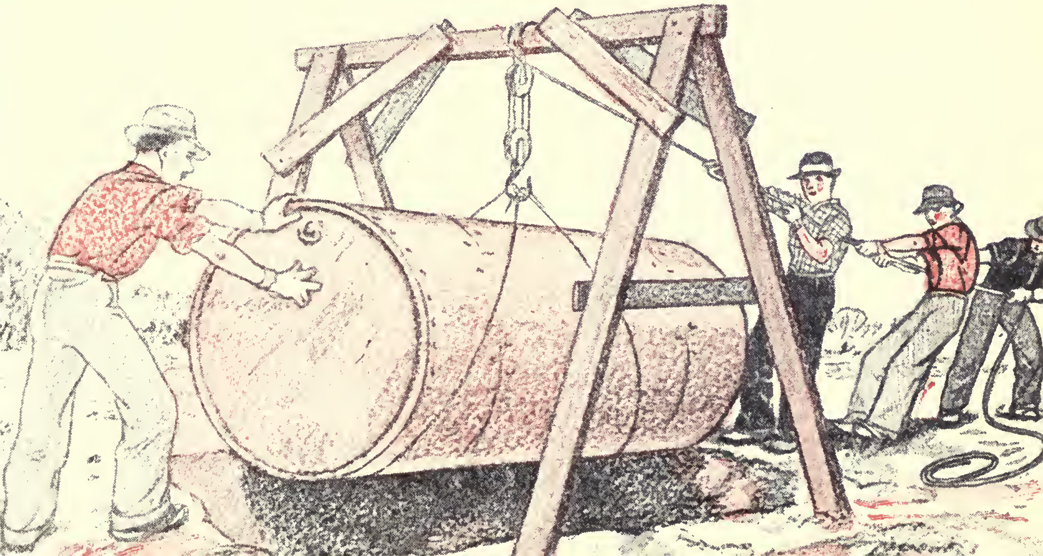
"Oil will be stored in this tank," said Mr. Green. "The oil will be pumped into the basement. There it will be burned to heat the school."

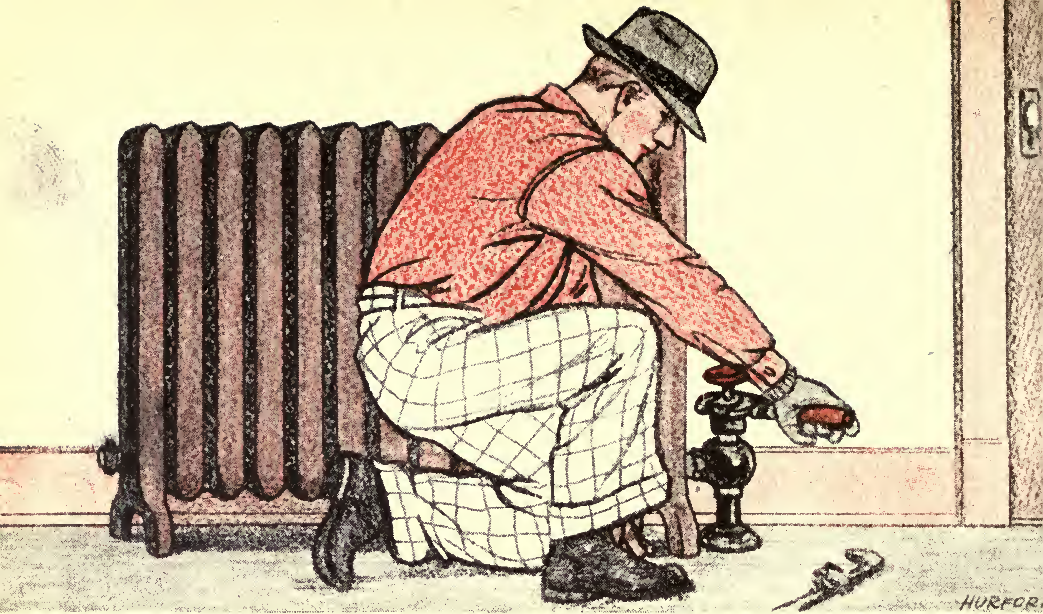
One boy asked, "Can you heat this whole building by burning oil?"

Mr. Green explained, "When the oil burns, it will heat water. The hot water will go to radiators in all parts of the building. The hot radiators will warm the rooms."

"In the old school the boys carried in water and coal," said Bob. "Now there won't be any work."

"You wait and see," shouted the others.





The next day radiators were delivered to the school and carried into the rooms. Workmen fastened them in place.

Before this work was finished, an oil truck came. The truck driver fastened a hose to the oil tank that was under the ground. He let the oil run from his truck to the tank.

"We will have warm radiators here tomorrow," said Mr. Green.

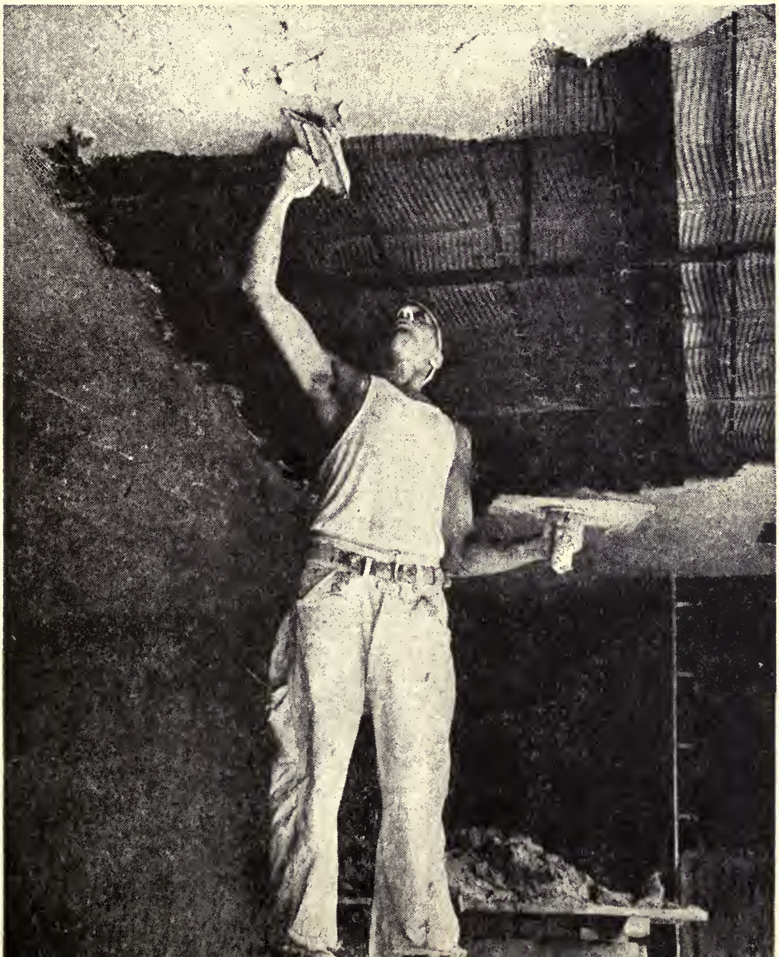
"What for?" asked Bob. "We can't use the school this winter, can we?"

"A lot of work must be done in the school this winter, Bob," said Mr. Green. "The rooms must be warm when plaster is put on the walls. We are ready for the lathing now."

A few days later workmen put up the steel lathing. They fastened lathing to the walls and ceilings.

Then men started to put plaster over the lathing. They spread plaster all over the walls and ceilings. The plaster stuck to the lathing. The radiators were warm and the plaster dried. It was rough.

But in a few days the workmen spread another layer of plaster over the rough layer. This time they smoothed the plaster very carefully.



When the plaster was dry, other workmen came to work in the building. Cupboards and doors for the rooms had been made in Grand City. In a factory they had been made just the right size. Carpenters fitted them into their places.

There are carpenters in two pictures on the opposite page. What is each carpenter doing?

The electricians came again to put lights in the rooms. A plumber came again to finish his work. Which picture on the opposite page shows the plumber finishing his job?

One day some truck drivers unloaded hundreds of pieces of steel. They were lockers.

Bob asked the foreman what they were for.

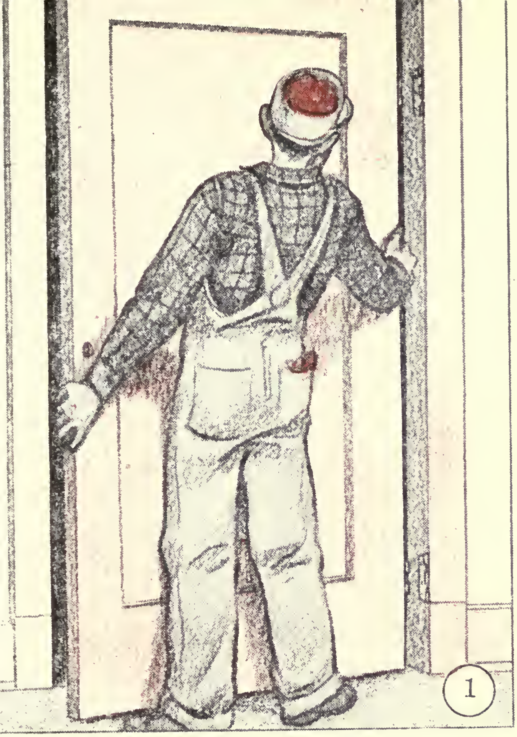
"They are your lockers," explained the foreman. "You will keep your coats and caps in them. There will be one for each child."

"We had hooks for our coats in the old school," said Bob. "But I kept my cap in my desk. Where will the lockers be?"

"In the hall," answered the foreman. "There is a number on each locker so that you will know which one is yours."

"I'm going to see where the men put the lockers," said Bob.

The workmen were putting the lockers in place. The school was filled with the sound of banging.



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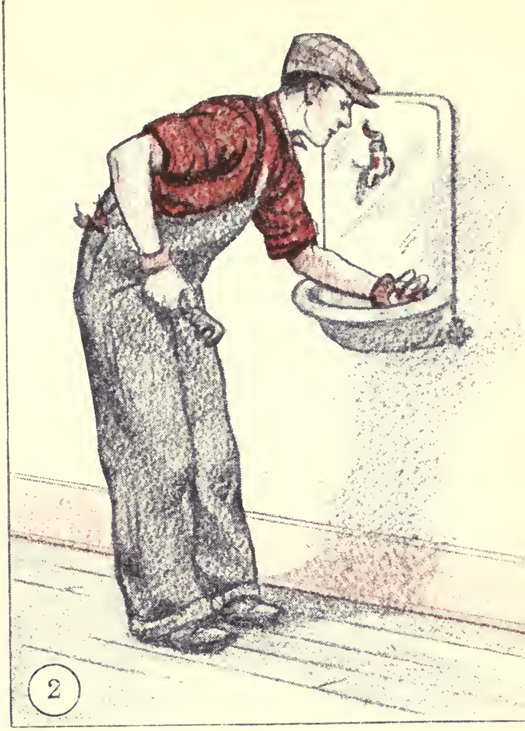

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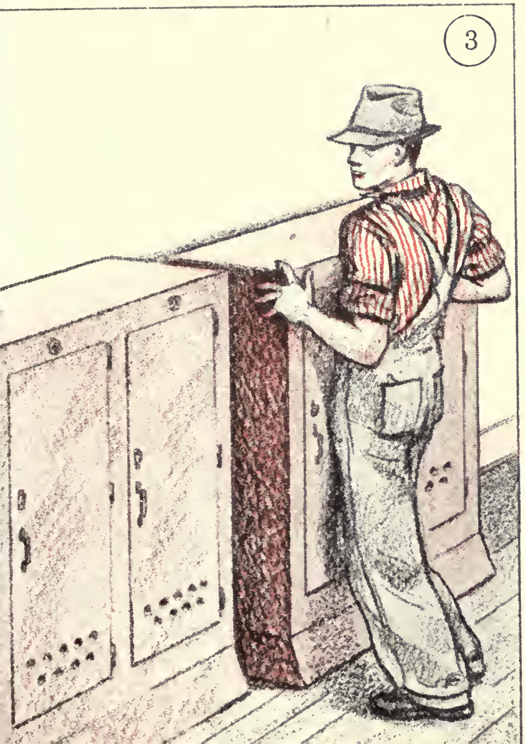

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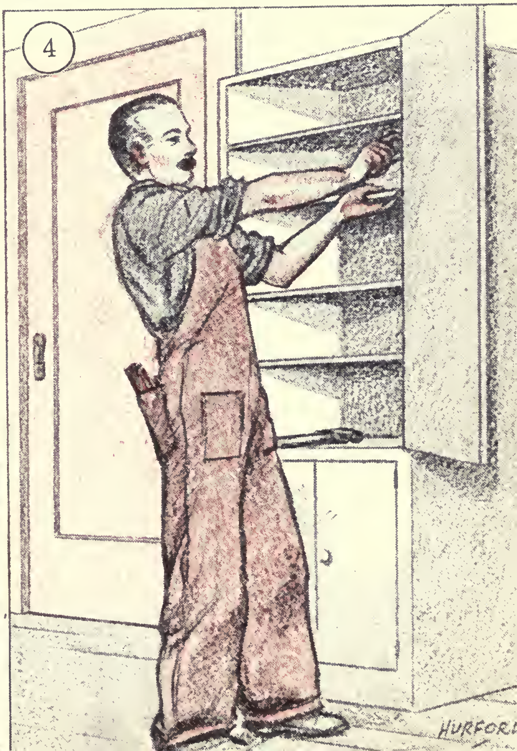

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Last of all the painters came. They painted the walls of the office and the kindergarten.

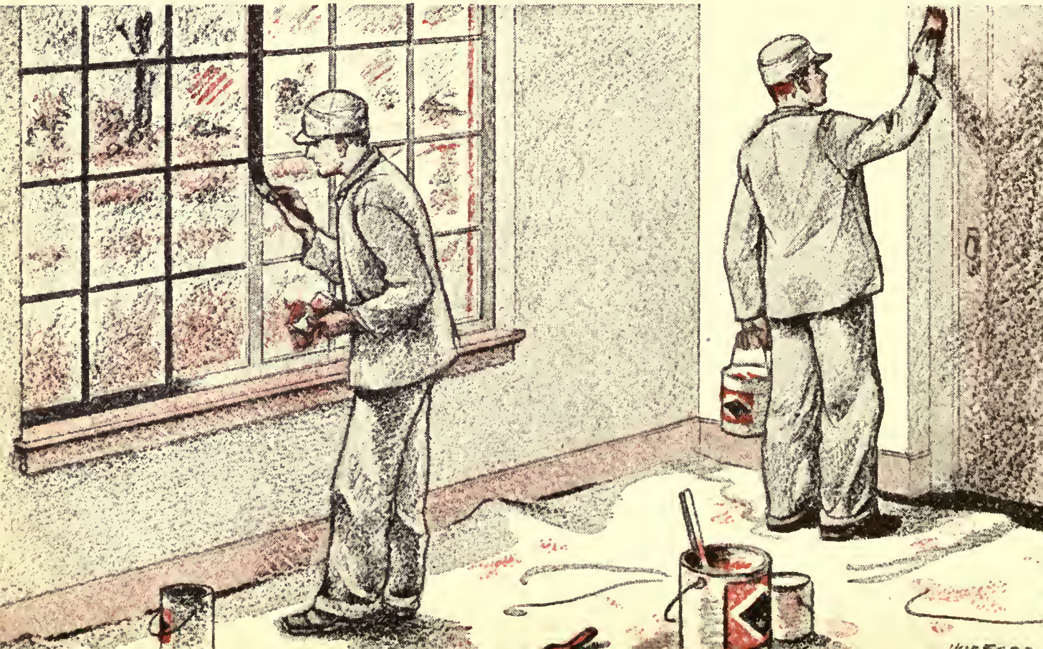
The foreman said, "When the painters have finished the doors and the cupboards, the school will be ready for you to move in."

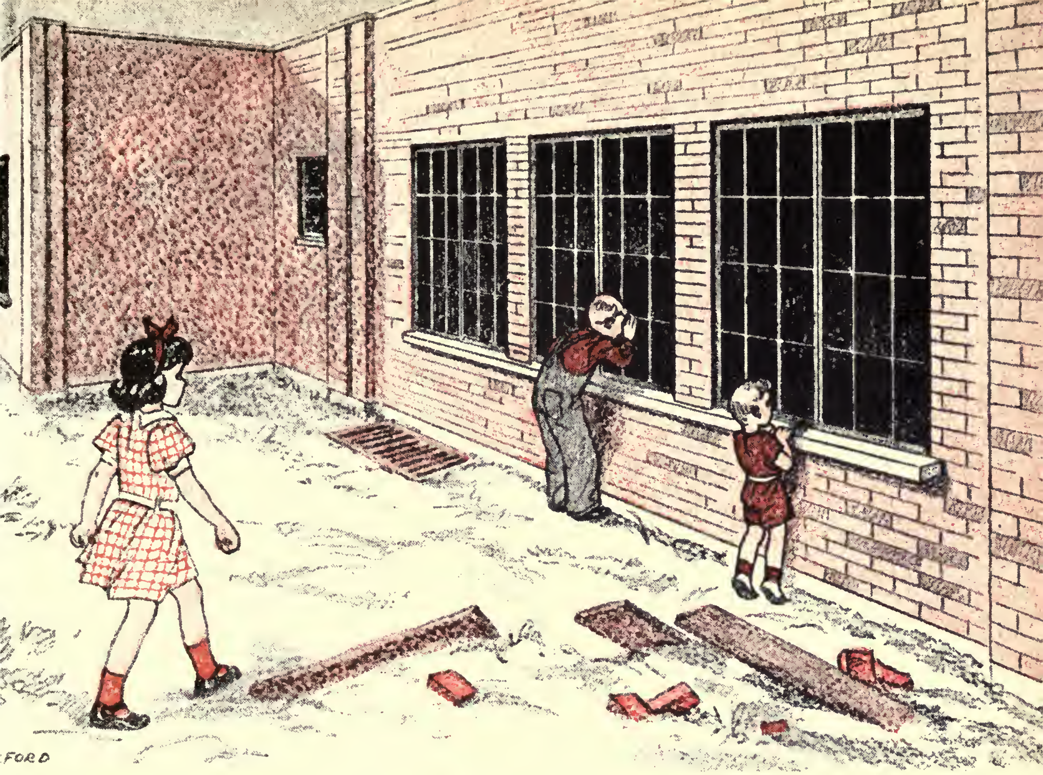
"But there are no desks or chairs yet," said Bob. "If we moved in now, we would have to sit on the floor. That would be a funny school."

"You won't have to sit on the floor," said the foreman. "The school board has ordered furniture. Trucks will haul the desks and tables and chairs from Grand City."

"What kind of furniture will we have in the dark room?" asked Bob.

The foreman laughed. "You will have to wait and see," he said.

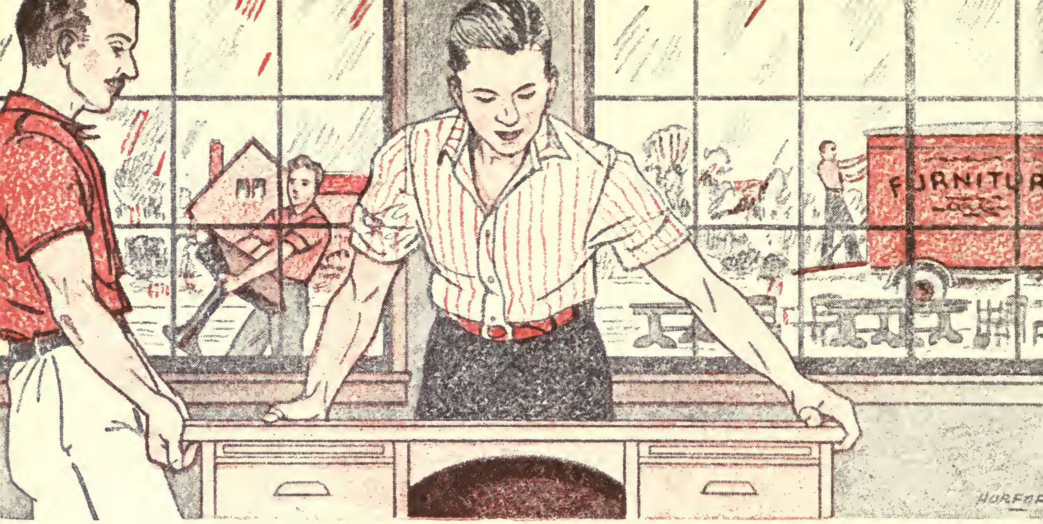




Moving Day

Every day for two weeks the children said, "We wonder when we will move into our new school." But nobody knew just when the furniture would come.

The Centerville children had decided what each one would carry when they moved. The biggest boy in Emily's room was going to carry their big map. Emily and another girl were going to take the pets. There were books and papers to be moved.



At last the furniture came. At noon some of the children saw the trucks loaded with chairs and tables and desks. They ran to the church basement and told all the others that the furniture had come.

"Will we move tomorrow?" they asked.

"No," said the principal. "We may move next Monday."

Everybody was excited.

The next Monday nobody was late to school. It didn't take long for the children to move from the church to the new school. Buses had already brought the rural children. Kindergarten children and their mothers had come.

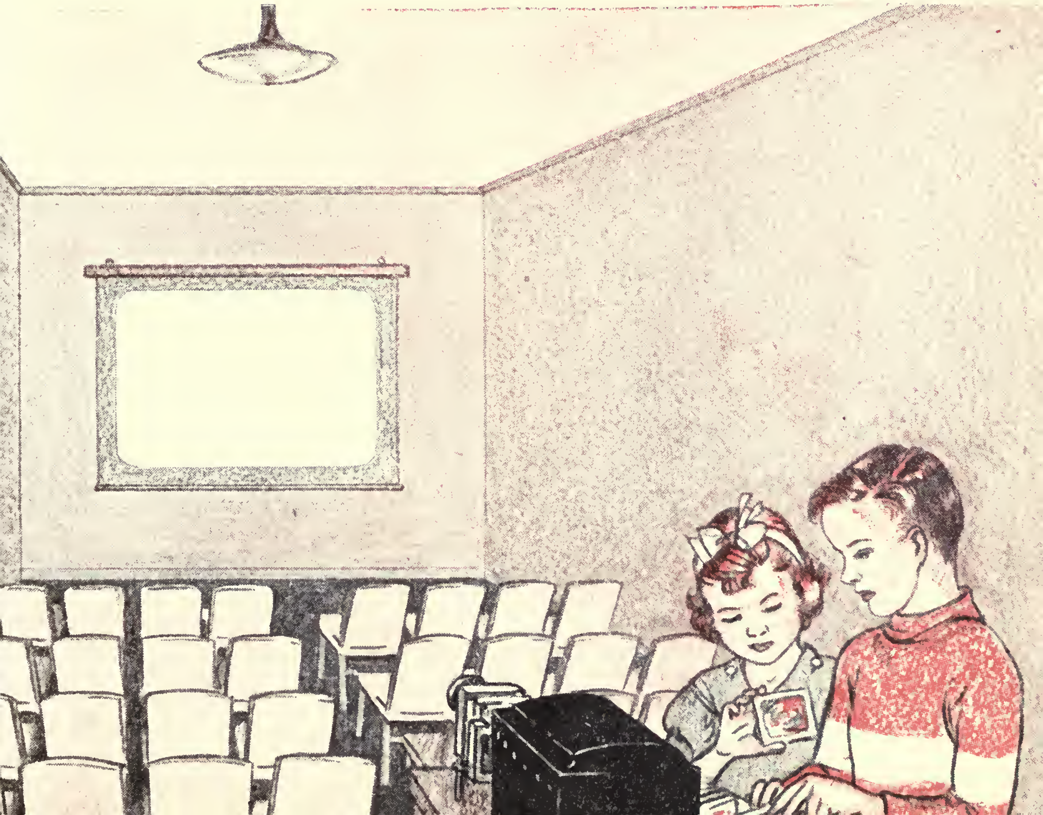
Everybody had a good time. The teachers and the children went from room to room looking at everything. All the big children were interested in the little kindergarten furniture.

The children who were not used to running water indoors turned the water on and off. Many children turned the electric lights on and off. Teachers and children visited each other's rooms.

The dark room was lighted. At first the children didn't see anything except chairs in it. Then they noticed a table in the back of the room. On the table was a new machine.

"It is a machine for showing pictures," said Fred. "That's why this room is called a dark room!"

"Everybody kept it dark!" laughed Bob.

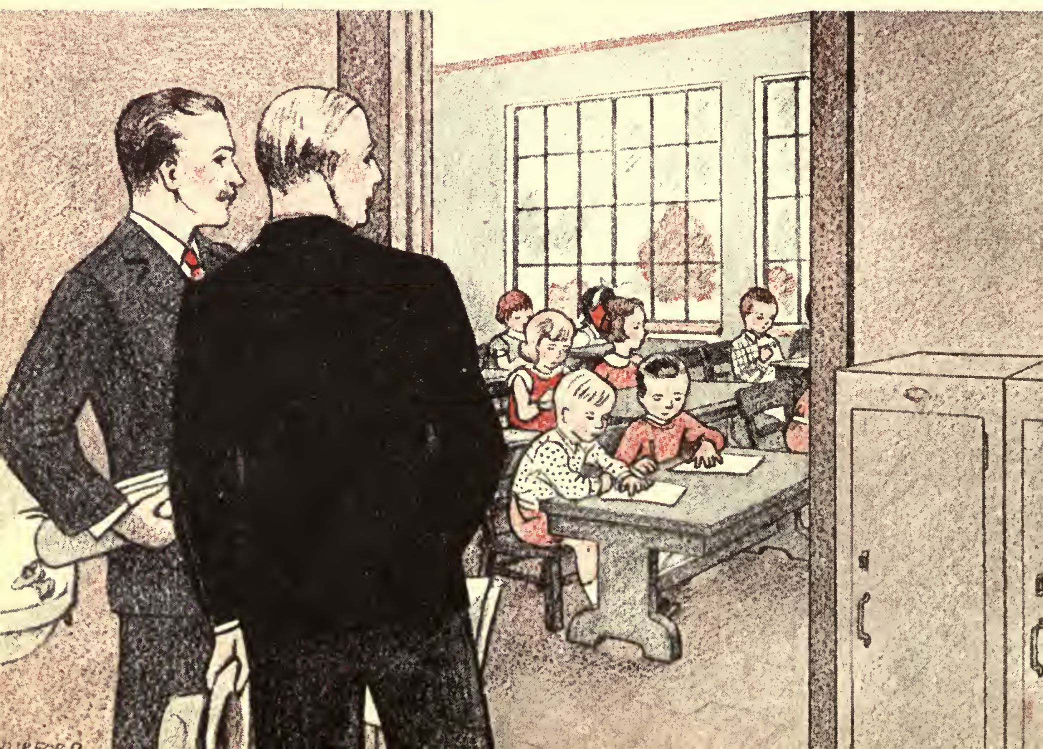


At noon all the rural children went to the lunchroom. Bob and Emily did not want to go home to dinner. They ran home and hurried back as soon as they had eaten.

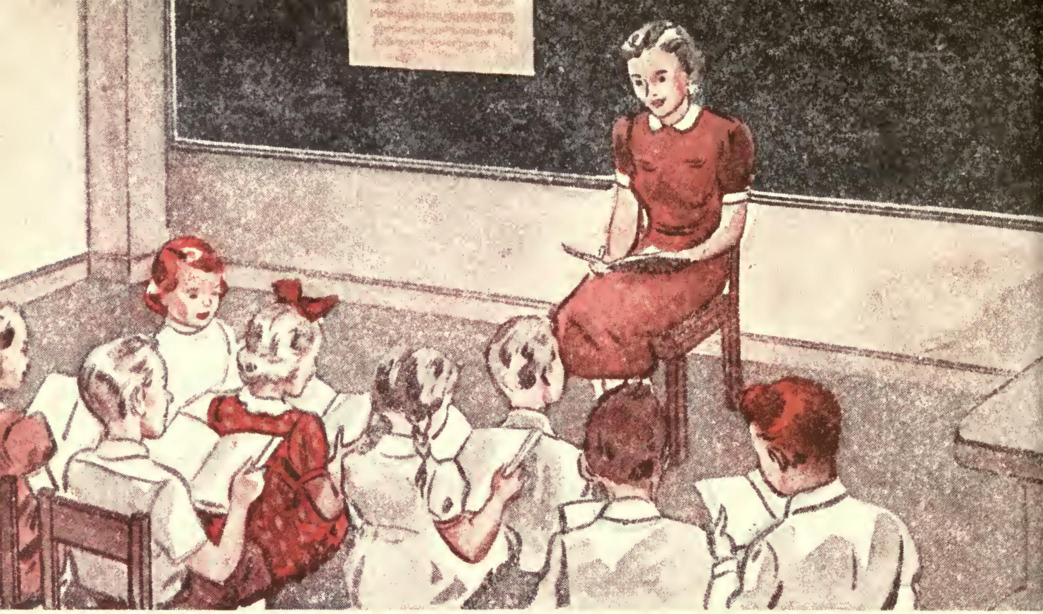
"I like our school," said Emily. "It smells new. I like the smell of the plaster and the new furniture."

It was time to begin work. In each room there were some rural children and some town children. Everybody was busy.

Mr. Green and the foreman wanted to take a last look at the school before they left. They walked through the hall. They heard nothing except some schoolroom sounds.



Community Day



Visiting the Farmers

In the new school the town children and the rural children became good friends. Emily Adams and Jane Hand were glad they were in the same school and in the same room. Bob and Fred played with each other almost every day. They liked to do school work together.

One day the children in Bob's room were talking about farming in the Centerville community. The children who lived on farms told about the different things their fathers raised.

"Let's go visiting," the teacher said. "We could visit some farms and find out how farmers earn a living."

A few days later all the children in Miss Morton's room came to school early. They waited on the playground for the school bus.

"We are going to visit the Hand farm first of all," said one of the children.

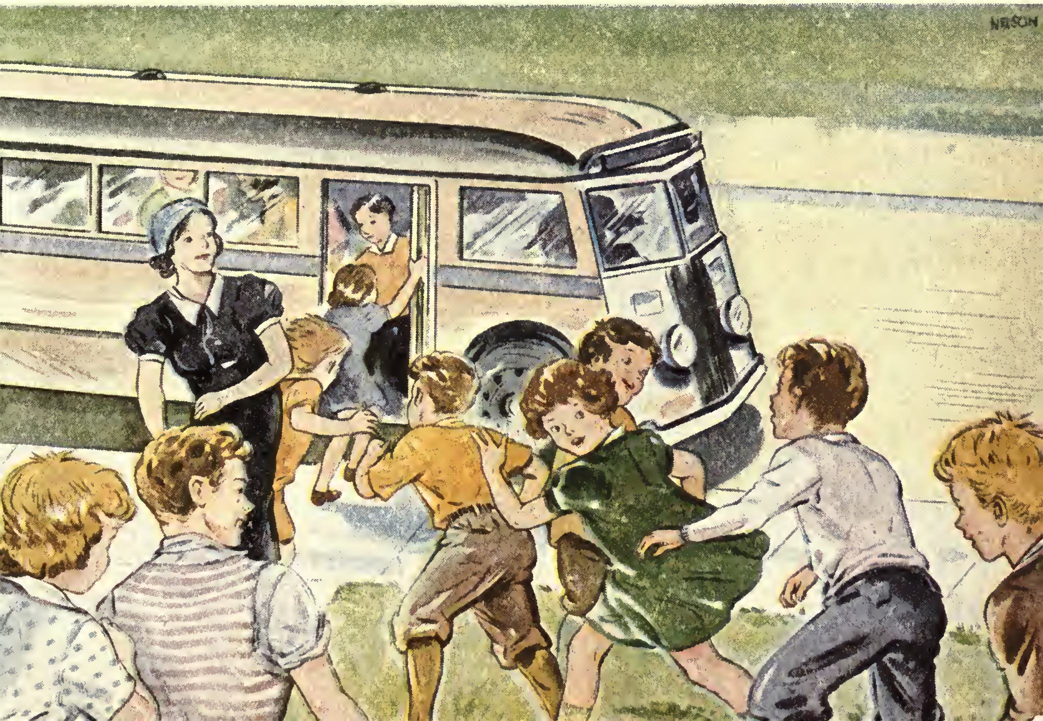
"We also have an invitation to visit Mr. Bell's farm," said the teacher.

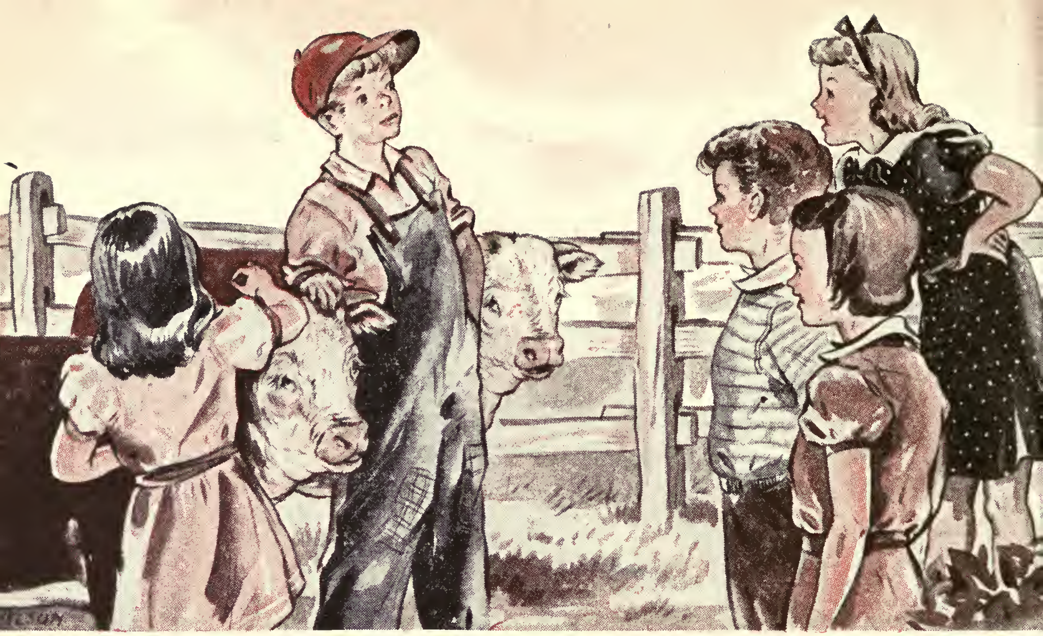
The bus came and all the children climbed in.

"Where are we going?" asked the man who drove the bus.

"Visiting!" shouted the children.

On the way the children sang songs and had a good time. When they reached the farm, Mr. and Mrs. Hand and Fred were waiting for them.





"Good morning," said the teacher to the Hand family. "We want to see the beef cattle."

"Come back to the cattle lot," said Fred.

The children followed Fred through the barnyard to the cattle lot.

"First I'll show you Tim the Second and Tom the Second," said Fred.

"Why did you give your calves those funny names, Fred?" asked one of the girls.

Fred said, "Last year I helped my brother John raise two calves named Tim and Tom. We kept them all summer and took them to the cattle show at Beaver Creek. Then we sold them. This year we bought two other calves and named them for our first two calves."

All the boys and girls and the teacher wanted to know more about cattle. Fred told them how cattle are raised and fattened.

The teacher said, "Mr. Hand grows corn, but he does not sell corn. His corn crop walks to the station and rides in cattle cars to Grand City."

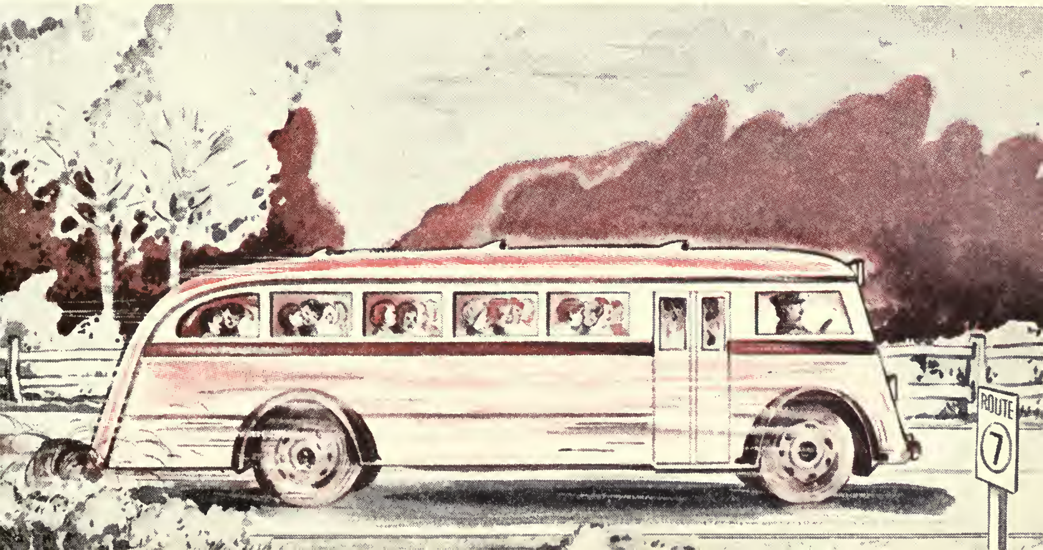
Everyone laughed. The children knew that the corn was fed to the cattle. When Mr. Hand sold his cattle, he was selling his corn.

"Our corn keeps on eating until it is on the way to the packing house," said a girl. Her father raised hogs.

"My father doesn't sell corn, either," said another girl. "Our corn goes to town in egg cases."

"Next we shall visit a farm where chickens are raised," said the teacher.

The bus was waiting for the class. Everyone got in and rode to Mr. Bell's farm.



Mrs. Bell was waiting for the children when the bus stopped at the farm.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I like to show my chickens to people."

The class followed Mrs. Bell to the chicken houses. There were three of them. Each chicken house had a yard with a fence around it. Inside the fences were about a thousand pretty white chickens.

"Mr. Bell grows corn, and I take care of the chickens," said Mrs. Bell. "Selling eggs is a good way to sell part of our corn crop."

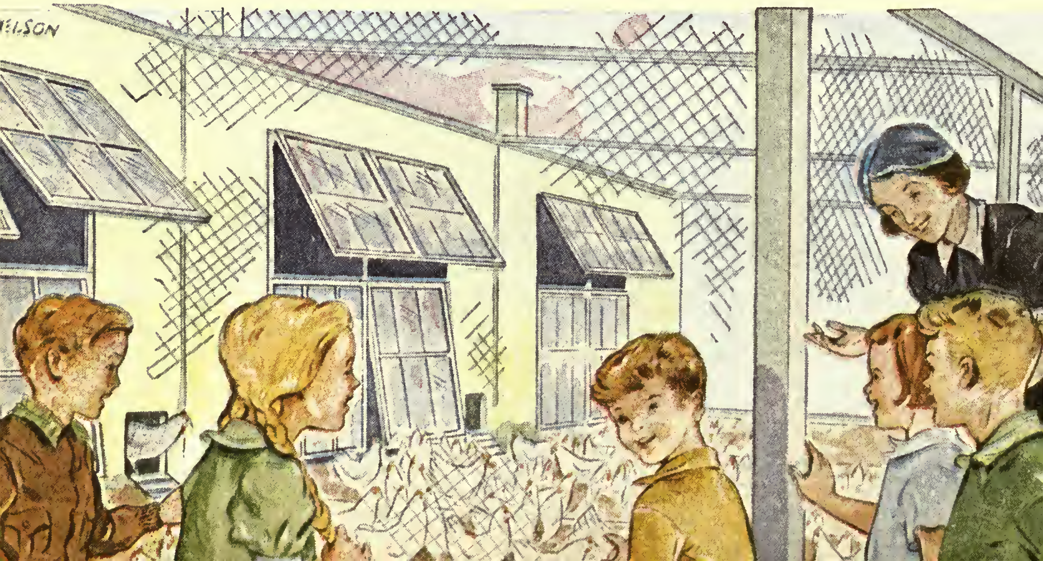
"Where are the baby chickens?" asked a girl.

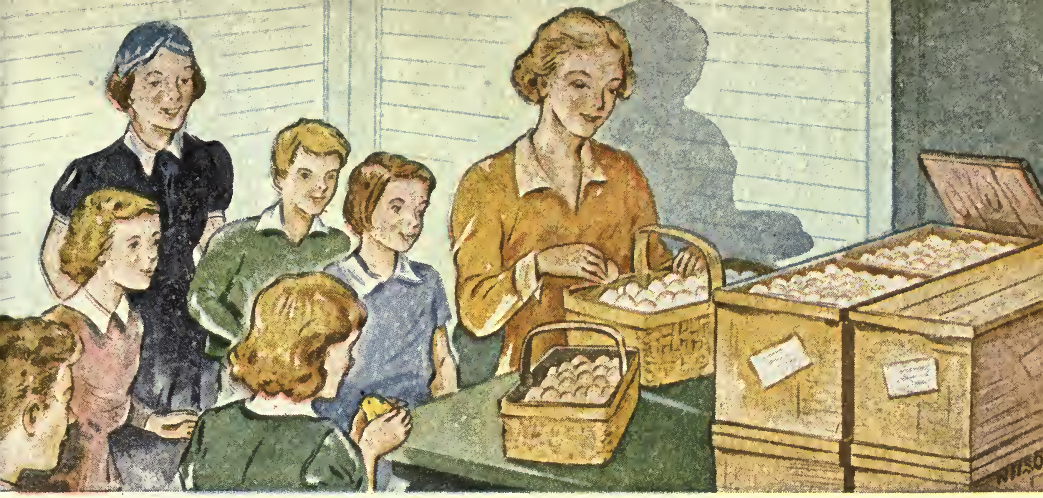
"Listen!" said Mrs. Bell.

The children listened.

"Peep, peep, peep, peep," they heard.

"I see them," said a boy. "There they are, hiding in the grass under the trees."





Mrs. Bell picked up a baby chicken and let the children see how nice and soft it was.

"I am going to give you two baby chickens for pets in your schoolroom," she said. "But now I want to show you the egg room."

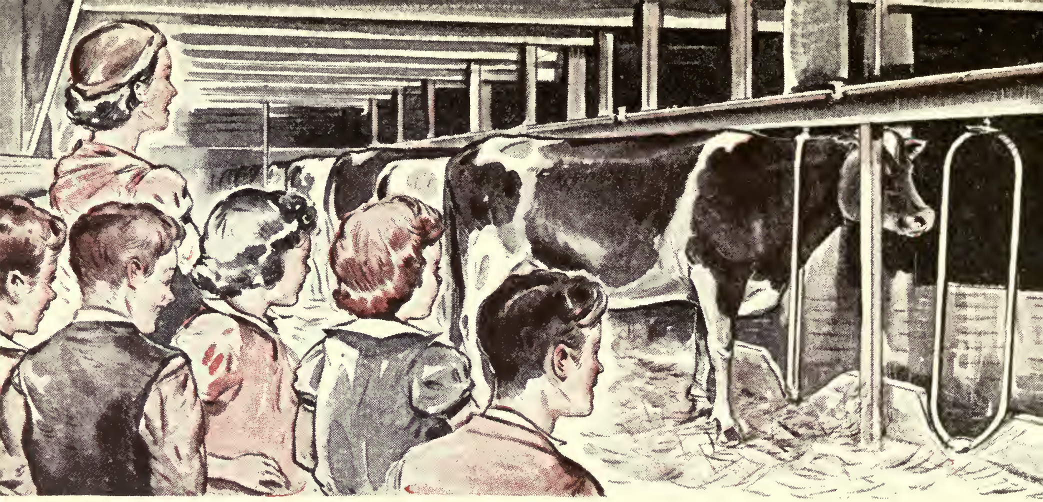
She took the class to the room in the barn where she packed eggs in cases.

"I sort the eggs carefully," said Mrs. Bell. "People want eggs that are all the same size and the same color."

She showed the children a basket full of eggs. All of the eggs were the same size. All were white except one. It was brown. She put that egg in a basket with some other brown eggs.

Mrs. Bell took another egg out of the basket.

"Here is a cracked egg," she said. "And here is one that is rough. We will not sell these eggs. We will eat them."



The children and the teacher thanked Mrs. Bell. They said good-by and hurried out to the bus.

"Now we will go to see some dairy cows," said Miss Morton.

"We have already seen some cattle," said one of the boys. "We saw them on the Hand farm."

"Our cattle are being raised for beef," said Fred Hand. "But some farmers keep cows and sell milk. They are called dairy farmers."

At Mr. Johnson's dairy farm the children saw a big barn. It had places for more than a hundred cows. Mr. Johnson took the children into the room where the milk was kept. They saw how clean everything was.

"Where do you sell the milk?" asked the teacher.

"A truck takes the milk in cans to Grand City every morning," answered Mr. Johnson.

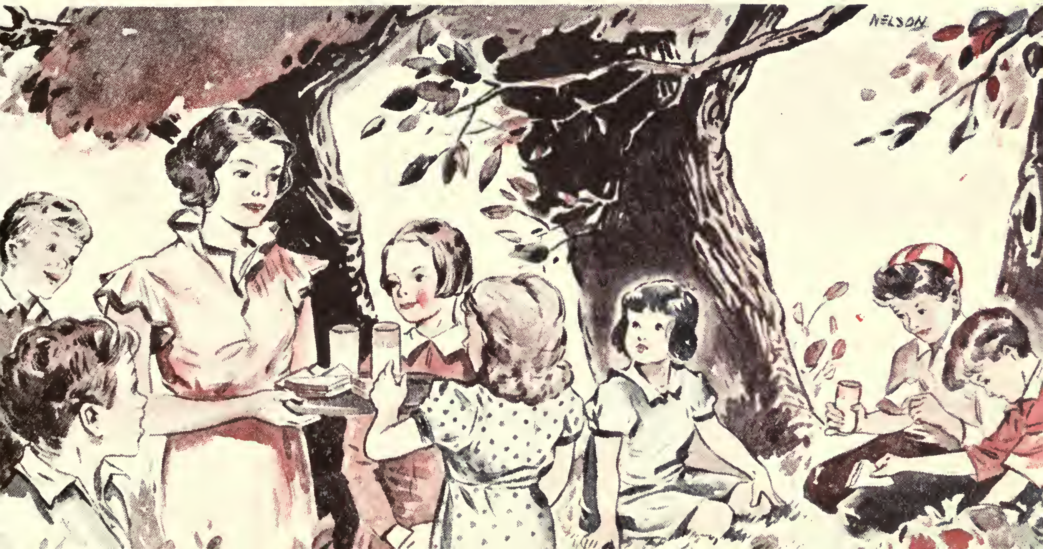
"That milk truck stops at every farm where the farmers have dairy cows," said one of the boys. "It stops at our farm and takes five cans of milk. And it stops at the next farm for three cans of milk."

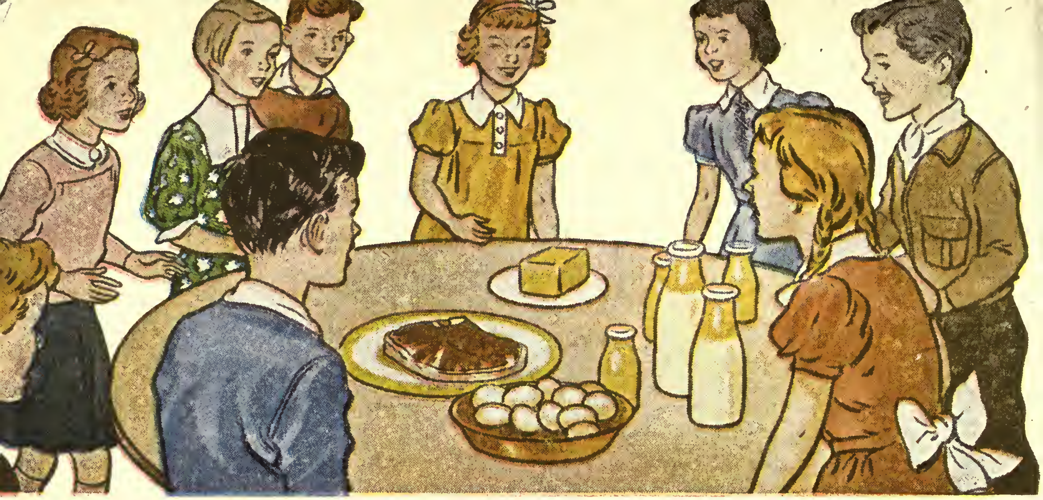
Then the farmer said, "Now I have an invitation to give you. Mrs. Johnson baked some fresh bread this morning, and we have plenty of new butter and milk. Would you like to sit under the trees and have something to eat?"

"Oh, yes," said the teacher. "Thank you, Mr. Johnson."

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," shouted all the children. They ran to the orchard and sat down.

Mrs. Johnson brought out the bread and butter and poured cups full of milk. Some of the children had to use paper cups. But there was plenty of everything. Everyone liked the picnic.





The Biggest Building in Centerville

The next day Bob's class talked about what they had seen on the farms. The children made an exhibit of things that the farmers raised.

There were bottles of milk and of cream. There were eggs and butter and a piece of meat.

"There isn't any wheat or any oats in our exhibit," said one of the boys.

"No one brought any kind of grain except corn," said another child.

"Our exhibit does show what some of the farmers do with their grain," said Miss Morton.

"But my father grows grain and sells it," said the boy. "He takes thousands of bushels of grain to Mr. Olson's elevator."

The class didn't know very much about the Centerville grain elevator.

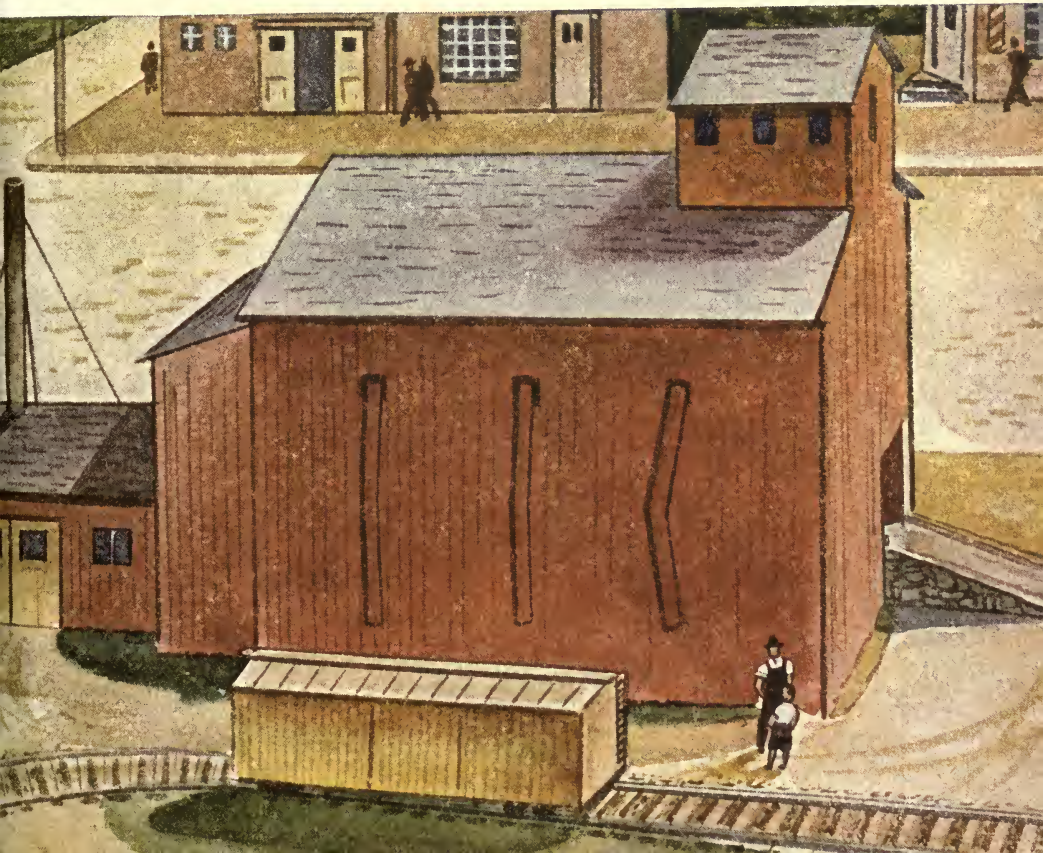
"The grain elevator is the biggest building in Centerville," said Bob. "I know Mr. Olson. Perhaps he will let us visit his elevator."

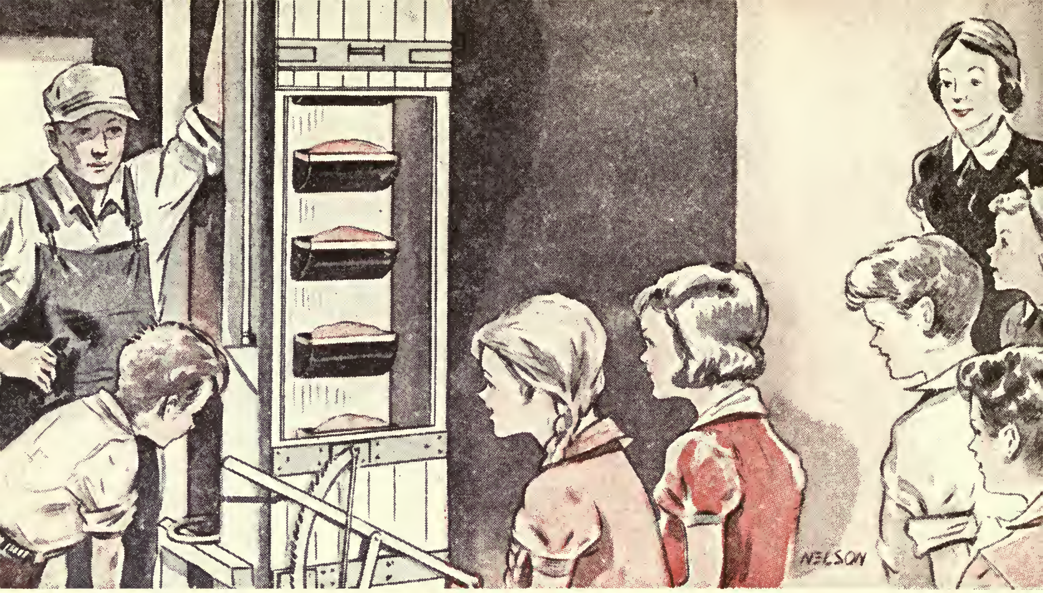
"Please ask him if it would be all right for us to come," said Miss Morton.

Bob got on his bicycle and went to see Mr. Olson. He asked Mr. Olson if the class could visit his grain elevator.

"Come whenever you want to," said Mr. Olson.

"Thank you," said Bob. "I hope we can come tomorrow or the next day."





Next day the class went to the grain elevator. At first they could not see anything inside.

"It's as dark as the theater," said a girl.

"Smell the grain!" said another.

When Mr. Olson turned on the light, the children could see. Mr. Olson showed them the place where the farmers dumped grain from their wagons and trucks.

"Why do you call this building an elevator?" asked a boy. "Don't elevators carry people up and down in buildings?"

"Yes," said Mr. Olson. "My elevator carries grain up in the building. And so we call the building an elevator."

Mr. Olson started his gasoline engine. The elevator carried some grain up in the building.

"Where does the grain go?" asked a girl.

"It goes to the top of the building," explained Mr. Olson. "There it is dumped into deep bins. I have several bins for corn and oats and other kinds of grain. And I have several bins for different kinds of wheat."

"Isn't all wheat alike?" asked Miss Morton.

"No," said Mr. Olson. "One farmer may bring in nice clean wheat. But the next farmer may bring in wheat that is not so good. There may be dirt and little stones in it. Sometimes I have to clean the wheat before I can sell it. I have a machine for cleaning grain."

"I should think you would pay more for the clean wheat," said one of the boys.

"I do," said Mr. Olson. "I pay farmers more for clean wheat than for the kind that must be cleaned."

The class went outside and saw wheat pouring out of a pipe into a freight car. Wheat kept pouring and pouring into the car. The children didn't know that so much grain could be put into one freight car.

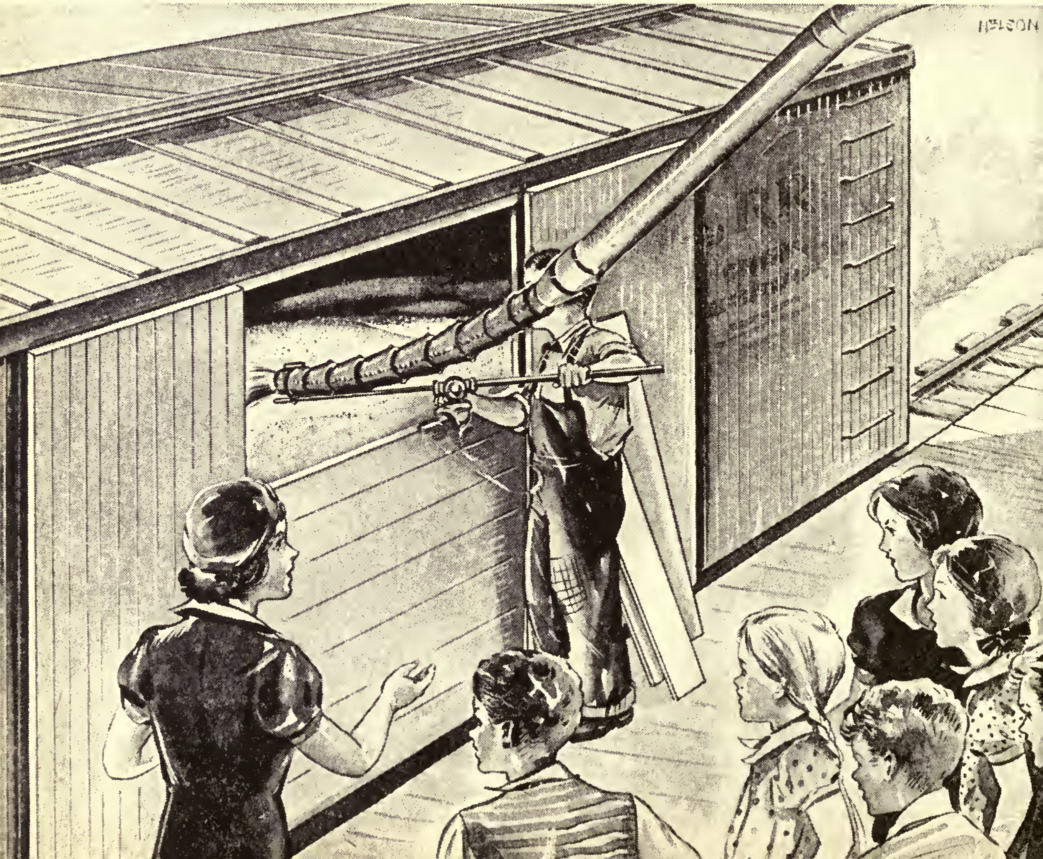
"How many bushels of grain can you put in the freight car, Mr. Olson?" asked Bob.

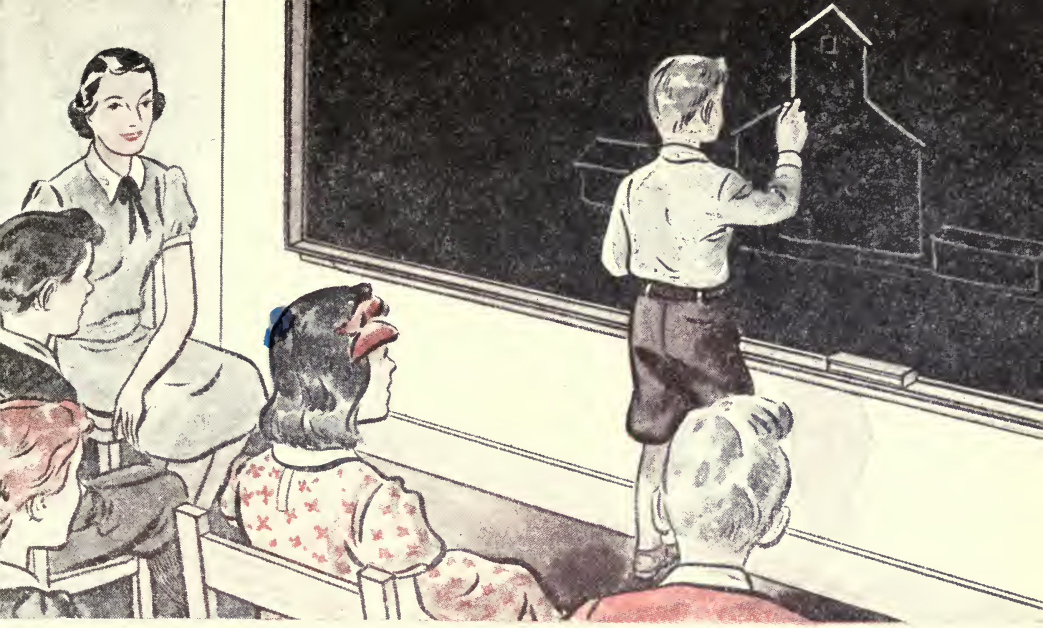
"A thousand bushels," said Mr. Olson. "And there are thousands of bushels left in the elevator."

"My! You own a lot of wheat, don't you, Mr. Olson?" said a girl.

"Farmers own some of the grain in the elevator," explained Mr. Olson. "Some farmers bring their grain here but do not sell it to me. They bring it here to be stored. They pay me for storing it. When they want to sell their grain in the city, I load it into freight cars for them."

Bob thanked Mr. Olson for their good time. The teacher and the children said good-by to Mr. Olson. Then they went back to school.





Making Pictures

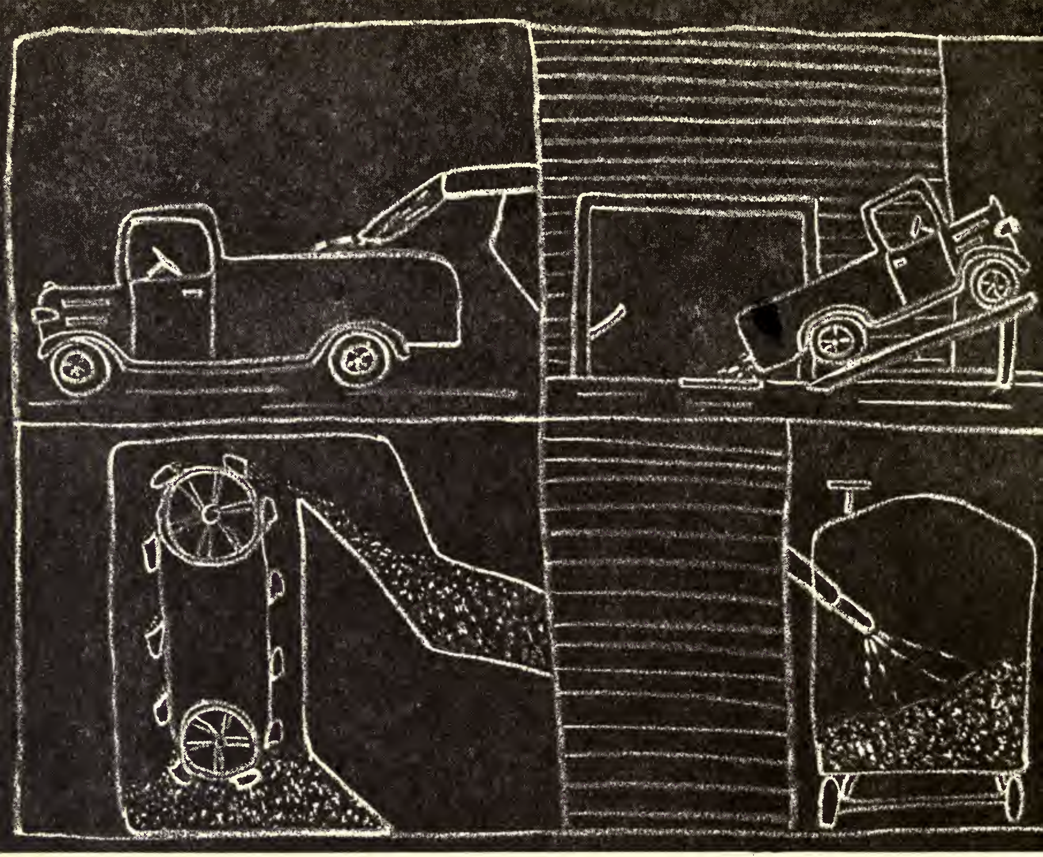
When the children got back to school, they talked again about all the different ways of selling grain. A few of the children wrote stories about what they had seen at the elevator.

Some children read about grain in books. Others found pictures of truckloads and trainloads and boatloads of grain.

A boy named Jim drew a picture. It showed oats being carried to the top of Mr. Olson's elevator.

The teacher said, "Why don't you make more pictures, Jim? Show everything that happened to the oats."

Jim drew more pictures. He drew four pictures to show what happened to the oats.

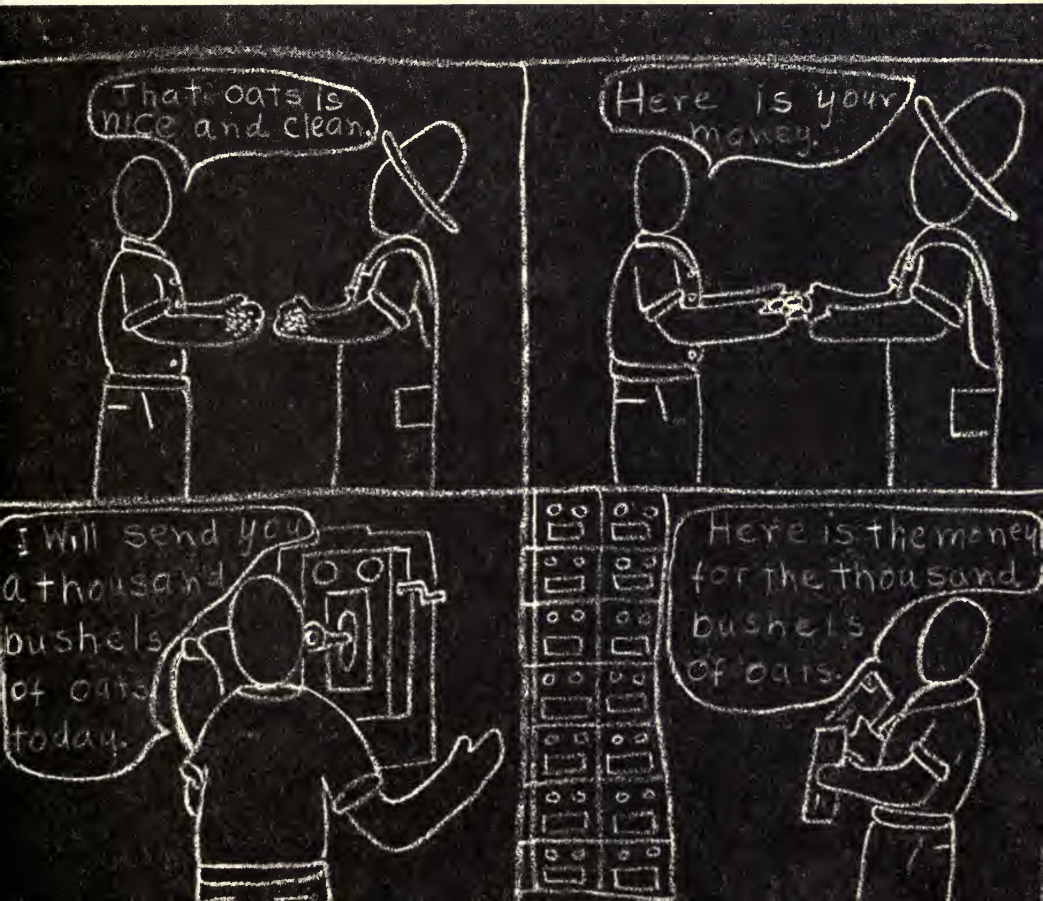


"My pictures are like the funny pictures in the newspaper," said Jim. "First you look at the two pictures at the top. Then you look at the other two."

Jim's first picture showed a farmer's oats being loaded into his truck. In the second picture the farmer was delivering his oats to the elevator. The next one showed the elevator carrying the oats up to the bin. The last picture showed the oats coming from a pipe into a freight car.

When one of the other boys saw Jim's pictures, he had an idea for some more pictures. He had the people in his pictures talking.

In his first picture he showed Mr. Olson inspecting grain. In the second picture Mr. Olson paid the farmer for his grain. In the next picture Mr. Olson sold a thousand bushels to a man in Grand City. The last picture showed Mr. Olson getting money that the man sent him in a letter.


That oats is nice and clean.
Here is your money.
I Will send you a thousand bushels of oats today.
Here is the money for the thousand bushels of oats.

"The pictures and our exhibit show how some farmers earn a living," said one of the children.

"The pictures show how Mr. Olson earns a living too," said Fred.

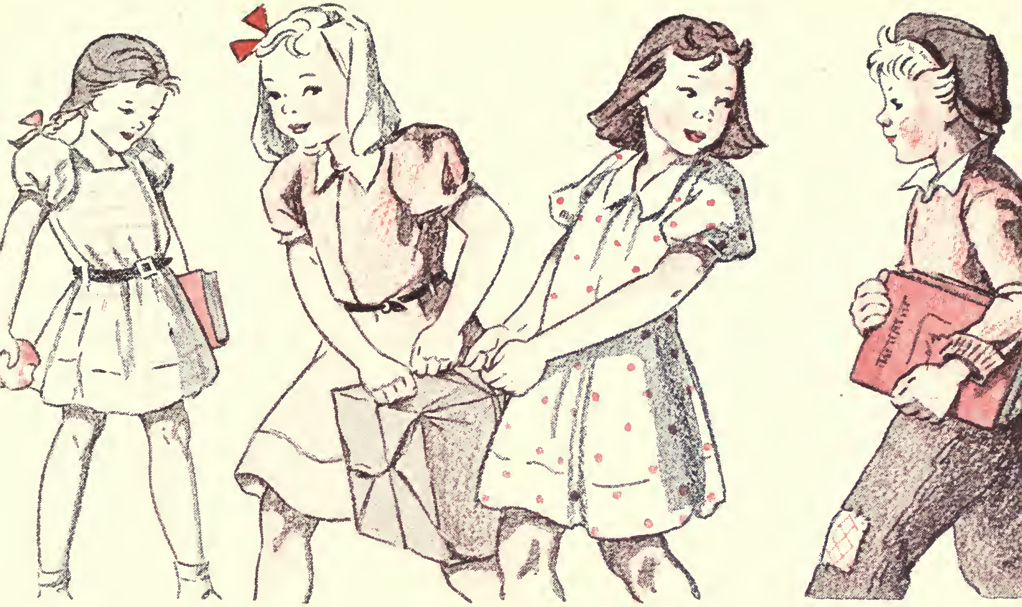
"We ought to have an exhibit to show how other people earn a living," said Bob.

A girl who lived on a farm said, "Before I came to school in Centerville, I had never seen a print shop. Perhaps there are other ways of earning a living that I don't know anything about."

"Let's have an exhibit that will show how different people in the community earn a living," said Miss Morton. "Perhaps grown people will want to see the exhibit when we have it ready. We can send invitations to all the people. If other classes will help, the whole school might give a program. We can call it Community Day."

The boys and girls talked to children in other rooms about having a program. The teachers also talked about it. Each class planned what it would do.

The children in Bob's class were going to show their farm exhibit and elevator pictures. Another class decided to sing some new songs. One class made up a play for the program. And the biggest boys and girls decided to ask people to bring picnic suppers. They planned to serve ice cream and cake.



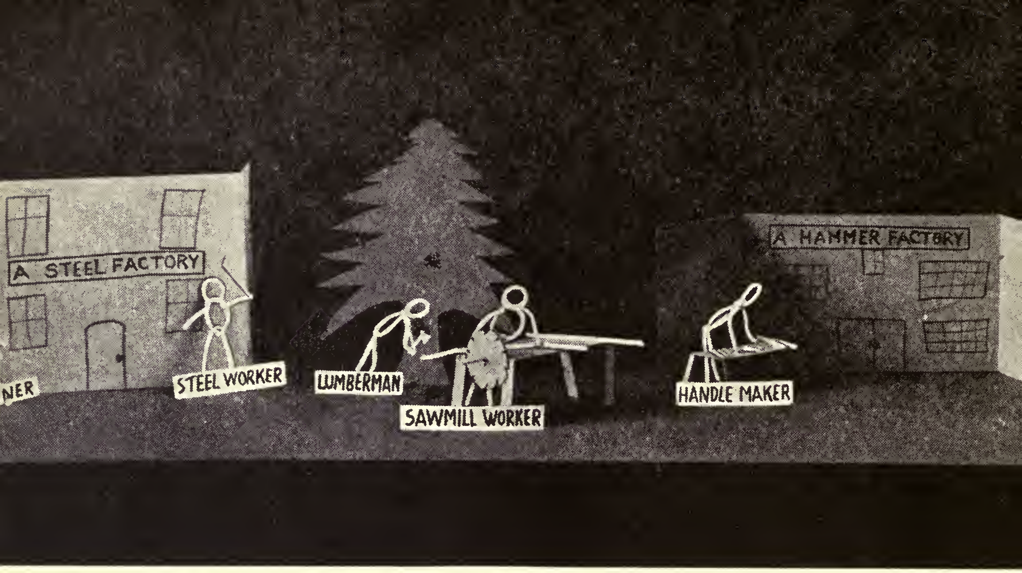
Tools for Centerville Workmen

One morning Mary Hart and her friend Susan carried a package to school. It was big, but it wasn't heavy. Everyone who saw the girls asked what they had in the package.

"It is part of the exhibit our class is making for Community Day," said Mary.

"It isn't like the exhibit in Bob's room," said Susan. "We will let you see it when it is ready."

The girls carried the package into their schoolroom and took off the paper. When they put their exhibit on a desk, the class crowded around to look.


NER
A STEEL FACTORY
STEEL WORKER
LUMBERMAN
SAWMILL WORKER
HANDLE MAKER
A HAMMER FACTORY

"Look at those men," said a boy. "They are made of wire."

"The buildings are made of cardboard," said a girl.

"The signs tell you about the exhibit," explained Mary.

"Our exhibit shows the hardware business," said Susan. "There are several kinds of retail stores in Centerville. They all buy goods and then sell goods. We could have made an exhibit about the drug store or the general store. We decided to show only the hardware store."

"We could not show everything that is sold in a hardware store, and so we showed only a hammer," explained Mary. "The exhibit shows how hammers are made and sold. The first man in the exhibit

WHOLESALE HARDWARE HOUSE
Mr. GOODMAN
CARPENTER

is the man who dug iron from the ground. This building is the factory where iron was made into steel. The man near the building is a steel worker. And the next building is a factory where the steel was made into hammers."

"Hammers don't have iron handles," said a boy.

"We show where the handles come from, too," said Mary. "We have a lumberman who cuts down trees. We have another man who works in a sawmill where boards are cut. And we have a man making handles out of boards. The handles go to the hammer factory.

"The factory sells hammers to a wholesale house. The wholesale hardware house sells hammers to Mr. Goodman's retail hardware store. Mr. Goodman sells hammers to his customers."

"The man who is buying the hammer from Mr. Goodman is a carpenter," said Susan. "He has some repair work to do for Mrs. Jones and he needs a new hammer."

Miss Morton asked, "How do the materials get to the hammer factory? And how do the hammers get to Mr. Goodman's store?"

"Sometimes trucks are used. And sometimes freight cars are used," answered Mary. "But the trucks and trains aren't in the exhibit."

"We did not try to show everything in our exhibit," said Susan. "We could have put little toy trucks and little railroad trains in it, but then the exhibit would have been too large."

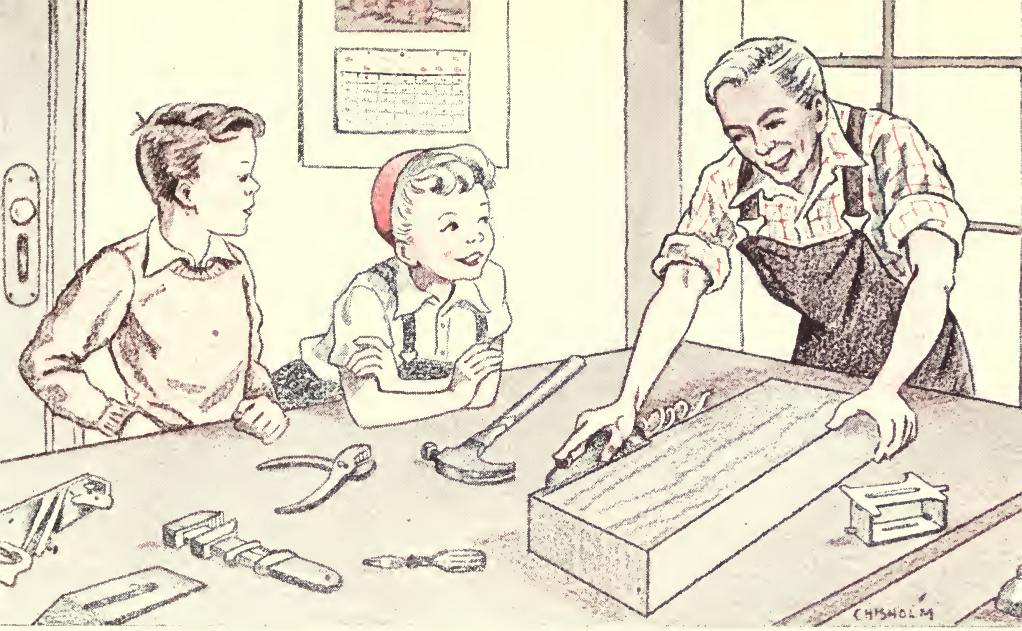
"We can understand your exhibit without the trucks and the trains," said Miss Morton to the girls. "Your signs explain it."

"I am glad you put the carpenter in your exhibit," said Jack Bell. "Don and I have an exhibit about the carpenter's work."

In the afternoon many children from other rooms came to look at the exhibit. Mary and Susan explained it over and over again.

The principal came in to see it.

"It is a good exhibit," he said. "Farmers and other Centerville workers get their tools the same way."



How Workmen Earn a Living

Jack Bell and his friend Don were making an exhibit for Community Day. They planned to show how workmen earned a living in Centerville by doing jobs for people.

First they made a list of the kinds of workmen in Centerville. They put down the carpenter, the painter, the electrician, the plumber, and the bricklayer.

The boys watched some of these men work and talked with them. They found out that each man had spent several years learning how to do his work. Each man had worked with older workmen and had learned from them.

These workmen did not always work for the same people. They worked for anyone who hired them. When they had a job, they counted the hours they spent on it. They were paid for each hour they worked.

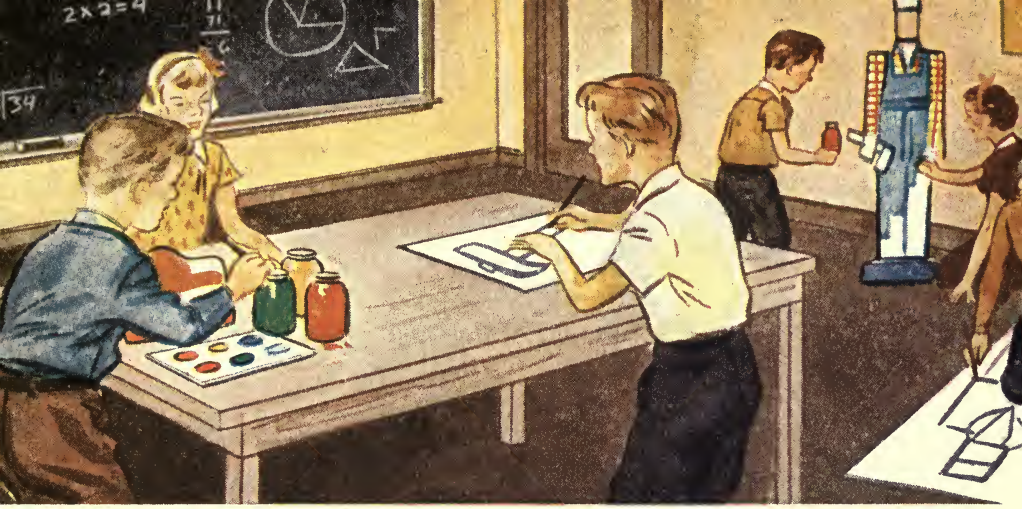
Sometimes these men were very busy. Several families would want to hire them. But sometimes no one had any jobs for them. Then they could not work.

Jack and Don learned that each man used his own tools when he worked. He kept them clean himself and put them away when he was not using them. The boys wanted to show in their exhibit that all these workmen use good tools.

"I know how we can show that," said Jack. "We can have tools in the exhibit. We can ask Mr. Goodman to let us borrow some tools to show on Community Day."

"Just showing the borrowed tools won't make an interesting exhibit," said Don. "We ought to show who uses them. This exhibit should be about ways of earning a living. We have to put people in it."

"Let's make a big cut-out of each kind of workman," said Jack. "We can make the cut-outs of cardboard. We can paint them to look like a plumber and the other workmen."



Jack and Don got other children to help make the cut-outs. They drew pictures of men on cardboard and cut them out with a saw. The sawing was hard work. The children painted work clothes on the cut-outs.

A girl was painting clothes on the plumber cut-out. She said, "It would be fun to make a cut-out of a woman and paint a dress for her. It is too bad that not one of the workmen is a woman."

"Oh, I know a woman workman," said Jack. "My aunt works. She learned her work the way these workmen did. She uses her own tools and takes good care of them. And she is paid for the hours she works."

"Your aunt is Mrs. Jones, the dressmaker," said the girl. "She does sewing for people. We must have a cut-out of her in our exhibit. I'll paint the dress."

Don's brother George watched the children while they were making the cut-outs. He was older than Don and was in another room at school.

"On Community Day our class is going to show some workers, too," George said. "We are going to show them doing their work."

The children stopped working.

"Are you going to have an exhibit like ours?" they asked.

George laughed.

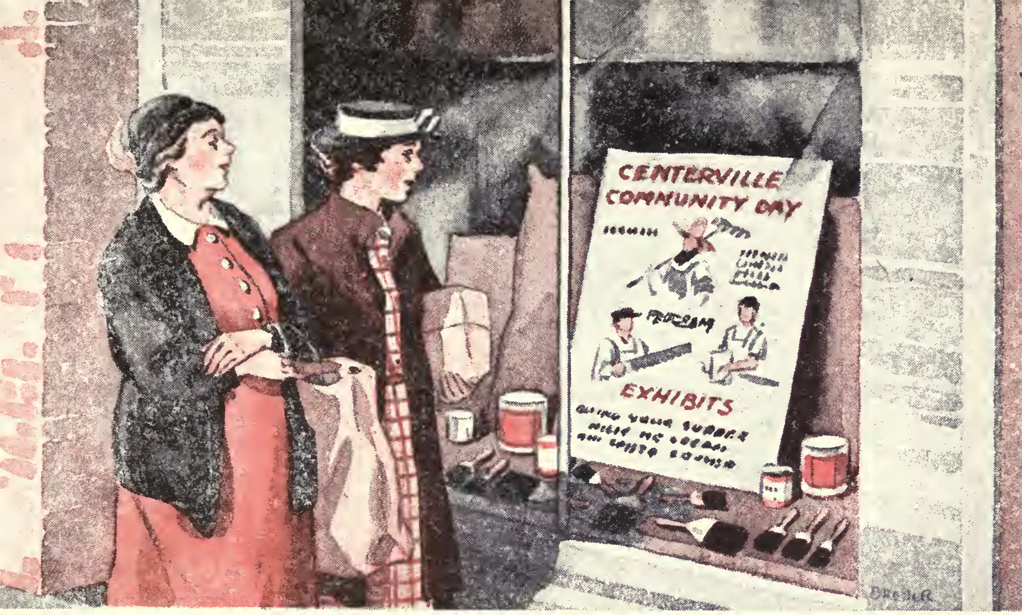
"No," he said. "We aren't going to show your workmen. We are going to have a play about some other workmen. I can't tell you who they are. It is going to be a surprise."

"I think there is going to be another surprise," said Jack Bell. "Mr. Banks came out to our farm and talked for a long time with my father. Mr. Banks has a surprise for Community Day. My father won't tell me what it is."

"It won't be a surprise if he tells," said a girl.

"Mr. Banks was talking to the school principal," said a boy. "Perhaps they were talking about the surprise."

Everyone wondered what the surprise could be. Children stopped on the corner to talk to Mr. Banks. They asked him what it was. But Mr. Banks only laughed and shook his head.



A Busy Day

One morning Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Adams stood in front of the hardware store. They were looking at something in the store window. It was a large poster.

On the poster were pictures of a carpenter, a farmer, and a storekeeper. The poster was about Community Day at the school.

"A doctor, a nurse, and a plumber are on a poster in the drug store," said Mrs. Jones. "Both posters are interesting."

"Some big boys and girls made the posters," said Mrs. Adams. "A teacher in our new school helps them with that kind of work."

Mrs. Jones said, "I would not want to miss the program tonight. I am going with the Bell family and the Hart family. Community Day will be like a big picnic. I am going to cook chicken for our supper."

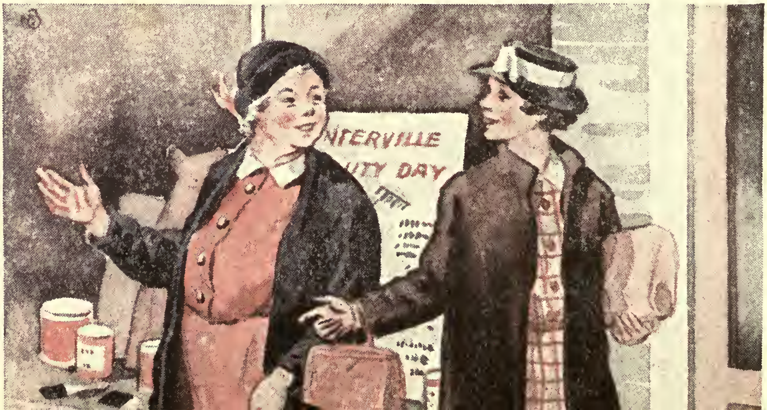
"We are going with the Hand family," said Mrs. Adams. "And we have asked Mrs. Owen, the telephone operator, to eat supper with us."

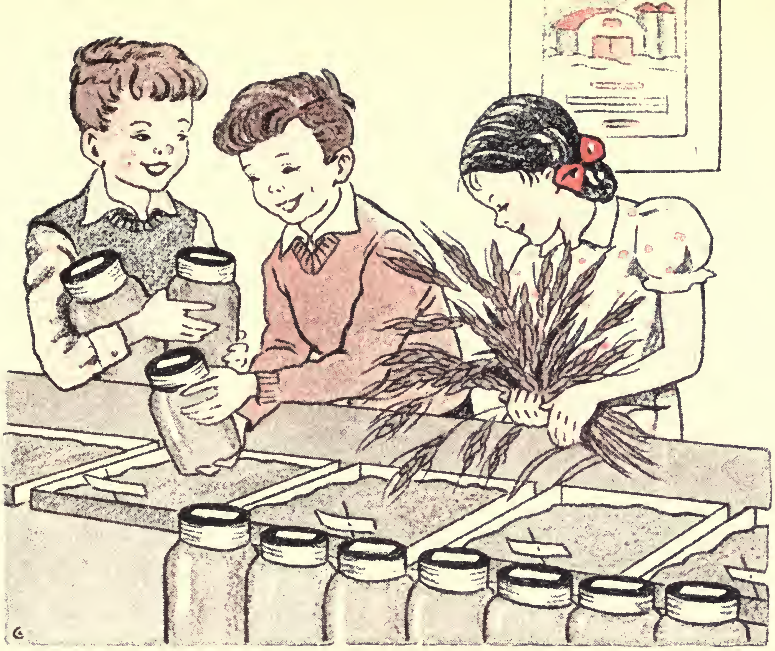
"The biggest children in school are going to work in the lunchroom," said Mrs. Jones. "The boys will see that everyone has a seat, and the girls will serve milk and coffee. They will serve ice cream and cake to everyone, too."

"Everyone in the community will be there," said Mrs. Adams. "I'm glad that the new school is big enough for all of us."

"Now I must hurry home and get the chicken ready," said Mrs. Jones. "Good-by. I'll see you at the school tonight."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Adams. "I know the chicken will be good if you cook it."

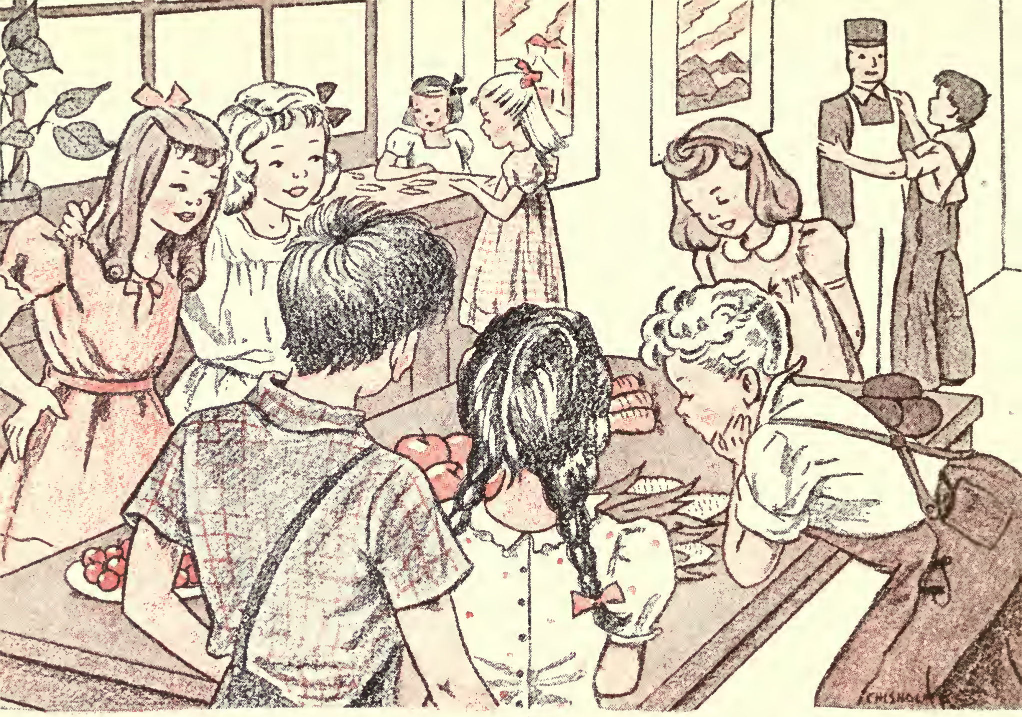




At the school many children were getting things ready for the exhibit and the program. One class had finished their work. They had made the posters and sent out the invitations.

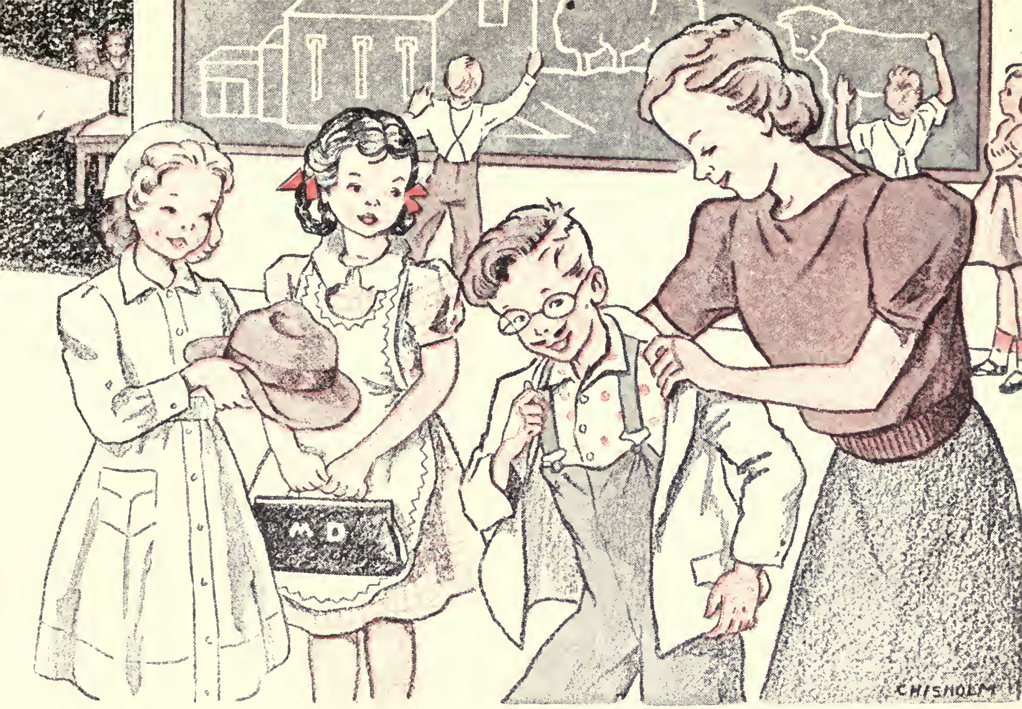
The children in Bob's room were putting up their exhibits. One exhibit showed milk and cream and butter. Another showed eggs. The children also had exhibits of different kinds of fruits and vegetables.

On a table were samples of different kinds of grain. The children put up the pictures that showed Mr. Olson buying grain from the farmers and selling grain in the city. They also put up their stories about the elevator.



On long tables in the hall were other exhibits made by the children. The exhibit that Mary and Susan had made was there. So was the exhibit that Don and Jack had made. The boys also had an exhibit of tools from Mr. Goodman's hardware store.

In George's room the children were getting ready for the play. George and other children in the play had brought the clothes they were going to wear. They were trying on the clothes. Other children were making signs and painting big pieces of cardboard to look like houses and rooms. Everyone in the room was busy.



Another class moved the picture machine from the dark room to the big assembly room. They turned on the light and tried the machine. One boy learned how to get the light just right.

Other children came into the assembly room. They were the ones who had learned some songs for the program. They knew their songs and sang them very well. Now these children were going to see just how they would come in and just where each child would stand.

Just then Mr. Banks came to the school and went to the principal's office. When he came out, he did not say anything. He just shook his head.

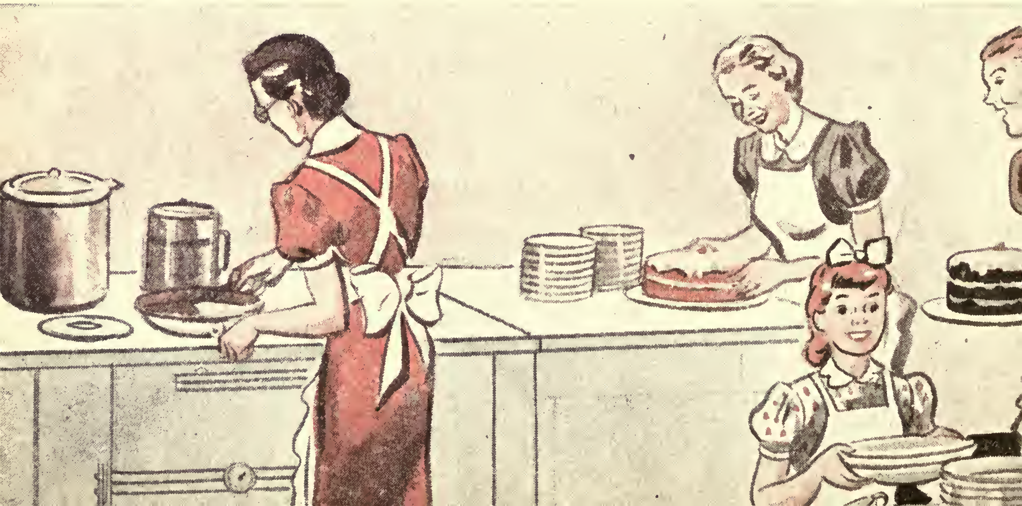
In the school lunchroom three or four women were working. Some girls were helping them. So was one of the teachers. They were getting ready for the Community Day supper.

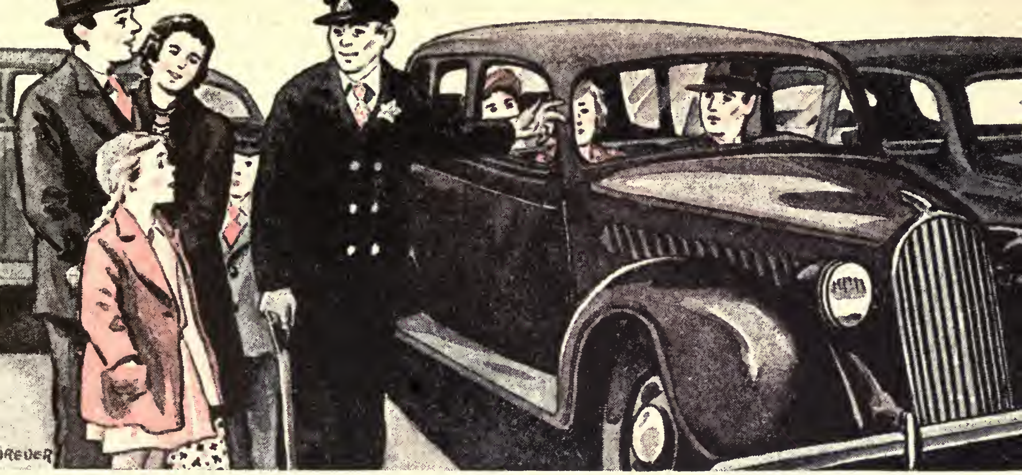
The women got the coffee ready to put on the stove. They took all the cups from the cupboard and put them on a table. They got everything ready for serving the ice cream. And they took cakes from baskets and cut them.

Everybody was busy. Everybody talked and laughed and had a good time.

"Community Day is fun," said one of the women. "But getting ready for the supper is the most fun of all."

"My! It is easy to do the work in a kitchen with plenty of cupboards," said another woman. "And I never thought I would cook on an electric stove. Some day I am going to have a stove like this in my home."





The Community Day Supper

"Look, Dad," said Emily. "See how many cars are parked by the school. We left home so early that I thought we would get here first. Look at that line of people."

Mr. Adams laughed. "I guess we would have to stay at the school all day to be the first ones at a community supper," he said.

Mr. Banks was standing near the school.

"I am showing people where to park," he said to Mr. Adams.

"Aren't you coming to the supper, Mr. Banks?" asked Emily.

"Oh yes, of course," he said. "I will come in when all the cars are parked."

"Tell us your surprise," said Emily.

But Mr. Banks just smiled and shook his head.

When the Adams family went into the school, they saw many people in the hall. There were children and grown people. There were farm families and town families.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams stopped and shook hands with many of their friends. They saw some people who did not come to town very often.

Mr. Olson was in the hall looking at the pictures of his elevator business.

"Here is a picture of me," he said to Mr. Adams. "I guess the boy who drew it thought I had red hair."

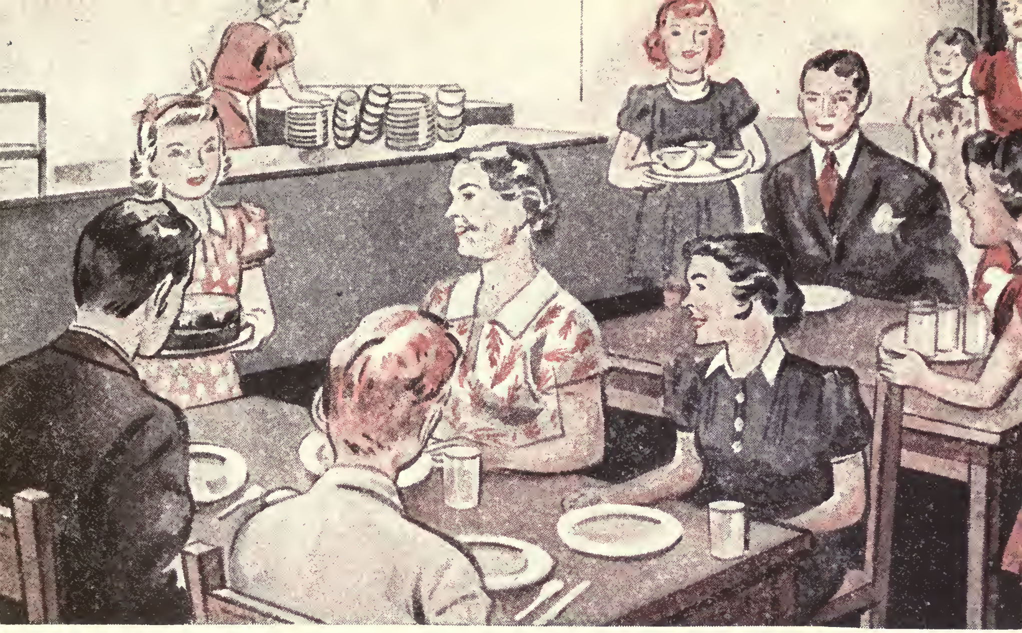
"In the next picture the color of your hair is green," said Mr. Adams. The men laughed.

"These pictures show that it would be hard for the farmers to get along without the grain elevator," said Mr. Olson.

"Yes," said Mr. Adams. "And I think they show that the elevator could not get along without the farmers."

"That is right," Mr. Olson said. "I see now why the children are having a Community Day. The children have studied the whole community. And they are showing us what they have learned about it."

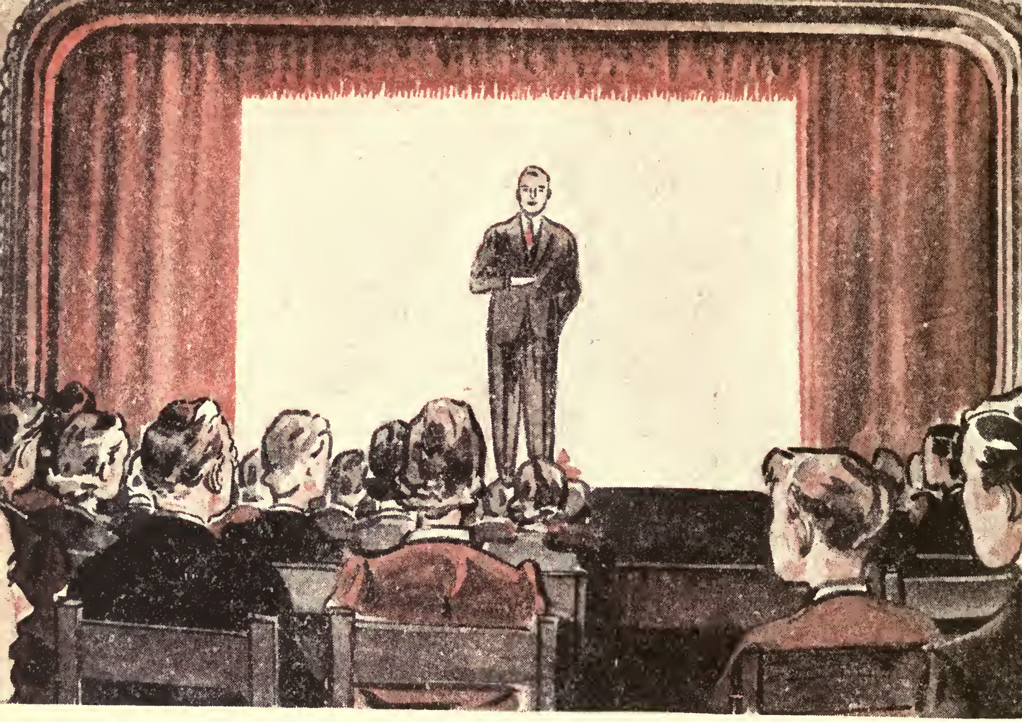
"Let's see what they have learned about serving supper," said Mr. Adams.



The lunchroom was full of people. They had brought their suppers and spread out the food. When one family had finished eating, another family was ready to sit down.

The big boys and girls were busy. They poured cups of milk for the children or served coffee to the grown people at the tables. They brought ice cream and cake to people who were finishing their suppers. The boys and girls talked with the people and had a good time.

Mrs. Jones was there with the Hart family and the Bell family. Mrs. Owen, the telephone operator, was with the Hand family. She saved places at the table for the Adams family. Soon they all were served cups of coffee or milk and were eating.



The School Program

At eight o'clock everyone was through eating supper. It was time for the program.

The assembly room was crowded. Every seat in the room was taken. Children brought extra chairs from classrooms until everyone had a seat.

Then the school principal went to the platform.

"This is the first Community Day in the Fred Hand School," he said. "Some of the classes have studied the Centerville community and have made exhibits. Other classes have planned this program. One of the girls will tell you about the program."

Mary Hart's big sister went to the platform.

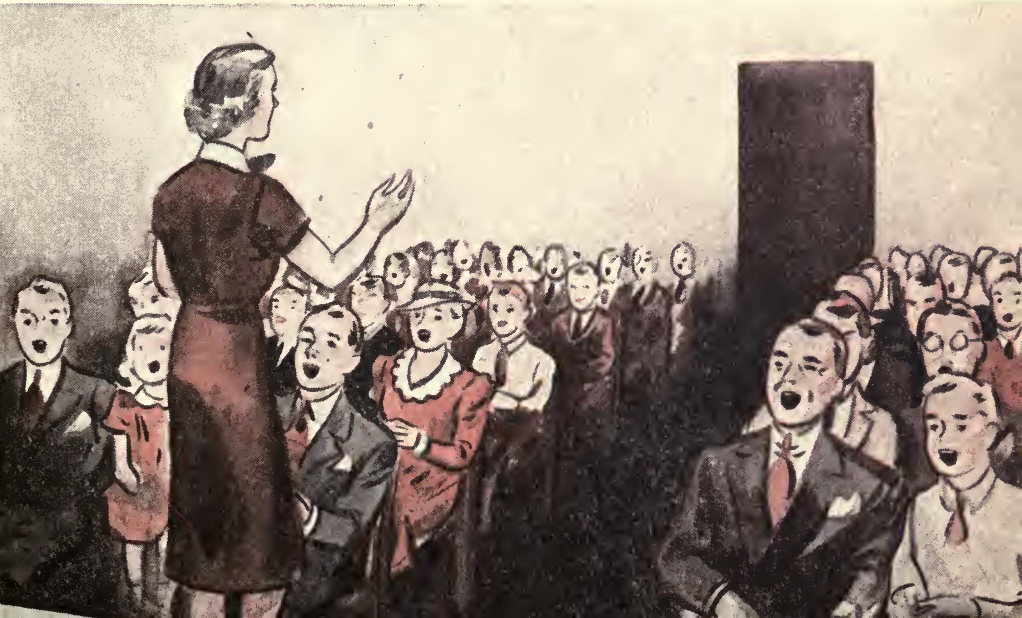
"First there will be singing," she said.

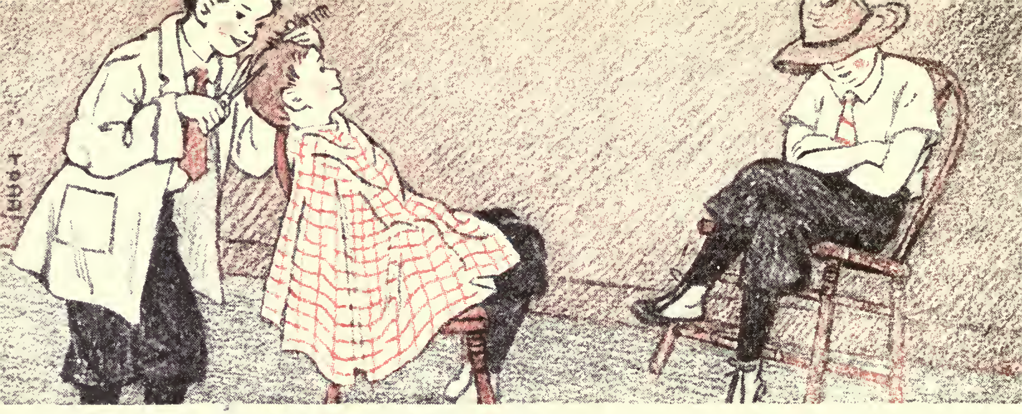
One of the new teachers asked everybody to sing the first song. Everybody in the room sang.

Then it was the children's turn to sing their new songs. They watched the teacher and sang very well. The last song was funny. All the people laughed and clapped their hands.

Mrs. Bell said to Mrs. Hart, "Grown people ought to sing more often. Let's ask the teacher to have a music class for us. We could meet in the evening and study music."

Then Mary Hart's sister said, "In the hall you saw some exhibits that show different kinds of workmen. Now you will see some workers on the platform. But you have to guess who they are."





A boy in a white coat came to the platform with another boy. He pretended to cut the other boy's hair.

Then several children came to the platform. A girl pretended to weigh some little children. A girl in a white uniform had the children read letters on a big card. A boy with a doctor's bag looked carefully at each child. But the children weren't sick.

"I know who they are," said Mrs. Hart. "The doctor and nurse have come to school. The teacher is helping them. She is pretending to weigh and measure each child."

Next a boy looked at two calves that were painted on cardboard. Two other boys stood by the calves and pretended that they owned the calves.

The veterinary was in the back of the assembly room. He smiled and said to the man near him, "That boy knows just how I do it."

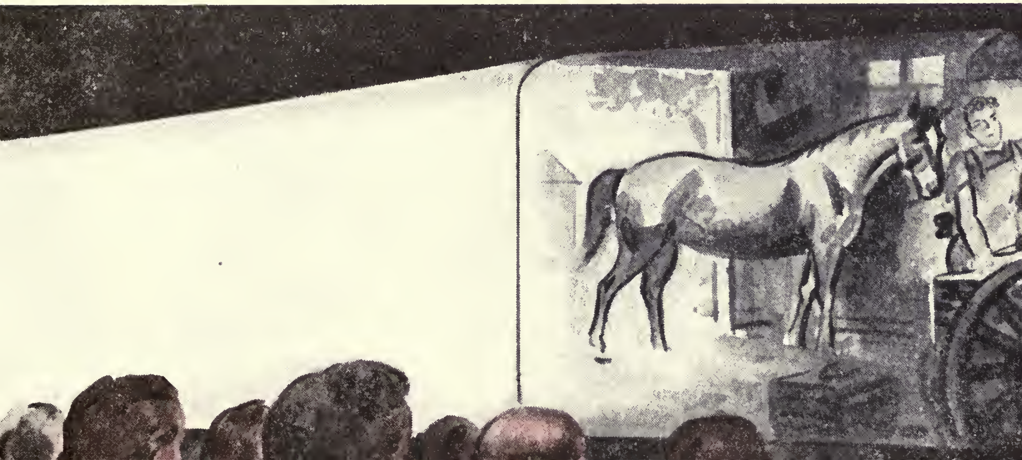
Pictures of Centerville were next on the program. Somebody turned off all the lights in the room. The picture machine was turned on, and the first picture was shown.

It was a picture that was taken before the new road was built through Centerville. It showed the sharp turn in the road near Mr. Banks's farm.

Click! The boy who was running the machine changed the picture. The next picture showed a rural letter carrier on a muddy road.

Click! The picture changed again. This picture showed the blacksmith shop with a horse standing in front of it. Other pictures showed the old Centerville school and the little rural schools.

The next pictures showed the Centerville community after the highway and the new school were built. There were no sharp turns. These pictures showed the wide curve in the new highway. And there was a picture of the blacksmith shop with a gasoline pump in front.



Next, the boy at the picture machine showed pictures of some rural children getting into a school bus. There was a picture of the children getting out of the bus at the new school in Centerville.

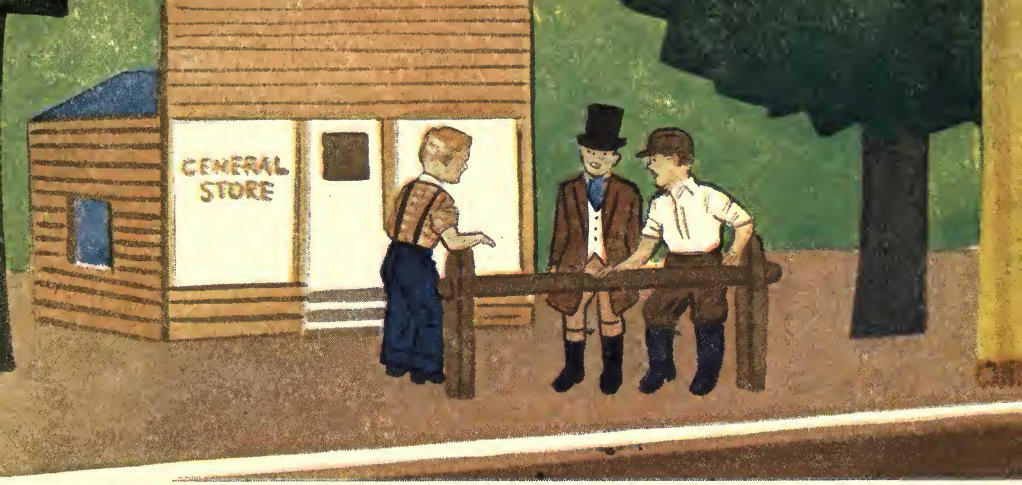
There were many pictures of the new school. One showed children on the school playground. Another showed the little children in the kindergarten. There were pictures of children studying in the school library. Some children were reading books and magazines. And there was a picture of children in the lunchroom.

Pictures showed other things children did at the new school. In one picture some children were planting a school garden. In another they were drawing a map of the community. The last pictures showed children visiting Centerville business men.

When the lights were turned on, Mr. Adams said to Mrs. Adams, "I wish I could have gone to a school like this one when I was a boy."

Mrs. Adams said, "My, but things have changed in Centerville."

Then the girl who was explaining the program said, "One of the classes is going to give a play that will show what Centerville was like soon after the first house was built."



The children in the play were dressed like their grandmothers and grandfathers. Some had studied pictures and then made clothing like the clothes of their grandmothers and grandfathers. Other children had borrowed clothing for the play.

The first part of the play was about Mrs. Adams's grandmother. Her home was the first house in Centerville. The play showed women coming to her house to help do her sewing.

The second part of the play showed the first store in Centerville. Some boys were dressed like their grandfathers. They talked about buying things and about getting a teacher for the school. And they talked about the muddy road.

The play next showed the first Centerville school. It had only one room. There were big children and little children in it. One boy pretended to be Mr. Fred Hand, the first teacher.

The Surprise

When the play was over, everyone clapped. The people talked about the play and said that they liked it.

"That was a good program," said Mr. Hand to Mr. Bell.

"Yes, it was," said Mr. Bell. "And now everyone will find out what the surprise is."

The principal went to the platform.

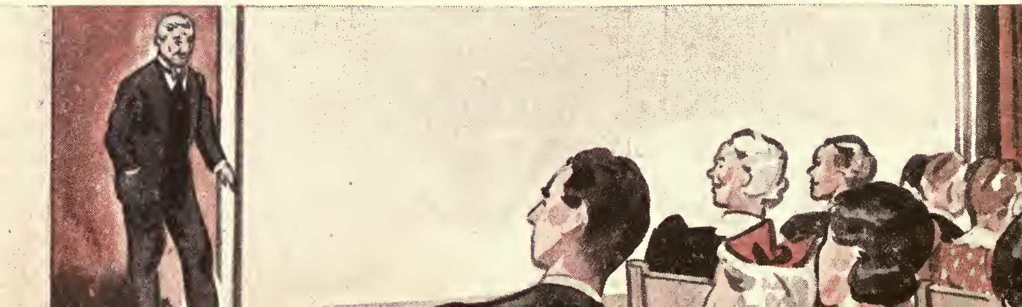
"We cannot go on with the program until Mr. Banks comes," he said.

Everyone turned around to look for Mr. Banks. Somebody went outside to find him. The people talked to each other and waited.

They talked about their work and about their crops. They talked about the school and the new highway. Fathers and mothers talked about their children. And the children kept on talking about the surprise.

"Here's Mr. Banks!" somebody said. "He went home and changed his clothes."

The people turned to look. They clapped their hands and Mr. Banks smiled.



When Mr. Banks sat down, the principal said, "Please turn off the lights again. I want to show two more pictures."

The lights were turned off, and the boy at the picture machine showed a picture.

"Who can tell what this picture shows?" asked the principal.

One big boy said, "I know. It is the creek on Mr. Banks's land. Some of us boys go there to swim. But Mr. Banks always chases us away. He says it is dangerous to swim there."

All the people wondered why that picture was shown.

Mr. Banks said, "I have chased every big boy in Centerville away from that creek. I am too old to chase them any more. So now I am going to do something about it."

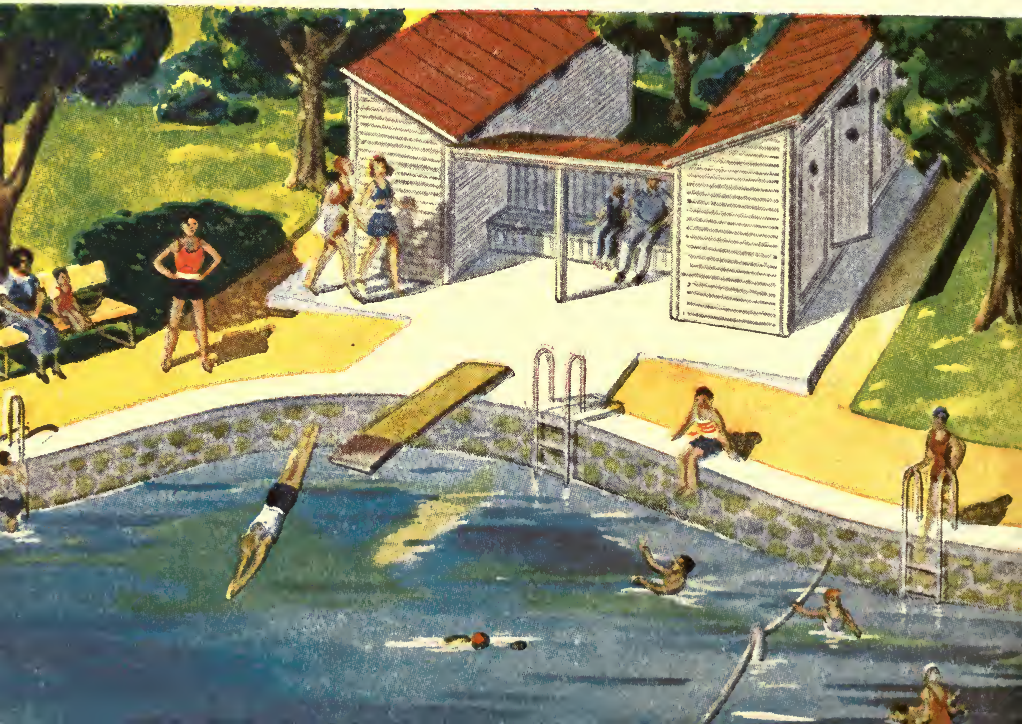
Then Mr. Banks smiled and sat down.

"What a funny kind of surprise!" said Mrs. Owen to Mrs. Hand. Mrs. Hand just smiled. She knew what the surprise was going to be.

The principal said, "If Mr. Banks won't tell you about the surprise himself, I will."

Then he said to the boy at the picture machine, "Show the other picture."

Click! The picture was changed. Everyone looked.



"Wouldn't you like to have a swimming pool like this one?" asked the principal.

The people clapped. All the children were excited and shouted "Yes!" They clapped their hands for a long time.

The principal said, "Centerville needs a safe place where children can swim. If we had a pool, one of the teachers would spend the summer in Centerville and teach the children to swim. Some of the bigger children could help, too. But you know there isn't a safe place for swimming near Centerville.

"The members of the school board wanted to build a swimming pool. But the board hadn't enough money to pay its debts and to buy the land for a swimming pool.

"Then Mr. Banks came to see me. He said he would give us land near his creek for a swimming pool if we would have one built. Tomorrow men will begin work on the swimming pool that you see in the picture.

"Soon our community will have a swimming pool for the children and for the grown people, too. Mr. Banks, we all thank you."

Everybody clapped and the children shouted. Mr. Banks just sat there and again he smiled and shook his head.

The program was over. People crowded around Mr. Banks and shook hands with him.

"You are doing a fine thing for Centerville and for our children," said Mr. Adams to Mr. Banks.

"I am glad to do it," said Mr. Banks.

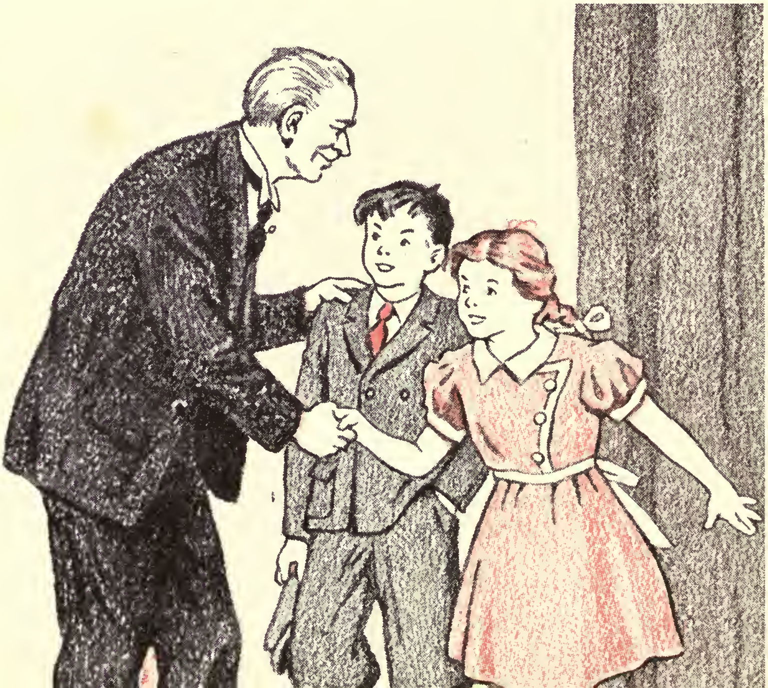
As the people left the assembly room to go home, more people stopped to thank Mr. Banks.

Mr. Banks said, "Now I won't have to chase children away from the creek any more."

Bob and Emily stood in front of Mr. Banks when they were ready to go.

"Thanks, Mr. Banks," they sang together.

Mr. Banks smiled. "Now you run along home," he said. "Community Day is over."



New Words in Centerville

The vocabulary of this book consists of words used in the three earlier books of the series and the following new words, arranged by pages in the order of their first use.

Business in Centerville

5 business
Centerville

6 Saturday
Dad
busy

7 hardware
drug
Adams
felt

8 much
price
dozen
customer

9 counted
or
yesterday
fresh

10 John
Hand
bottles
enough

11 brought
need
sugar
filled

12 map
Beaver
Creek
paved

13 direction
Corner
hard

14 Grand
opposite
five

15 Jones
while
late
Banks

16 feed
sold
overalls
buy

17 general
any
rent
magazine

18 often
Mondays
cost
taxes

19 until
rural
placed

20 veterinary
an
doctor

21 hair
blacksmith
shop
advertisements

22 gone
Owen
order

23 broom
pound
cheese
coffee

24 operator
watch

25 daughter
been
trying
phone

26 cap
sick

27 rough
shall
won't
wish

28 freight
caboose

29 before
bought
cases
forty

30 lower
summer
always
than

31 inspect
those
both
supper

32 Emily
also
eight
most

33 fit
nice

34 sons
Fred
only
shoes

35 pair
hope
wear
eleven

36 left
full
happened
found

37 marbles
swimming
berries
picnics

38 church
own
sew

39 ought

40 dark
music
same

41 easy

42 even
mud

Centerville's Highway

44 dirt
ripe
community

45 carefully
shed
heat
load

46 drove
spoil
large
painting

47 accident
noon

48 stuck
wheels

48 slipped
soft

49 bring

50 state

51 vote
cracked
visit

52 everybody
hurt
perhaps
articles

53 use
gasoline
dangerous
speed

54 traffic
job
decides
paid

56 plans
few
somebody
Snow

57 Trott
wider

58 land
explained
safe

59 curve
shouted
sharp
done

60 surveyors

61 part

62 fences
dug
earn

63 raised
rollers
under
never

64 bicycle
outside
trailer

65 standing
cupboards

67 concrete
kept
camp
foreman

68 stones
sand
side
warned

69 shovel
stood

70 gravel
cement
dumped

72 smooth
dry

73 cattle
crossing

76 wholesale
several

77 evening
pump
front

78 pass
saved
reached
say

80 special
sales

81 soap

82 met
uniform
because

83 theater
yet

84 crowded
himself

Food and Clothes for Centerville

85 clothes

86 invitations
company
list
samples

87 bunch
bananas
might

88 Pine
clothing

89 course

91 follow

93 along
line

94 miles
game
different

96 river

97 hours
wonder

99 either
retail

100 Barnes
manager
begin

101 unload

102 cartons
crates
jam
floor

106 nothing

108 heavy
smell

110 buttoned
factories

111 shipping
together

113 restaurant
half

116 women
chairs
table

117 alike
color
size

118 cloth
material

123 laid
spread
layers
pieces

124 seams
whir

125 fastened
tapped

126 interested

127 class

Centerville Farming

130 crops
fed
hogs

131 calves
beef
ranch
hay

132 fatten
silage
silos

134 oats
stack
close

136 fall
ears
husks

136 snap

137 strong
haul
corn-crib

139 already

140 extra

141 draw
knew

142 carpenters
lumber
finished

143 four

144 straight
months
heads

145 gate
chase

146 herd

147 spring
electric
expenses

148 learned

149 idea

151 almost
repaired
roof
tank

152 body
selected

154 weigh
Tim
Jerry
scales

155 threw

156 bushels

159 measure
ice

161 hundred
plenty

162 yearlings
Dan
Bridges

165 debt

166 switched

170 sounds

173 pipes

175 hides
leather

177 spent
electricity

178 stove

179 electrician

The Community School

183 flames

184 whole
sparks

185 excited
Hart
members
board

186 except
bricks

190 basement

191 Potter
architect

192 borrow

194 foundation
walls

196 toilet

197 kindergarten

198 noticed

199 contractor
hires
furniture

200 teams

201 mortar

202 steel

205 child

208 tool

211 ditch
deeper

212 iron

214 ceilings
wires
hall

216 second

217 oil
radiators

218 plaster
lathing

220 plumber
lockers
desk

Community Day

229 Morton's
sang
songs

232 thousand

235 poured
cups

236 exhibit
Olson's

241 Jim
drew

244 program
sing
serve

246 hammer

248 Don

252 George
shook

253 poster

257 assembly

259 smiled

260 studied

262 platform

263 clapped

264 pretended

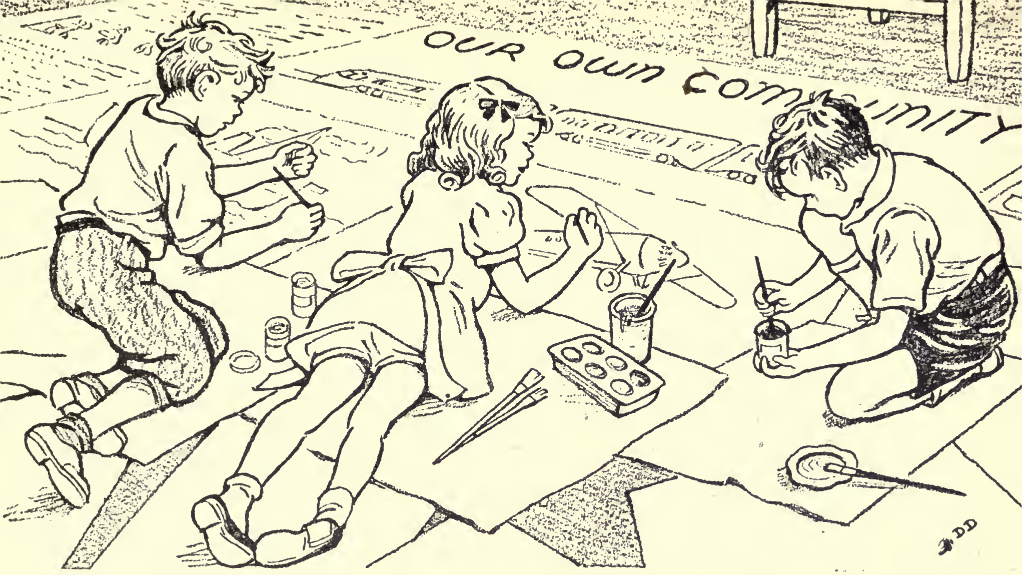
265 changed

271 pool

Acknowledgments

The authors and publishers of CENTERVILLE wish to acknowledge the courtesy and interest of the following in supplying pictures for the pages indicated:

Covered Wagon Company, 66; Caterpillar Tractor Company, 68, 70; Better Roads Magazine, 68, 69, 70; Allis-Chalmers Company, 69; Portland Cement Association, 71, 72; Kroger-Consumers Company, 104, 105, 106, 107, 109, 110; Singer Sewing Machine Company, 122, 123, 124, 125; J. C. Allen and Sons, 132, 133, 134, 135; International Harvester Company, 133; J. I. Case Company, 133, 135; Ewing Galloway, 169, 208, 219; Ferdinand Hirsch, 170; George A. Hormel and Company, 171, 172, 173; Armour and Company, 172, 173, 176; Kaufmann and Fabry, 269.



A Chapter for Teachers

CENTERVILLE gives a picture of an American small town, the farm country that surrounds it, and the nearest city. The book is planned to give children an understanding of a community—a group of people who in many ways are dependent upon each other. Social-studies textbooks should teach children to see, more clearly than they would without instruction, familiar things that are important. Centerville is an imaginary town with a population of about three hundred. It is somewhere in the Corn Belt. But whether children live in big cities, in suburbs, in small towns, or on isolated farms, they can study CENTERVILLE in such a way that they will have a better understanding of their own community.

Centerville has characteristics that can be found in almost any American community. If children and teachers read into the book details that belong to their own community, so much the better. Here are folks everyone knows: the family of the successful storekeeper, the older man who has doubts about modern change, the neighborly woman, the foreman who has time to talk with children, and many others besides children themselves who are curious, intelligent, well-mannered, but not too good or too happy.

CENTERVILLE does not guarantee the same amount or the same kind of learning for all children who use the book. It is planned to make average readers think about the things around them. It can be read by slow readers and can give additional meaning to their experiences. And it will hold the interest of superior pupils and even intelligent adults because it contains important social ideas.

Reading CENTERVILLE straight through without discussion or the exploring of many bypaths which are opened to view is not recommended. The reading may be oral or silent, in large assignments or small ones. Some stories may be read rapidly and others thoroughly, either by the children or to them. It is hoped that the children will stop to ask questions, many of which can of course be answered by the teacher in conversation. In some places the teacher can add to the information of the book from her own experiences. In any case, advantage should be taken of the many good stopping places where the children may take excursions, read selections from other books, prepare plays and exhibits, paint friezes, or do whatever is suggested by the originality of the children or their teacher.

Each of the stories in CENTERVILLE may be read with two leading questions in mind: "How is Centerville different from our community?" "How is Centerville like our community?" The first question is usually the easier and should be talked about first. The second is harder but very important. The accumulating answers to the second question lead children gradually to learn that all people, by living together in communities of various kinds, obtain food, clothes, homes, entertainment, and all the other necessities of American life.

Following is some discussion of each chapter. There is a list called Social Ideas. It is important that the teacher remember these as the children read and that children be encouraged to talk about them. Conversation can be the most important kind of lesson in social studies. It will be more profitable for children to talk about other examples of these ideas than to state the ideas in adult language. The teacher is urged to remember that the purpose is to *understand* various kinds of communities and so avoid *judging* any community as better than another.

These social ideas are listed in the order in which examples first occur in the book. However, the ideas are not confined to definite pages but are developed by the entire book. Some of them recur again and again; if the point is not clear in one example, it may become clear in another.

There are also suggestions called Special Study. These are topics that are only touched upon in CENTERVILLE. While recognized as valuable, they are not essential in developing the social ideas of this book.

The requirements of certain courses of study can be met by sandwiching these topics into the reading of this book. Information on them can be found in schools, homes, and local libraries. Children can study pictures, other school books, encyclopedias, and catalogues. Use can be made of excursions, interviews, and individual reports.

There are also suggestions called Things for Children to Do. Doing things is necessary in the study of social ideas. With these suggestions come two warnings: (1) Don't attempt to do all these things in any one year. (2) Don't do any of them if the teacher or children have other inspirations.

In each chapter are some light touches, bits of humor, just as there is humor in the actual life of any community. Maybe children will interrupt their reading and tell incidents, beginning, "I know just how they felt. One time I . . . " Finding fun in homely incidents is socially desirable.

BUSINESS IN CENTERVILLE

Social Ideas. Everybody trades goods that he has or work that he does for goods or services that he needs or wants. Trading in a general store is one example of "business."

People everywhere are dependent upon transportation. If equipment or service is not good, people are hindered in their work and in their comfort.

What people do depends partly upon the time of the year and upon the weather.

On farms and in small communities many families are "in business," and the members of the family work together.

Every community has places where people exchange ideas: on the street, in stores, in commuting trains, in churches and clubs, in newspaper columns.

Every family lives within reach of a shopping center. Goods and services that are most important to the people in a certain community are the ones that can be secured in the local shopping center.

Whenever business is transacted, there must be some kind of communication and some kind of transportation.

In any retail business there are many kinds of work to be done besides waiting on customers.

A storekeeper cannot always decide for himself how much he will pay for goods or how much he will charge.

An important part of many kinds of business is the inspection and grading of goods.

Every community has some problem which many of its people want solved. They are dissatisfied with their schools or their transportation or something else.

The things people do for a good time depend partly upon climate, the space available, and the number of people.

No suggested community change is ever entirely desirable or entirely undesirable. In a democracy communities must choose whether they want new advantages that bring with them new problems and new responsibilities.

Special Study. Some classes might well spend considerable time studying the complete story of *one* of the products that pass through towns on the way to cities: eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, fruits, honey, maple syrup, various kinds of garden truck.

Things for Children to Do. A make-believe conversation in the general store. If done several days in succession, the conversation will become more and more natural and original. This sort of play is like dramatization, but it does not require scenery, costumes, or audience.

A picture map of the local community. Show highways and railroads that connect it with other places. The children should not attempt anything too elaborate.

A frieze showing kinds of business in the shopping center best known to the children.

Telling details about some kind of work the children are familiar with: what is interesting or pleasant about the work, what the workman takes pride in, what the difficulties are, how customers make work harder or easier, what difference the weather makes.

Finding out about railroad, bus, airplane, or boat service in the community, and writing a few paragraphs about it.

A list of topics the children hear adults discuss.

A collection of postcards, pictures, or snapshots characteristic of a town like Centerville.

Visiting a small town.

CENTERVILLE'S HIGHWAY

Social Ideas. There are careful or careless ways of working.

There are certain rush seasons in many occupations in communities of all sizes.

Transportation of farm products is as important as their production.

Home improvements are special items on the budget for many families, and special funds must be set aside for them.

Roads are built and maintained mainly by the state. They belong to all the people and are used by individuals at will. When people pay taxes, they are buying for themselves services that no individual can provide for himself.

No construction job is simple. Detailed planning and expert knowledge are necessary.

Local shopping centers have special sales to keep trade from going to other districts.

Special Study. The detailed techniques of highway building may be particularly interesting to children in some localities, especially if they can watch an actual construction job.

A discussion of highway construction techniques might lead to a detailed study of some other form of industry. Some classes might be interested in a contrast between old hand-processes and more modern methods.

Things for Children to Do. Make-believe conversations of: spectators watching various stages of highway construction, workmen talking about their work or about the locality where they are working.

Building a small stretch of paving or sidewalk by hand, but not more than a few square feet, as the job will prove much harder than the children expect.

Making a large outline map of your state, preferably on the floor, and marking on it a few main highways.

Making a collection of pictures which show that a highway is not vaguely dangerous or safe, but is made of definitely dangerous or safe spots, such as curves, hills, intersections, grade crossings, shoulders, and bridges.

Writing a paragraph or verse about some machine.

FOOD AND CLOTHES FOR CENTERVILLE

Social Ideas. With the building of highways a "sign language" has developed which is understood by everybody.

Maintenance of highways is a large industry carried on mainly by the state.

Kinds of motor vehicles are adapted to different kinds of goods to be carried.

Road maps are a form of language.

Wholesale and retail houses buy and sell, but in different quantities and to different kinds of customers.

Business in a wholesale house involves communication and transportation both to and from its warehouse.

In a wholesale house there are many kinds of work to be done besides waiting on customers.

Nearly all goods change hands a number of times, a typical route being from producer of raw material to manufacturer, to wholesaler, to retailer, to consumer, who is also a producer of some kind of goods or services.

The details of the way people live, their homes, and their meals are determined in part by the size of the community.

An important part of a storekeeper's responsibility is to select the kind of goods that his customers will want.

Retail stores do not buy all their goods from wholesale houses.

Special Study. This book cannot give details of producing and distributing even one article of food, but a special study could be made of milk, for example, or some other article. If local courses of study require a study of foreign lands or certain American regions, some typical articles of food can be traced to original sources.

Children in some localities might study a factory that is very different from the one described in CENTERVILLE.

Things for Children to Do. Visiting a wholesale house.

Making signs similar to those used on highways in your community and having a reading lesson with them.

Making a list of all the kinds of road maintenance work that can be seen in the community.

Eating in a restaurant. For children who have never had this experience, the result is worth considerable expense and teacher planning.

Map-making of the kind that Bob's room did for Centerville and Grand City, only for your own community.

CENTERVILLE FARMING

Social Ideas. Most of the corn raised in America is marketed in the form of meat.

Raising corn involves many different kinds of work.

Dairy cattle and beef cattle are entirely different varieties of stock and require different kinds of care.

New equipment, new knowledge, and careful planning are usually required when embarking on a new venture.

Many cattle are shipped long distances by railroad.

Good cattle are judged by certain body characteristics.

The chief difference between experimental farming and routine farming is the amount of detailed, thoughtful care.

Quality is one of the price-determining factors for stock, though not of certain other products.

Fairs are a means of bringing about high standards of farm products.

The transportation of stock is as important as the raising of stock. The owner of cattle is responsible for their delivery.

Work in a packing plant, as in any other kind of factory, is divided into detailed routine jobs.

Special Study. A thorough study of the work of cowboys is an effective way of correcting false impressions. It also meets the requirements of courses of study that call for study of geographic regions or of occupations and industries.

A detailed study of the principal industry of any region would be as appropriate as this study of the packing house.

Things for Children to Do. Visiting a farm and making a more detailed study of the chief crop of your own region than was made in earlier grades.

Drawing a plan with measurements that can be used in building a pen for a pet.

Talking about feeding farm animals and pets. Making good "menus" in order to understand the importance of diet.

Having an exhibit of the products and by-products of some chief industry of your community.

Making a scrapbook showing different varieties of beef cattle and dairy cattle

Making soap at school or tanning a hide by hand.

THE COMMUNITY SCHOOL

Social Ideas. The ability of a community to provide public services (fire protection, for example) depends partly upon its size.

Many public improvements, after being discussed for a long time, finally are brought about by an emergency.

The school board is a branch of democratic government that directly affects the lives of children.

The authority of school boards is limited, and some decisions must be by direct vote.

It is not practical for everybody to have the knowledge required for planning buildings. The work of the architect, contractor, foreman, and many others is specialized.

Public business, like private business, is often conducted on borrowed funds.

A new public building affects local merchants, labor, and transportation.

A new public possession or achievement gives people satisfaction as a private possession or achievement does.

Special Study. Make a detailed study of one or two of the building trades, learning the techniques, special requirements, and compensation. Observe and interview men who take pride in that trade. If possible, plan a small construction project that will give practice in some skills of the building trades.

Things for Children to Do. Finding out what each room is used for, if your school is a large one.

Drawing a plan of your school. If the plan is made out-of-doors, the children can play school as they play house.

Making daily observation of some building under construction and keeping a record of the jobs and the order in which they are done.

Making lists of vocations: those of the children's parents, the neighborhood, the community, any others the children can think of.

Collecting pictures of schools of very different sizes in various localities.

COMMUNITY DAY

This chapter gives new illustrations of many of the social ideas previously mentioned. The text itself suggests many things for children to do and will not fail to stimulate further suggestions.

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 55 54 53 52 51 50 49 48 47